THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Fo in

Volume 199, Number 45

5cts. MAY 7, 1927

Maytime

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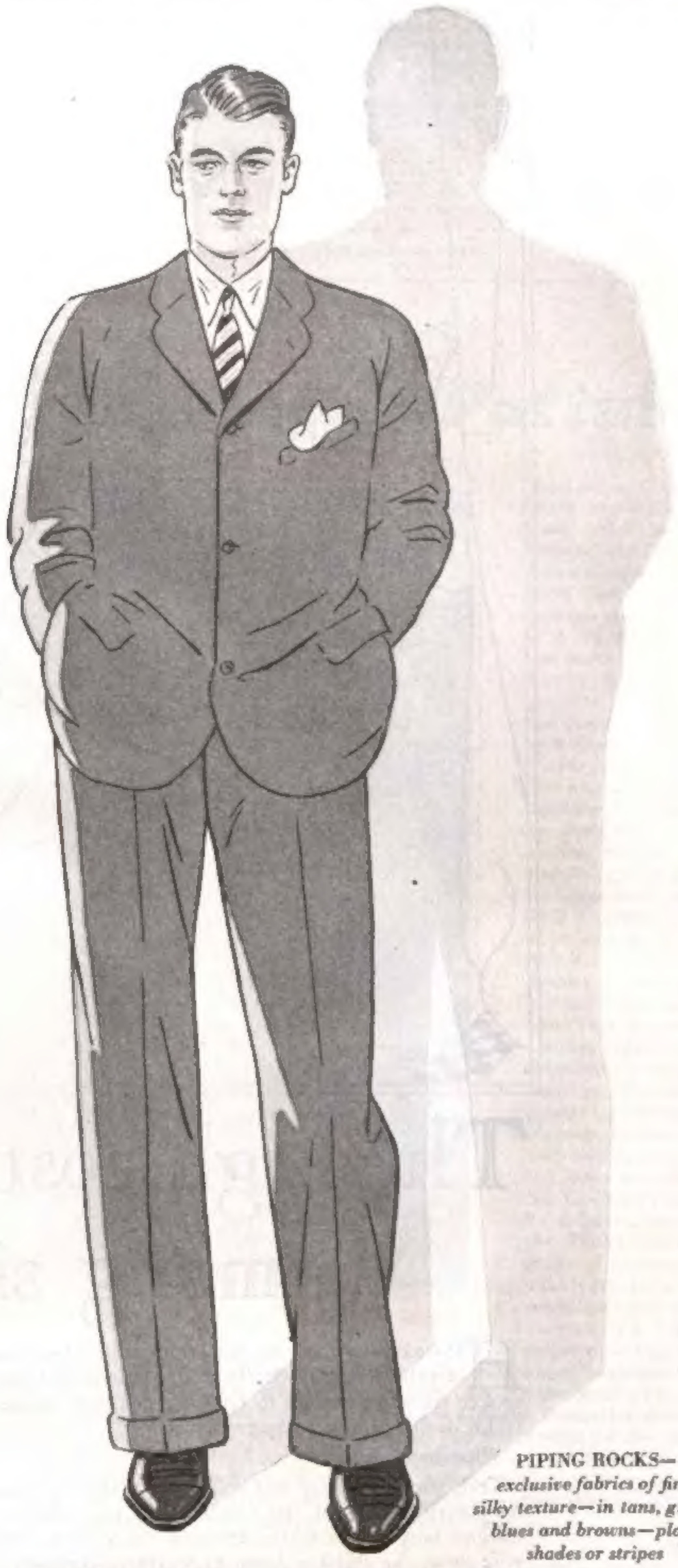
P. S. *The difference in cost between a Society Brand and an ordinary suit, spread over the time you wear it, is possibly ten cents a day. Considering the value of good appearance today, that cost is ridiculously small.*



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HIS sinker-soap had once too often sunk to plumbless depths. So our normally mild-mannered and soft-spoken friend undertook to reform it with the spring-tackle device illustrated herewith.

What happened?

True, the sinker-soap was uplifted. But the effort has temporarily poisoned the character of the reformer. Curious language is sifting through the keyhole. His wife shoos the children down to breakfast in their pajamas, saying: "I think your father is ill this morning."

The spring-tackle invention worked passably well until the soap went to the gentleman's head. Several round trips from nape to forelock produced two thin trickles of what-should-have-been lather which cascaded into its victim's eyes. Then suddenly the harnessed cake went into a side slip and fluttered out of control like an airplane with an injured wing.

When his wife discovers the true source of our friend's indisposition, she will go directly to the grocery and purchase a large supply of Ivory Soap. The gentleman will then learn that *Ivoryform* is far better for the morning temper than *reform*, for Ivory needs no uplift—it floats where one can see it, reach it, leave it and find it.

Really, if every man and woman realized what bath-comfort results from the use of a floating soap, we could not make Ivory Soap fast enough.

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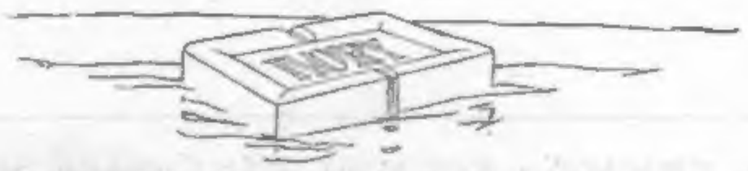

Keeps bobbing up!

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THE CALDRON—By George Pattullo

"I SEE," says the overworked American, whipping from the front to the sporting page of his morning newspaper—"I see where the Stewpan of Chow has gone over to Marshal Bum-Lung, and they aim to gang up with General Kwak Ban Fatt to show these Cantonese who's the boss. Ain't it terrible, this fighting? . . . I think I'll take another cup of coffee, mamma." And he goes downtown to plunge into the grinding struggle of fixing up his afternoon's golf game.

That's about the sum of what it means to him—just a jumble of names. He can't figure what it is all about, except that the Chink is struggling for independence from foreign control, and he is strong for him on that, even if he doesn't like some of the Chink's methods. So he dismisses the problem from his mind as one that either does not touch him, or touches him very remotely. What if the troubles over there do hit a few American business enterprises? What if some American citizens do get a rough deal? They took their chances, didn't they? And as for the other aspects of the crisis—well, it's all so far away. Let's forget it. Fore! But he sure does feel sorry for poor ol' John Chinaman, just the same—always has had the worst of it, John has, yes, sir.

However, it is more than a Chinese problem, and more is involved than Asiatic awakening too. If the possibilities were confined to nationalistic travail, then the welter of warring factions in China and the threat to foreign interests would be of secondary importance to most of us; but in the background lurks a danger whose development every government is watching, but which the general public does not see at all—a titanic struggle for domination of the Far East. Every move made in China by the contending powers has been a move in that greater game, and sometimes when one of them declined to move at all, it was sound strategy in the same struggle.

PHOTO, FROM INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

A Mob of Cantonese Coolies Attacking a British Shop in Hankow

Letting Caution be Their Guide

IT IS not only China with which the powers have to deal. What with the giant stirrings of Asiatic awakening and the moves to exploit it and the countermoves to nullify it, a fine mess has been brought to the boil. And if events continue to speed as rapidly as they have during the past five years, the caldron will overflow within the lifetime of those now in middle age. That means a show-down between nations whose very existence as world powers will be at stake.

For years our tub thumpers have been drumming and our jingoists yapping about the Yellow Peril—all to stir us up against the Jap. Race hatred is easily kindled, and a great many good people who think in slogans and headlines have almost accepted the idea that one of these days we should have to fight Japan. The same outcry has gone on in the Mikado's empire also, although there it was largely a diversion barrage. Nevertheless, a section of their press and public often talk openly of war possibilities with America and canvass probable alignments. I submit that this is empty flapdoodle, concealing the real clash impending—a clash which even a cursory study of the map will suggest as the most likely. And I propose to show why.

Not a solitary reason exists for war between Japan and America. 1. There is no unendurable encroachment; the wide Pacific separates us. We are Japan's best customer, so she would be committing commercial suicide; and the Philippines are a mere peanut compared with the stakes of the other gamble. 2. On our side, we have nothing to gain by a war and everything to lose. There's room for a strong Japan in the East without hurting America. The immigration act? Merely a big noise. It left a sting that was utilized by the Japanese authorities to divert trouble by deflecting against the United States a surge of discontent with certain home conditions. But wars nowadays have deeper roots than isolated affronts to dignity or the slaking of racial hate. The motive must be substantial. It was a blow to the pride of the Japanese, that exclusion act, but the insult lay in the manner of its delivery, not in the exclusion, because the Japanese themselves practice exclusion and concede the right. And howsoever much they would relish a wallop at us to get even, the Jap is no fool and does not entertain any such fantastic hope as that of forcing his emigrants on America at the gun's mouth. And we—well, any time we permit ourselves to be stampeded into trouble with Japan, it will be wasting our strength for no purpose but to pull somebody else's chestnuts out of the fire.

The Real Contenders and the Real Issue in the East

THE real obstacle in Japan's path to the high rôle of leadership in the East is the power which owns or dominates most of the East. That is Great Britain. As Japanese prestige and influence expand they become more and more a threat to British interests and Eastern empire—a threat which the British cannot ignore. Her vast trade in the East is as vital to her as expansion is to Japan. And the day is bound to come when Japanese expansion will reach an impasse and she must either go ahead, with all the consequences that policy may entail, or abandon the ambition she has nursed and labored for so long. The Japs are one of the most tenacious breeds in the world. I cannot envisage them doing it.

Now, there is the issue. They may obscure it and disguise it and palm it as they will, but all the royal courtesies and diplomatic soft soap they may employ will not remove it, all the dust clouds they may raise will eventually fail to screen it. The thing is inevitable. The immediate prize in the East for which Great Britain and Japan are contending is Chinese trade—the one to hold, the other to gain. To our way of thinking, trade automatically goes to the best and cheapest goods and the ablest merchants; but any power in cahoots with the government of an Eastern country, or controlling its ports, possesses an advantage over rivals equaling a mandate, and has the edge in the markets. So the problem becomes political as well as commercial.

Not so long ago half a dozen chancelleries used to lick their chops whenever they glanced at the map of China on the wall. It looked like turkey to them, and each laid plans for the carving. Indeed everybody became reconciled to the idea that the huge slothful empire would one day be dismembered and divided among the strong; but today everybody recognizes that for one of them to make a dependency out of China is out of the question. It is something beyond the dreams of sane men.

However, a measure of control is possible. The Yang-tse River carries the trade for 160,000,000 people, and the British have concessions along it, and Shanghai dominates its mouth. Also, with the island colony of Hong-Kong she could virtually shut Canton off from the world if she wished to exert her power. For that matter, she could convert her strategic position into a strangle hold on the whole of China.

As China lies at the very doors of Japan, the Japs regard it as a natural market for them; and if the British hold could be shaken loose from entry points and Japanese influence made paramount with whatever Chinese government may emerge supreme, Japan would reap the bulk of trade with China. So Japan has not neglected any possibilities. Neither have the British.

The war and its aftermath left Britain with considerably dimmed prestige throughout the East. Her Japanese ally reaped a rich reward, however. In one jump she had landed in the front rank of world powers, and war profits seemed sufficient to provide for the industrial expansion of the new era. They almost vanished in an orgy of speculation and the terrific calamity of the earthquake. Few outsiders realize the extent of that damage; no enemy could have delivered a more smashing blow, either in toll of dead and ruins, or loss in money. The courage and fortitude of the Japanese people under this disaster constitute an extraordinary page in history, but the losses set them back ten years at least. And she made one costly mistake during the war. That was when she abruptly presented the notorious Twenty-one Demands to China. From the militaristic standpoint it did look like a fine time to spring them, with the European powers engaged in a death grapple that strained their every fiber, but the repercussion of the coup soon opened the Jap's eyes. Ever since then he has been trying to make amends—but the Chinese have long memories.

Japan's Ace in the Hole

IT HAS cost him a barrel of money too. He fairly pumped money into China for a while. The Chinese took it, of course—they'll take anything they can get, regardless of the source. But anybody who assumes that favors insure Chinese confidence is utterly ignorant of Chinese mentality. They know perfectly well why favors are given. They used Japan for their own ends as far as they could; they have used the Bolsheviks in the same fashion; but neither to Japan nor to Red Russia do the Chinese consider themselves obligated in the least. If it would further their national or personal ambitions to throw over the Bolshevik association tomorrow and embrace the British with the same zeal, they would do it. Bolshevik tenets have made no real headway in China, beyond the young intelligentzia who have come under the influences of English and American institutions. The mass of the people don't even know what they mean; their whole training and all their mental processes are against communistic theories, but if Russia will help them to shake loose the foreign grip on their government, customs and country's arteries of trade, so much the better.

PHOTO, BY BURTON HOLMES. FROM EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

A Sikh Traffic Cop in the Foreign Quarter of Shanghai

Throughout the kaleidoscopic ups and downs of the past five years in China, Japan has maintained an ace in the hole in the person of Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian war lord. At one time it looked as if Chang might dominate the whole country and set up a new dynasty, but Cantonese successes have accumulated so fast that at this writing it appears an even bet that he may ultimately be hedged within the borders of his own province.

It is an imperial domain, that province, and the Japanese are the real masters. I made the trip from Mukden to Dairen and saw a land that looks like the Panhandle of Texas. This country possesses coal and minerals and has one of the richest soils in the world. Only two-fifths of its vast acreage is under cultivation. It has not been developed, but the Japs have already done some remarkable work along the area of their control and are steadily branching out. They have steel mills and coal and iron mines, they have built up the port of Dairen until it is the envy of other nations, all within the span of a few years. In fact, nobody can visit Manchuria without realizing that in industry and organizing genius these people belong in the first flight. In Korea they are forging ahead with the same tireless persistence. Whatsoever may be urged against the ruthlessness of their methods there and the spirit of revolt smoldering in the Koreans—and a traveler hears a lot of that, most of it futile—nobody can deny that they have immeasurably improved the physical condition of the country, if not of the native inhabitants.

Meanwhile the Russian Bear has had to watch the formidable expansion of its old enemy without the strength to stop it. Weird and wild things are told in Mukden about what they are planning to do from Harbin one of these days, and it is very evident that the Bolshevik régime pursues Czarist policy in one respect—it leaves no stone unturned to checkmate Tokio's growth of influence. Trouble with Russia is due to come, but it seems to me a thing of the distant future. Assuming that some irresistible impulse provoked an early war, the Japs would mop up the floor with the Russians; but neither country is yet ready for a test of strength. The Japanese have first to acquire sufficient sources of raw materials, to build up an adequate industrial machine, and develop lands under their own control which will take care of surplus population. Portions of the Japanese Empire are sparsely settled, but they don't like the harsh climate of those northern islands and prefer to seek outlets elsewhere, even though it brings them into conflict with the present proprietors. They feel they must find outlets for the people and they are finding them.

From Candlelight to Electricity

UNDERTAKINGS like these require time. In the case of most races it would mean the development of a century, but the Japs took at one leap the whole process of Westernization, from candlelight to electricity, and they give every promise of nearing their goal in fifteen or twenty years. It will take the Russians far longer to work up. The Bolsheviks have their hands full enough with consolidating their own position and making something out of their country's potential resources; and even if they survive, it is extremely unlikely they will take the risk of war with a first-class power over a question of more territory—territory being the least of their needs. So they watch glumly from their borders, promising themselves a day of reckoning.

The Russian holds no terror for the Jap and he is going right ahead to win China to his side. If forbearance and constantly reiterated sympathy for national aspirations will do it, well and good; if backing a Chinese faction will do it, well and good again. The British are experts at the divide-and-rule game, but up to this writing the Jap has the bulge in China. Suppose he should win out and gain a dominating position. What would happen? Here is where most people expect the Yellow Peril to burst from his lair, breathing fire. They little know the Chinese, or Asia either, for that matter. To envisage the Asiatics solidly united under one leadership to oppose the Western foe is much more illusory than the hope of obtaining a solidly united Europe. There exist too many conflicting interests in the East, racial, religious and economic. And if Japan seeks China's close alliance for military purposes, her rival would do well to step back and make her a present of it. There are age-old antipathies and grudges to be composed between the two, bred-in-the-bone prejudices and suspicions to be laid, and, assuming for one moment that this were achieved, China would be just as apt as not to swap horses in midstream. Most militarists would regard Chinese support in war as somewhat of a liability.

PHOTO, FROM INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

The Bund, Shanghai, One of the Most Important Water-Front Streets in the Far East. The Center Building is the British Hong Kong-Shanghai Bank

For many years now the specter of the Yellow Peril has been trotted out to scare us. Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany was the first to give it wide publicity, and he was followed by various schools of historians and writers. Throughout the East one hears it daily. On trains, aboard steamers, in hotels and offices and clubs, whenever the Chinese mess comes up in conversation, there is somebody present to wag his head and say: "It's bad—very bad. What'll happen when they wake up? Did you ever stop to think about that? Four hundred million people! What will they not do when armed and trained for war!"

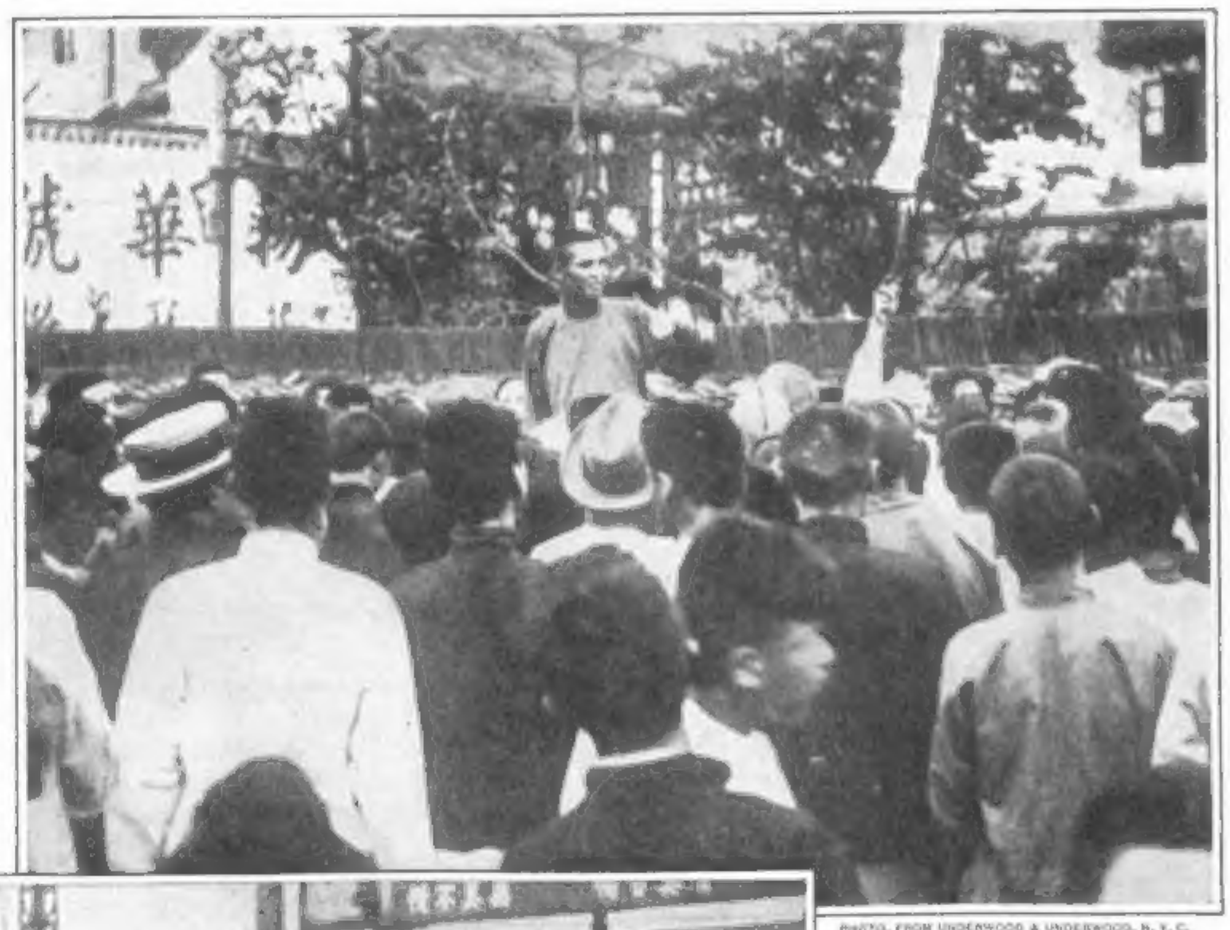
Now, the historians have been talking in terms of the life of nations, which may mean 1000 years; the average man interprets it to mean a menace just around the corner. These fears seem to me as grotesque as many of our wartime rumors. To be formidable in war, a people requires more than numbers and more than trained soldiers. It must have the industrial organization and financial strength to back military effort, and must possess the fiber that makes a fighting race. John Chinaman is not a fighting man by temperament, however much to the contrary his present swashbuckling may indicate, and he would have to be made over by the Creator to render him good material. His country today is split up into armed camps, but they're doing more "soldiering" than fighting and their combined forces could offer no real resistance to an army corps of European combat troops.

Politeness

BUT the Jap—there's a bird of different temper. There we find what is called in polite parlance one tough egg. A man who is not only ready but eager to die for his emperor, because the emperor stands to him for the whole of his race since the dawn of time, when the Sun Goddess gave them birth—a man to whom death on the battlefield is a sure path to immortality; a man of sturdy physique, of unsurpassed stamina and fortitude, and a natural fighting spirit that has been fed by generations of martial training—well, given the wide world from which to pick an antagonist, I would pick the Jap among the very last.

One has to stay in Japan only a few weeks to realize the intense patriotism of this people and the narrow nationalistic grooves in which it is directed. The thousands of school children journeying every day to the country's shrines—one sees these contingents in almost every train, and marching along every road leading to a historic spot—their martial training and games—the conclusion is unescapable. Japan is forging a terrific weapon.

But why have the Japs such a mean reputation among many of us, aside from martial spirit? No visitor



PHOTO, FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

PHOTO, FROM INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Chinese Flower Boys in Front of the Astor House Hotel, Shanghai. Center—Chinese in Shanghai Seeking Safety Within the Guarded Walls of the Foreign Concession. Top—Strikers in Shanghai Being Addressed by a Nationalist Agitator

higher order of general integrity than in Japan—and a visitor naturally meets the most parasitic classes of any country too.

There are no people on earth cleaner in their persons and habits, and when it comes to politeness, they are a positive nuisance. Not lip politeness, but a real inbred politeness they never drop, any more than they drop their dignity—and when a Jap loses his dignity, only death remains for him. Argument and disagreement are conducted with a due regard for the amenities, even though the intention may be to make a club or a scythe the final arbiter. I witnessed a violent collision between two bicyclists in a Japanese town up in the hills. Here, I told myself, is where I at last behold the Jap shed his manners—you can imagine how hopeful I was, coming from a free-and-easy country where manners are a badge of effeminacy. The two got up, dusted themselves off without a word, bowed with the usual hissing intake of breath, conversed politely awhile about the roads or the weather, and bowed again. First one would bow, then the other, and then both of them. My eyes were popping out and I finally sat down close at hand, determined to see this thing through. That was on a Tuesday; we were leaving on the following Friday, and I never did get to see who had the last bow.

All in the Point of View

HOW did the Jap happen to obtain his reputation among us? The most likely explanation I can offer is that he was becoming a competitor with the Western peoples, and misrepresenting a foreign competitor was a universal custom. It is rampant throughout Europe today. Does the American recognize his country's spirit, or his countrymen's characteristics, in the European representation of them?

On the other hand, we have always regarded the Chinaman with a tolerant liking. He has been Honest John to us. Again why? The Jap is a much stauncher type. The Chinaman, however, has never been a competitor; until recently he has been a good and patient customer, docile under exploitation. Besides, the Chink is a likable cuss in spite of his shortcomings. But the Japanese is hard for us to understand and somehow remains aloof even when trying to be friendly. Yet it is impossible to spend as long as a month in his country without forming a deep respect for the brown man.

ready to be impartial can find anything in Japan to justify it. I went there with a fixed idea of the Jap, the result of a lifetime of listening to what others said. He was an insolent, tricky customer, whose low standards of living, and so on, and so on; we all know it by heart. That picture may be true enough of some elements among the emigrants who have troubled California's sleep so many years, but it certainly is not true of the Japanese in their own land. In no country I have ever visited have I found a

(Continued on Page 233)

ALBANY

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"If You Say There is No One Else in Your Heart, I'll Go Back to Camp Happy. I Will be Happy Then, Because When I Come Back You May Marry Me"

THE early transparent evening that filled Pearl Street sounded with the bells of the cows returning unattended from the pastures. They came singly and slowly—the soft clash of the bells intermittent—and stopped in front of the *stoeps* where they belonged. The deliberate cows avoided the wide cobblestone street for the flat gutters, and rubbed their sides along the buttonwood trees planted by the narrow paved sidewalks. The buttonwoods were regular, orderly, in their perspective, but in front of each *stoep* stood a tree different in age and kind, it might be, from those close by. The tree in front of Claes Mey's house was a sycamore; it was so old that it broke into the line of the sidewalk; and more than once the town council had threatened to order it cut down. Claes Mey, however, usually occupied some position of local administrative weight, and he had been able to stop the execution of any such proposal.

The larger and varied trees had been mostly planted in far earlier days, to mark a birth in the house immediately concerned; they were a part of the family records and pride, and there was a grave question if the council had any right over them. Back of the uniform line of the buttonwood trees the gables of the houses, except for the fact that they were mostly brick, were as various as the commemorative sycamores and elms; some of the gables were very high and steep, with stepped sides and dates in black bricks.

When one was extremely old it had an ornamental iron bracket above a square shuttered opening, by which the bales of beaver and otter skins were hauled up from the street and stored. Those houses had rose-brick façades, although they were actually built of boards; but the newer dwellings were often stone and squarely faced on the street, instead of showing their gable ends.

The Mey house was old; it was old without having been built in the earliest days of the patroonship, and therefore it was large and comfortable. The date in the peak of the gable was 1681. The *stoep* was wider than most; the entire family could sit with ease on the benches that defined it—Claes Mey and his wife Liedya, Arendt and Cattryna and Angenietje. Claes and Liedya on one side and their children facing them from the other. Myndert De Vos, who lived next door above, had a much smaller *stoep*—his house was older, too—but then with only his wife and himself, his family was correspondingly small; they didn't need much room for sitting through the summer evenings.

The Mey cow had already arrived, she had been milked and put in her stall, and Cattryna, seated on the edge of the *stoep*, was having her supper—milk and buttered bread and a bowl of strawberries. She was ten years old, a sturdy child with a wide face and a dimple in her chin. Cattryna was mostly silent, but against this she had the quick gray eyes of her father. Claes himself was not a talkative man; he commonly sat through the evening drawing floods of smoke from the long clay stem of his pipe in a detached and philosophical regard of the passers-by. When a question was directed at him by his family or a neighbor, he liked to answer with a single and enigmatic sentence. He had a disconcerting way of meeting the simplest and most obvious facts with doubt; there was always the suspicion of a private and skeptical humor in his voice and eyes. Liedya, who resembled him superficially, in reality was as different as possible—she accepted life placidly and completely. She had opinions of her own; one was that Claes' attitude of mind often approached an ungodliness unbecoming to a deacon of the Old Dutch Church, but they were never in conflict with sensible and agreed standards of thought. The novelty of her husband's reflections and ideas—of his nonsensical fancies—moved her to a good-natured impatience.

She said to Claes, "It will be getting dark soon and Arendt ought to be back. Captain Wallem Yeats took him and Jacob Roseboom and Carel Hendrickse to see the soldiers' camp at the pastures."

Claes Mey, across the *stoep* from her, suggested that Arendt might have stayed to have supper with Lord Howe. "He is capable of it."

Liedya didn't answer that. It was clearly absurd.

"I'll be thankful," she continued, "when Lord Howe and General Abercrombie and their soldiers move away and the French are beaten. Then we'll have some peace, I hope."

"I should think you'd miss the gay times," Claes said from behind a screen of tobacco smoke. She ignored that too. "I don't really mind having Mr. Evell quartered in the house; at bottom he is a nice boy, and at the same time it upsets me. The red coat and all that gilt and his hair in a queue! I am afraid he will bring our children ideas of worldliness. He comes up from the taverns smelling of rum, and yesterday he was teaching Angenietje some dancing steps."

"Well," Claes replied pacifically, "Pieter will be home any time now. Then he will conduct Angenietje's dancing."

Myndert De Vos called from his *stoep*. "I thought Pieter Krol was expected back from New York today."

Liedya answered. "Goossen Krol told me he had left New York, but the wind was against him coming up the river. He's been gone nearly a month already."

Aeltje De Vos joined in the conversation. For the Meys, she said, his return would be like the welcoming home of a son. However, Liedya didn't reply to this—when they were ready they would make their own announcement

about Angenietje and Pieter Krol. "Where is Angenietje?" Mrs. De Vos persisted.

"She is in the garden at the back," Liedya informed her. "She was going with Arendt, but I concluded she was better taking up the tulip bulbs."

Cattryna had finished her supper and she rose with her glass and bowl.

"I want Cataline to take my bowl and my glass out to the kitchen," she announced.

"You will have to carry them yourself," her mother told her. "She is helping Angenietje. And while we are talking about Cataline, you must stop giving her orders. She isn't your servant."

Cattryna turned to her father. "Why haven't I got a servant like Angenietje?" she demanded. Just then, Claes Mey replied, he couldn't remember why she suffered from such a sad lack.

There were too many negroes around now, Liedya said generally. "Eytie is always complaining about them." The conversation was broken into by the shrill gayety of fifes, a roll of drums, from Market Street; there was a sharp grounding of muskets, and almost at once Thomas Evell was on the *stoep*.

"What do you think!" he cried. "Lord Howe has made us all cut our queues off, and when we go into the woods we are to leave our coats behind." He was, as Liedya Mey had intimated, no more than a boy—a boy with clear scarlet cheeks and candid gray eyes in the king's scarlet and gilt. He was an ensign in Howe's Fifty-sixth Regiment. "We are going to leave our coats and fight the Indians in hunting shirts. Instead of keeping the muskets as bright as possible, the barrels are all to be blackened." He sat on the end of a bench. "Isn't that extraordinary?" Claes said solemnly that it was. "We are leaving almost everything in camp," Evell went on. "Howe has made up his mind not to repeat Braddock's mistake. He has even taken the chairs and table out of his tent and sleeps on a bear skin. There is only a log to sit on. Next we'll be ordered to dress in feathers and paint and carry scalping knives like the French." Evell rose. "Where is Angenietje?" he asked.

"She is in the back garden," Liedya Mey said briefly. She gazed significantly, with tight lips, at her husband, but he blandly ignored her.

When Thomas Evell had gone, Aeltje De Vos called over, "What news is there of the war?" Claes replied that Lord Howe had ordered the queues off all his men. He had determined, Claes said, to stop furnishing the French with handles for the scalps they took.

The back garden, largely shut in upon itself, was like a verdant room with a carpet of close emerald sod woven with brilliant loops and formal garlands of tulips. That was, it had been like that; the tulip petals had fallen, leaving bare brown spikes; and Angenietje Mey was digging up the bulbs in preparation for laying them away in the cellar until next April. She was having great trouble keeping the colors separated, and kneeling on her petticoat, with her crisp striped skirt turned back, as she secured the bulbs Cataline put them into one or another of a number of osier baskets. Claes Mey had given the girl to Angenietje on her third birthday—less than a year separated their ages—the two children, negro and white, had been baptized together, and Angenietje by turns treated Cataline with a friendly ease and an exact despotism. Angenietje was fifteen.

"Cataline," she declared, "you must listen to me more carefully. I am certain you put that bulb in the wrong basket. If there is a yellow tulip in the purple border next year it will be your fault and I won't give you a new dress for Pinxter day."

Cataline insisted that she had done exactly what she was told. "The yellow with the yellow and the purple with the purple." Her skin was as black as possible, her features honest negro features, and against a close white cap her face was too dense for any expression except the flash of her teeth. Angenietje wore a cap with starched wings on a band of white embroidery. Under it her hair lay smoothly on her brow, but at the back it escaped in a heavy gold stream tied with a green ribbon. As she bent forward her hair slipped from one shoulder to the other and fell on the ground.

"I am going to stop digging up tulips," she announced. "My knees hurt." She stood up settling her skirt about her ribbed stockings. She had a face broad like Cattryna's, only not so broad; it was delicately flushed; and her eyes were her mother's eyes, wide open and calm and brown. She saw Eytie on the kitchen steps and called, "Eytie, I'm not going to dig up any more tulips!" The servant firmly replied that she must finish the row she was engaged with. There were hardly any bulbs in the baskets. "But, Eytie," Angenietje insisted, "you don't know how my knees hurt." She would soon get used to that, Eytie told her unfeelingly. The servant half turned, she stepped aside, and there was a young show of scarlet and gilt in the garden.

"Good evening," Thomas Evell said to Angenietje. "Don't I look like the devil? Howe made us all cut our queues off."

Angenietje Mey replied that she liked it. "You are more like the boys I know, Jacob and Carel and Maas."

Thomas Evell added, "He is going to take our coats off too. You won't be able to tell us from the French and Indians. It will be a lot of fun, and more comfortable in the woods, but the older men are upset about the tradition of the regiment. They would rather be killed at dress parade than live forever behind a tree."

Angenietje's gaze rested on a basket of tulip bulbs. "When do you suppose Lord Howe will march?" she asked.

Thomas Evell didn't know, but he was certain that it would be practically at once. "Colonel Charles Lee and Abercrombie were in his tent all morning. We will leave for Fort Ticonderoga any minute now. I'll be sorry, Angenietje. Will you?" She replied that it would be very nice to have the French beaten. That, he supposed, was all a soldier was for—to beat the French. "If it is," he

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Angenietje Approached With Her Arm About the Shoulders of a Gaunt Boy in a Torn Gray Shirt

A BAD YOUNG MAN

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

A PURPLE-NOSED hop-toad!"

Commodore Bangs snorted the words. His eyes were popping with indignation and his outraged face was the color of a very ripe grape.

"That's what he called me," he said. "A purple-nosed hop-toad!"

He glared round at the other members of the board of governors of the Bellemere Yacht Club. They registered a proper amount of pain at the impertinence offered their commodore. Outside, on that nip in the land along Chesapeake Bay which is called Bellemere Harbor, that pleasant spring day bobbed the Penelope, the commodore's yacht, serenely unaware of the insult to its owner. About the Penelope clustered the commodore's fleet—a modest assortment of yawls, catboats, sailing dories, ketches, smacks, sloops, motorboats and sailing canoes.

"He called me a snoopy weasel," complained Doctor Cooper.

"He addressed me—in public, mind you—as 'a human moth ball,'" stated Mr. Dort. "I felt it my simple duty, as chairman of the house committee, to inform him that the ballroom of a respectable yacht club is no place to dance the Black Bottom."

"Let us," said the commodore with dignity, "get down to business. This meeting was called to consider the case of Lawrence Larrabee, and to determine if there are sufficient grounds for expelling him from the club."

"Sufficient grounds!" exploded Mr. Dort, who was a lawyer. "Why, there are sufficient grounds to hang the young devil. I've drawn up a bill of particulars ——"

"It seems too bad," put in Mr. Foote, a mild-eyed manufacturer of kitchen utensils, "that it appears to be necessary to be severe on young Larrabee. He comes from such nice people ——"

"He never called you a hop-toad," said the commodore.

"No," admitted Mr. Foote. "He never did."

"Well," said the commodore with warmth, "he called me one. No harum-scarum ne'er-do-well can act like that toward me, even if his father is president of a bank. I'm sorry for Morton Larrabee. It must be a blow to him to see his only son turning out this way. Lawrence is just naturally a bad young man ——"

"Not really bad, I think," objected Mr. Foote. "A bit wild, perhaps ——"

"Bah!" shot out Commodore Bangs. "Don't tell me. He's always raising Cain, carousing, calling people names."

"I never heard of him doing anything you could call mean," ventured Mr. Foote.

"Bah!" said the commodore again. "I don't have to eat an entire egg to know it is bad."

"I'm afraid," said Doctor Cooper, "that I must agree with the commodore. I was present at the birth of Lawrence. I have followed his career with interest and apprehension. He's been in trouble since he was a baby. Some people have a natural genius for always getting into hot water. Lawrence is one of them. For twenty-two years now he has been the town's bad boy. Always in some sort of scrape. It's hard to believe that he is the son of so strait-laced a man as Morton Larrabee. I think," he finished with professional gravity, "that Lawrence must be considered a congenitally antisocial type."

"We will hear from Mr. Dort," said Commodore Bangs.

"Poppy," He Said, "You Look Simply Ravishing Tonight. No; Exquise is the Word"

The legal Dort drew from his pocket a sheet of paper, adjusted nose glasses and read out in his rotund courtroom voice:

"The case of the Bellemere Yacht Club against Lawrence Larrabee:

"I was appointed a committee of one to conduct an investigation into the conduct of Larrabee, and to draw up a list of charges which might warrant his expulsion from the club. I present the result of my findings herewith:

"1. In violation of Section Nine B of our rules and regulations, he persistently appears at club dances in white ducks and a tennis shirt, instead of the prescribed formal evening attire. When admonished by members of the house committee, he says he is perfectly comfortable and implies that they do not look as if they were.

"2. He plays the ukulele and sings in a very loud voice in all parts of the club property and at all hours, thus annoying members.

"3. He has brought intoxicating liquors into the club, in violation of Section Fourteen, and has been under their influence on a number of occasions.

"4. He organizes and participates in dice games and other games of chance on the club premises.

"5. He has parked in closed cars, summerhouses, and on the beach with girls, and circumstantial evidence leads me to the conclusion that what is known as petting takes place.

"6. He furnishes a bad example to younger members of the club, because he does no work, but loafs about the club all day.

"7. When urged by older members to mend his ways, he behaves toward them with marked disrespect and applies unseemly epithets to them, such as 'purple-nosed hop-toad,' 'snoopy weasel,' 'human moth ball,' 'pompous dim bulb,' and other offensive expressions.

"8. On the tennis court he uses profane expletives and ——"

"You need not go on, Mr. Dort," said Commodore Bangs. "I think you have brought out enough charges ——"

"I have eleven more," said Mr. Dort disappointedly

"We have heard the evidence," said Commodore Bangs. "Do I hear a motion to expel Larrabee?"

"You do," said Mr. Dort eagerly. "I make it."

"I second it," said Doctor Cooper—"with some reluctance, on his father's account."

"I think," suggested Mr. Foote, "that we should give Lawrence a chance to defend himself, and not condemn him unheard."

"I hope," bristled Commodore Bangs, "he won't have the effrontery to deny the charges."

"Who can say what that young man may do?" said Doctor Cooper. "I guess, though, before we expel him we should have him in here and see if he has any defense to offer."

"Where is he?" asked the commodore.

"Not far off," said Mr. Dort. "Indeed, at this moment I can hear him out in the summerhouse singing some song about 'Flaming youth's a red-hot papa now.'"

"Ask him to step into the board room, will you, Dort?" said the commodore.

"Not I," said Mr. Dort hastily. "You ask him, Foote."

"Very well," assented Mr. Foote. Presently he returned, held the door of the board room open, and in sauntered young Mr. Lawrence Larrabee.

In a broad, general way young Mr. Larrabee suggested, more than anything else, a giraffe. Like that animal, he had a copious amount of arms and legs, a dappling of sizable freckles, and a surprised expression. In some details he differed, for his hair was of a rich strawberry hue, needed mowing badly, and bristled up in all directions. He had a brief, humorous snub nose. He was wearing a pair of floppy sailor pants, a shirt which had been born white, but had gone native, and a wide grin. It could not be described as a brazen grin, neither could it be called sheepish. Indeed, young Mr. Larrabee seemed totally unaware that he was appearing before a hostile court of inquisition, or that the atmosphere about his red head was laden with disapproval.

"Afternoon," he greeted the board of governors, nodding to them in a most friendly fashion. "Did you want to speak to me about something?"

"That," said Commodore Bangs in an acid tone, "was the idea behind our sending for you."

"Anything I can do for you?" he asked affably.

The commodore fixed him with an accusing, magisterial eye.

"Yes," he barked. "Resign from the club."

Young Larrabee's blue eyes widened in unfeigned astonishment, and this made him look even more like a giraffe—a giraffe which, while innocently nibbling tree tops, becomes suddenly aware of the presence of a crouching lion.

"Gosh," he said, "why should I?"

"If you don't," said the commodore with asperity, "we will have to expel you."

Larrabee seemed genuinely shocked and bewildered.

"Gosh," he said, "what have I done now?"

Six Miles Out of the Town of Bellemere, on a Pine-Studded Hill, Approached by a Tortuous Byroad, Stands the Red Roof Inn

"It would be more to the point," said the commodore, "if you asked what you have not done. Lawrence, after due consideration, we have decided that you are not a desirable member."

Young Larrabee looked hurt and puzzled. "Gosh," he said, "why?"

"Mr. Dort will be glad to refresh your mind," said the commodore. "Mr. Dort, read the charges."

Mr. Dort did so in a suitably severe tone.

Looking more and more like a hunted giraffe, young Larrabee listened. Then he rubbed his head, hitched up his trousers nervously and said, "Gosh, have I done all that?"

"And more," said the commodore. "Well?"

"Gosh," said young Larrabee in a dazed voice, "I didn't think anybody was interested enough in what I did to keep a record of it. You certainly are trying to make a bum out of me; I mean a worse bum than I am."

"Indeed?" snapped the commodore. "I hope you have not the temerity to imply that the charges are not based on fact."

"Oh, they're all sort of true, I guess," said young Larrabee. "Let's see now. I did come to a couple of dances in white ducks. After all, this is a dinky little informal club, and I think the rule about dinner jackets is silly, particularly on hot summer nights."

"Do you, indeed!" cut in the commodore.

"Yes. Besides, my dinner jacket got too tight for me and I busted out of it when somebody pushed me down stairs at a party." The faint trace of a grin returned to young Larrabee's face. "It was at your house, commodore," he added.

"I trust you don't hold me accountable for that."

"Oh, no; not at all," answered Larrabee. "It was your daughter, Poppy, who pushed me. All in fun, of course. Well, dad won't buy me another dinner jacket. He's pretty strict."

"He has some reason to be," remarked the commodore.

A look of worry crossed the freckled face. "Gosh," said Larrabee, "if you expel me I'll certainly catch it good and plenty from dad. He's sore enough at me, I guess, as it is. Honest, I didn't realize I was in so wrong with you. Take dancing the Black Bottom, for example. I didn't see any harm in doing it. It's the newest dance and they're doing it everywhere. I guess maybe the older people aren't used to it yet."

"I hope we never shall be," said the commodore. "It belongs in the jungle."

"They said that about the Charleston," observed Larrabee. "And probably about the fox trot and the waltz."

"You don't deny doing it?"

"No. I didn't do it very well, though," admitted Larrabee. "And I want to say, commodore, I'm sorry I called you a hop-toad. You aren't a hop-toad, of course. But I was a little squiffy, and you did bawl me out in front of a lot of people, you know."

"Ah," exclaimed the commodore. "Then you admit you have been intoxicated on the club premises?"

Larrabee grinned. "Gosh, commodore, who hasn't?"

"You are impertinent."

"Sorry. It's true, though. I don't think it's exactly fair to pick on me if I have been a bit lit a few times. Maybe I was a little noisy and playful. I like to sing too. You've got to do something at the parties here to keep them from dying on the vine. Now, let me see, what else? Oh, yes. Petting. Really, commodore, I don't go in for that—much. But, gosh, the club porch is always so crowded that if you want to talk to a girl you've got to take her to a car or the summerhouse. It seems sort of natural for a fellow of my age to like to sit and talk to girls."

"Humph," said the commodore. "Anything else you'd like to say?"

"Well, about the games of chances, or whatever it was. I did shoot crap a couple of times. Lost twenty-six cents. You play bridge, don't you, commodore?"

"My conduct is not under scrutiny," the commodore reminded him.

"And, Mr. Dort, you know that you and dad play golf for a dollar a hole."

"Confine yourself to the matter under consideration," said Mr. Dort tartly.

Larrabee scratched his head. "All right," he said. "Now, about my not working. I've not much of a comeback there. Even if dad has plenty of jack, I ought to work, I suppose. But the trouble is nobody in this town seems very keen about giving me a job. Guess they all know me too well, or something. Dad won't have me in the bank, because he says I haven't a banking mind. Doesn't seem to me very sensible to work at something when I haven't found anything that interests me much."

The commodore cleared his throat.

"I see no reason for prolonging this discussion," he declared. "You have proved yourself an undesirable member, Lawrence. I think you'd better resign. The board agrees with me."

Commodore Bangs looked about the table, challenging anyone to disagree. No one did. A man not to be crossed, the commodore. His position as the leading dealer in coal and ice in that part of the state, and as a man just on the point of overtaking his first million, gave weight to his words.

Lawrence Larrabee looked at him helplessly. "I don't want to resign," he said. "I have a lot of fun here at the club. It has the only decent beach and tennis courts in town. It's one of the few places left where I can go." He puckered up his dappled brow. "No," he said doggedly,

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"6. He Furnishes a Bad Example to Younger Members of the Club, Because He Does No Work, But Loafs About the Club All Day"

AN OCEAN OF LEMONADE

By GILBERT SELDES

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

THE duration of the globe, according to François Charles Marie Fourier, who inspired the creation of most of the communist societies in the United States in the middle of the past century, will be more or less exactly 80,000 years. Of these, the era of misfortune has already lasted about 6000 years; the era of degeneration will last 4000; and in between will be two eras of social unity and happiness, lasting together some 70,000 years. The thousands of colonists in Fourierite phalanxes were brought together chiefly by his theories of social progress; but "the social order designed by Providence and conceived by Fourier" seemed to have been based, in Fourier's own mind, on the disposition of the earth's years as indicated above. It was in the middle period, to the attainment of which all the communes contributed, that certain stupendous and desirable changes would occur in the composition of the earth and in the nature of man. For in the harmonious 70,000 years the earth "will engender perpetual spring" and "by the expansion of a black boreal acid," the waters of the sea will change to lemonade, fishes will become amphibian servants charged with conducting vessels across the lemonade oceans, and savage animals will become "elastic beasts of burden." Nor will men lag behind; they will grow to the average height of seven feet, will achieve a population of 3,000,000,000, and will live to the average age of 144 years. Spiritually they will keep pace with this physical prowess, for in the harmonious period there will be 37,000,000 poets equal to Homer, 37,000,000 physicists equal to Newton, and 37,000,000 dramatists equal to Molière.

These, among others, were to be the benefits derived from living under Fourier's "true and natural system of society." In comparison, Robert Owen, the other great inspirer of nineteenth-century communities, writer of Weekly Letters to the Human Race and Inaugurator of the Millennium on the Fourteenth Day of May, 1855, held out only picayune promises. It is no wonder that he was responsible for only some fifteen colonies, to Fourier's fifty. Fourier had the imaginative gift.

The Reformer's Rocky Road

THE nineteenth century was rich in prophets. There were prophets of social reform, of dietetic reform, of financial success. It was the heyday of phrenology and at the same time the germinating period for such vast social changes as prohibition and woman suffrage; purely intellectual movements like Brook Farm came into being simultaneously with great religious revivals, ethical-experiment stations and strong labor movements. The Civil War was brewing, Graham bread appeared on breakfast tables, an inner neckband was placed on men's shirts, women in very long dresses knelt in the sawdust of saloons and prayed for the abolition of the demon rum; and William Lloyd Garrison refused to participate in an international congress for the abolition of slavery because women delegates sent from America to London were refused their seats.

The particular tenets of the prophets who failed and of those who succeeded are interesting enough, but there is a special point about all of them which is worth stressing. Without exception, they were all ridiculed, and most of them were persecuted. The workers for equal rights for women were a godsend to the humorists of the time. The famous Dr. Mary Walker, authorized by a special act of Congress to dress in men's clothes, was called "a self-made man" by Bill Nye; the jokes on bloomers exhibiting woman's "under-standing" were endless, and were revived when the bicycle craze, generations later, brought Mrs. Miller's "pettiloons" again into public view. The saintly Frances Willard was accused, according to her biographer, "of every possible extreme opinion, even to approval of lynching," and women of true refinement used to leave the room when Lucretia Mott, the suffragist, entered. Elizabeth Cady Stanton writes that in attacking the crusade for equal social and political rights, "the press rung the changes on 'strong-minded,' 'bloomer,' 'free love,' 'easy divorce' and 'amalgamation'"; in attacking Owen and his followers, James M'Knight accused this forerunner of child-labor legislation and children's schools of taking babies at the age of two and leaving them to be educated by girls of fifteen. Poems lampooning the Owenites appeared, and Harro Harring, a New York German, published a twenty-page poem attacking the Fourierites.

The quiet life of a reformer in those days may be judged from the following excerpt from the biography of Lucy Stone, who dismayed her contemporaries by insisting upon keeping her maiden name after marriage: "Her adventures during the next few years would fill a volume. No suffrage association was organized until long after this time. She had no coöperation and no backing, and started out absolutely alone. So far as she knew, there were only a few persons she knew in the whole country who had any sympathy with the idea of equal rights. She put up the posters for her own meetings with a little package of tacks and a stone picked up from the street. Sometimes the boys followed her, hooting and preparing to tear down the posters. Then she would stop and call the boys around her and hold a preliminary meeting in the street, until she had won them over and persuaded them to let her posters alone. Once a hymn book was thrown, striking her on the neck so violently that she was almost stunned. Once in winter a pane of glass was removed from the window behind the speaker's stand, a hose was put through and she was suddenly deluged with ice-cold water while she was speaking. She put on her shawl and continued her lecture. Pepper was burned, spitballs were thrown, and all sorts of things done to break up the meetings, but generally without success."

The satires on Robert Owen dealt largely with his idea that men were made by their environment and were therefore not suitable objects for either praise or punishment; "circumstances" were all-significant. As a poet in the Philadelphia Gazette made the devil say of Owenism:

I know that these persons think they are impelled,
And by the power of circumstances all men are held,
And owe no allegiance to heaven or me;
What a place for this work for the devil 'twill be.

I have set sects to fighting and shedding of blood,
I have whispered to bigots they're all doing good,
Inquisitions I've founded, made kings my lies swallow,
But this plan of free living beats all my plans hollow. . . .

And the satirist who wrote the Man Machine and the Wise Men of Gotham, insisting that human beings under the Owen plan become machines, lampooned the Owenite equality thus: "Some of the married women had prettier children than others—and this was a source of inequality. Some were without any children at all, and sorely envied their more happy next-door neighbors, whose pretty little curly-pated machines were playing themselves into perfectability on the lawn before their doors. On the other hand, some of the men had better, younger or prettier wives than others, who, not being specially instructed in such matters, did frequently break the tenth commandment. My master [Owen] was, in truth, for a long while the victim of 'counteracting circumstances.' He at one time, as I have heard, had serious thoughts of cutting off all the women's noses to bring them to a level, and of organizing his men and women machines by the mere force of education, so that they would conform to the law of nature which ordains that every bird shall lay only so many eggs within a certain period. He had no doubt of bringing this about if he could only begin above, and dodge his old enemies, the 'counteracting circumstances.'"

The Egotism of the Martyr Complex

PERSECUTION of prophets and reformers is by no means a novelty. In fact, it is so common that certain psychologists have claimed that there is discernible in prophets a martyr complex—they desire to be persecuted as proof of their prophecy. In the literature and oratory of radical movements nothing is more common than the argument of persecution. It begins with: "Of course we are not understood today, because we aim for the future." It continues with the historical parallel: "But that has always happened to forerunners. Christ was crucified; Socrates was forced to drink hemlock; Bruno was burned at the stake; Columbus was ridiculed." It is precisely this appeal to the past which throws the glamour of martyrdom over the

unsuccessful reformer, which lets him think of himself as in the company of those whom the future will call true prophets and pioneers. But underneath it lies a logical inconsequence. "Prophets have always been persecuted," says the creator of a new Utopia; "I am being persecuted; therefore I am a prophet."

The fact is that ridicule and persecution have been the portion equally of great visionaries and crack-brained fools. "Darius Green and his flying-machine" and Langley and the Wright brothers were the objects of ignorant mockery, but there was a mockery one does not consider quite so ignorant for Alex. Lookup, "the extraordinary poet, author, inspired romance writer, and glorious social reformer; by an effulgent discovery, setting forth the elements for a heavenly and consummate civilization." Woman suffrage did succeed, and completely simplified spelling did not, but they were equally jeered when they made their first appeal. The connection between prophecy and persecution is therefore a mixed one, and whatever else may be true, it is not true that persecution is the proof of a prophetic gift.

It is interesting to note that the attitude of humanity toward its prophets does not depend so much on the inherent "sweet reasonableness" of the thing prophesied as on the field in which the particular vision happens to lie. If it is in science the prophet is likely to be laughed at, like Harvey when he discovered the circulation of the blood. If it is in politics and economics, the prophet is reviled, like Garrison in his fight for abolition. If it is in morals and religion, the prophet is persecuted, like Christ and Mohammed. In all these cases the profound seer has to face the same hostility as the inspired fool or the deliberate charlatan. In the long procession of reformers, uplifters and saviors of mankind, only a few solitary figures detach themselves from the parade, like the file closers of a regiment, and take their positions as wise men or great men. Not all of these have suffered the extreme penalty of being eccentric to the spirit of their time, but there again the connection between truth and prosperity is not very clear.

Thousands of Elisha Perkins Tractors were sold for the cure of diseases, although it should have been obvious that they were nothing more than metal scrapers with no curative properties whatever. And the profitable combination of unorthodox religion and real estate proves that a good administrative sense can save many a prophet from the poverty and exile which less versatile leaders must suffer.

According to Mr. H. L. Mencken no absurdity has been rejected by the people of the United States until a more ludicrous absurdity has risen to take its place. In the sphere of medical fakery this seems to be true. But in the field of general reform movements it is apparent that the mass of people in the United States has managed to preserve a rather sardonic indifference to most of the movements presented to them. The first and second quarters of the nineteenth century brought to America plan after plan for the regeneration of mankind through the organization of communities. It was only an accident that the poet Shelley did not come to form part of a pantisocracy on the banks of the Susquehanna, the name of which appealed to his poetic imagination. The actual experiments in communist colonies were almost all inspired by Europe—the native movements being purely religious revivals. The evangelist Nettleton preceded the Owenite colonies, and Finney, the Fourierite colonies; a strong native emotional upheaval seems in each case to break the ground for a scattered but intense application of foreign theories.

Discordant Notes From New Harmony

IT WAS perfectly natural for the European to come to America to put his new views into practice, for America was still fresh, was itself an experiment in views abhorrent to the European social system. Robert Owen, who had risen from the pit of English child labor to the creation of a successful manufacturing community at New Lanark, held to his grandiose conception of what might be accomplished in the New World.

At the time he was developing his idea the Rappite religious community at New Harmony, Indiana, was looking for a more favorable site. They paid one Richard Flower $5000 for selling their land, buildings and livestock to Robert Owen, who arrived in this country, spoke in the House of Representatives before an audience including the President, and invited settlers to come to his town.

Although the swell of westward migration had not yet reached its high point, labor in the East was already striking, despite disabilities and organizing itself for self-protection. Since 1791 journeyman shoemakers, tailors and carpenters had been other things, demanding, among other things, that the hours of labor should be both shortened and made the same in summer and winter—to wit, from six in the morning until six at night. To aid them came such reformers as Russell Comstock, with a platform of Pure Republicanism, which included equal rights for men and women, and the gradual abolition of all laws for the collection of debts.

Robert Owen invited settlers to a spot comparatively far from the complexities and overcivilization of metropolitan life—it was a habit of communities to leave the wicked city far behind. The demands of metropolitan life must have been serious: "In Philadelphia, as in New York, occupants of houses must have the pavements before their premises swept to the middle of the street every Friday or pay a fine of five shillings. These sweepings the city would remove, but ashes and mud, shavings or refuse not arising from common housekeeping must be removed at the cost of the housekeeper." There, too, each tenant must have five buckets and a canvas bag hanging in his hall, and "must lend a hand in the extinguishment of fires." The constables preserved the peace during the day and the superintendent of the night watch and his men guarded the city by night. "To the watch belonged the care of the oil, wicks, lamps and utensils used in illuminating the streets, and the duty of lighting the lamps every evening and keeping them burning until dawn." The last requirement was, however, beginning to be unimportant, as the director of Peale's Museum was announcing to the public that on certain nights the whole auditorium would be illuminated with "gaslights which will burn without wicks or oil."

Ideally Owen desired to house some 1200 persons in private apartments contained in one large square building, but differing from a modern New York apartment house in the possession of 1500 acres of ground and in a greater community of labor and of property. But New Harmony was not built that way and Owen made the best of it. The settlers came crowding in until they overran the accommodations left by the departing Rappites. Almost immediately dissension set in. We find in a diary under the date of August twentieth that Mr. Owen gave his usual address and it was unanimously agreed that the entire population of New Harmony should meet three times a week in the hall "for the purpose of being educated together," and five days later the "people held a meeting at which they abolished all the officers then existing and appointed three men as dictators."

The Standards of Equality

RELIGIOUS differences promptly led to the creation of separate colonies, which Owen permitted to exist on his estate. He did not, at the time, consider that humanity was equal to the lofty requirements of communal life, so he remained the owner of the property at New Harmony, and equality was largely a matter of social standing and the income from labor.

Bernhard, the duke of Saxe-Weimar, visited New Harmony and caught one of the glimpses of equality which seemed to have impressed his ducal soul: "She is named Virginia, and while she was playing and singing very well on the piano, she was told that the milking of the cows was her duty. Almost in tears, she betook herself to this servile employment, execrating the social system and its much-prized equality. After the cows were milked, in doing which the young girl was trod on by one and mired by

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CRAMAMBULI

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

"Suppose That I'd Dug Up the Facts of an Ugly Tale in England, in Such a Community as This"

AMONG other proofs," said Mary, "of my beautiful nature is that I don't bite Carolus when he whistles for an hour at a time. I think that's fortitude in a stepmother. But I'm worried about Caro. If he can whistle for an hour at a time when he's eighteen, what'll he do when he's thirty?"

Lupus stood up on the limestone steps and looked fifty yards at his son, who was riding a cream-colored horse lazily to and fro in the highway before a young female named Claire, seated on her father's red brick wall. Carolus rode and whistled succulently. Perhaps, his parent mused, that was what they meant by liquid music; note swooned into note and the tune seemed to melt along the sunlight. It was kind of pretty.

"He's just makin' love to that pup of Sid Paramore's, honey."

"Lupus Van Eck!"

"Ma'am?"

"Don't," Mary ordered, "call Claire Paramore a pup!"

"Shall if I want to," said Lupus. "She ain't old enough to be a lady. She's only fourteen. She ain't even old enough to be made love to. Carolus is just practicin' on her. The kid's kinda shy for a Van Eck. His real girl's that skinny yella-headed one lives across from the Presbyterian church downtown. Only he's scared of her."

"Who told you?"

"He did," said Lupus, sitting down again. "Her name's sumpin like Sarsaparilla Coventry. She's awful cultivated. Her father's the new manager at the electric light comp'ny."

Mr. Van Eck purred behind his son, "His name's Covendale, boy. He's English."

Mary squeaked and Lupus turned with admiration to look at his dark father, while Mr. Van Eck lighted a cigarette. Pop was most remarkable, when you stopped to think of it, because he could walk as silently on his left peg leg as he did on his real right foot. Brass binding of the wooden point twinkled as Lupus glanced at the thing. But the peg did not exist. It was never mentioned on the farm or elsewhere. Pop had brought back both feet from the war in Cuba, in 1898, as far as his family and his ten hired men were concerned; nobody ever mentioned the wooden leg.

"Lupus, you git your kid to stop whistlin' Cramambuli, or I'll beat his head in with a hammer an' eat him for supper."

"I don't think that's the name of it, pop."

"I don't care what the song writers call it, boy. It's Cramambuli. Fellers used to sing it when I was a baby, I'm sixty, an' every year somebody hauls a song that voted for Grant out of the grave an' sends it off again. That's Cramambuli. It's German, an' come into the country before the Rebellion. I went to sleep on it last night an' dreamed of the Borkman murder. Your kid," said the head of the tribe, "whistles good but monotonous It's worse'n his white pants. I never seen a kid stick to white pants so hard or have so many of 'em. The laundry bill's outrageous"

A yellow trolley car interposed its passing bulk between Lupus and a view of his son's white cotton trousers, briefly, and when it had gone on toward Rangerville the cream-colored horse was prancing wantonly on its hind legs.

"Showin' off," said Mr. Van Eck.

"I like watching Caro ride," Mary yawned, "because he does it with such an air of not noticing he's on a horse. . . . Rain-in-the-Face, that tune isn't called Cramambuli. It's Crambambuli. It's one of those German student-corps drinking songs."

"They always sung it Cramambuli around here, girl," Mr. Van Eck drawled, "an' you can stick another *b* in for all I care. Otto Borkman, that killed his father, was called Cramambuli. He sung good. Hell," he brooded inoffensively, "that's more'n a quarter of a century back! That was September, 1898. Gittin' on to thirty years. Where was you thirty years ago, Mary?"

"I wasn't," Mary told him. "Father and mother lived in Boston then. Lupus, just think of it, thirty years ago you were seven years old!"

"I couldn't help it, could I?"

"But I'm sure," his wife murmured, "that you were a remarkably lovable child and very dirty. . . . Get the car and take me driving, you lazy hound!"

"He is lazy," said Mr. Van Eck. "There ain't any fat in the fam'ly or he'd be gittin' a belly on him. Take her drivin', Lupus. It's an hour to lunch yet."

"You must come, too, Montezuma."

"I don't mind," Mr. Van Eck purred, spitting at a sparrow on the lowest step. "It'll git me out of this whistle of the kid's. I bet it's his Injun blood. I heard a gang of Apaches, or some kind of heathen, do their music at one of the World's Fairs an' they could go on forever without gittin' anywhere. . . . Listen to him!"

Carolus had turned his steed into the driveway. His whistle approached in a quick trotting of notes as the horse trotted. The funny tune pattered along and the kid managed to grin at his family without stopping the sound as he went past the stone porch on his way to the red brick stables.

"The song writer that dug that up," Mr. Van Eck pronounced, "knew boys. You git one boy to whistle one tune long enough and it gits to be a national menace, like intemperance or boll weevils or one of those things. Music don't cost nothin'. You got to have coin in your pants to buy gin, but anybody can whistle a tune."

"Lupus," said Mary, "you'd better warn your papoose that the sachem is sharpening his tomahawk. . . . Go and get the car, you worthless lout."

"It's what you git," Mr. Van Eck mentioned, "for marryin' a red-headed woman, boy. They drive you hard."

Lupus pulled his wife's ear and then rose from the warm steps. There was something he wanted to ask pop, but he couldn't quite remember what it was, and it probably didn't matter. So he lounged contentedly down the driveway into the vast stable yard, arranged by his great-grandfather when land was cheap, and watched his son giving orders about the horse Bullard. Two stable boys were being commissioned to some job, and the conceited blond horse superciliously looked over his audience at Lupus with his nose in the air. However, he became humble and a little nervous when the blue car came poking from the garage; he did not care for motors.

"Come drivin', kid?"

"Yeh," said Carolus, and began to whistle.

"Pop'll kill you, sonny, if you don't lay off of that Bamambuli, or whatever the name is."

Carolus stopped whistling and said, "Got it in my head. . . . Gimme some money tomorrow, dad? Want to send for some books."

"All right, son," said Lupus, wondering how many more books there were that his cultured offspring hadn't read. Novels and volumes of history kept flooding down from the kid's quarters into the living room. It would be awful if a Van Eck abandoned the breeding of fine horses and cattle and took to a professorship. Lupus worried for as many as three minutes while he drove up the Rangerville road.

"Lupus is thinking," said Mary.

"Aw, no, I ain't, honey!"

"Don't wrong him," Mr. Van Eck purred in the back seat. "This is Sunday, girl. He does his thinkin' sooner in the week. He —— Carolus, you drop that damn tune or I'll sell your hoss!"

"Yes, sir," said Carolus swiftly. "I want to ride him in the pageant on the Fourth, sir. Amaryllis Covendale wants me to be an Indian. I said I'd be an Indian if I could be one on a horse. I ain't goin' to be an Indian on foot in that crowd."

"Oh," said Mary, turning in her cushions, "offer her the whole family! Tecumseh, you'd look lovely in a blanket. It's your patriotic duty. The Van Ecks en masse as aboriginal residents of Couveris! You owe it to the memory of Leaping Brooklet, or whatever your Iroquois ancestress was named. I'll call up Miss Covendale and suggest it. Lupus, your legs will make a sensation."

"Rain-in-the-Face, That Tune Isn't Called Cramambuli. It's Crambambuli"

"You shut your face, girl," said the sachem drowsily, "or I'll send Lupus out to Aryzona to buy mustangs. I dunno what the town of Couveris has got to have a pageant about. George Washin'ton never slep' here. The Van Ecks have been on hand ever since before the Rev'lution, but nothin' ain't ever happened here. Chester Arthur made a speech here in 1880. He had yeller side whiskers. But we ain't been in the New York papers once since the Borkman murder. That's 1898. Hey, Mary, that's the only time I ever seen Lupus scared!"

"I don't believe you," the red-headed woman said, smoothing her hair.

"Yes, but he was scared. The p'lice come and asked me a lot of questions. I'd drove over to see Borkman just a couple of hours before his kid killed him. He wasn't home; but my men knew I'd been over there, an' the p'lice come to ask me what I knew, which was nothin'. But Lupus thought I was gittin' arrested an' he hawled to raise bats out of hell."

"I bet I did," said Lupus. "Say, the whole thing was scary! Us kids wouldn't go out in the woods for a month we were so scared Otto Borkman'd be hidin' around. An' some pup came an' said he'd seen Borkman's ghost on his

grave out in Apple Orchard wavin' his whip round. Gee! I remember cryin' the night mamma was buried, 'cause she was always scared of Borkman. I guess I used to be kinda 'maginative.'

For some reason Mary dropped her palm on his arm and smiled at him.

It was interesting to be married to an inexplicable female who did things that had no sense in them but were rather nice. Lupus beamed at his wife.

"Borkman wasn't good-tempered," the sachem purred. "He wasn't mean neither. But he'd flare up an' bawl a lot. Otto was an easy-goin' kid, but I bet he had a temper too. Else the thing was a kind of miracle. A kid don't kill his old man with a hatchet just 'cause he's provoked. You have to be headstrong to git that mad. Carolus, any time you git annoyed with Lupus, boy, just poison him quiet. Doin' it with a hatchet makes a disturbance."

"Yes, sir," said Carolus respectfully. "Did they hang this fella for killin' his father, or was there an electric chair then, sir?"

"They did nothin' about it, Carolus," his grandfather assured him, "because they couldn't catch him. A feller was drivin' in from Rangerville that night about midnight, an' said he passed Otto Borkman on the road, on his bicycle. If he did, he was the last feller seen the boy. He got away smooth as cream. It soured me on detectives forever an' amen. If all the detectives they had gassin' and sittin' on the hotel stoop downtown couldn't git a trace of a sixteen-year-old kid that was so handsome Lupus looked like a comic cartoon next to him—there ain't much in detectin'. Of course Otto was smart. Him and Borkman had been havin' scraps because the boy wanted to go to college an' be an engineer. Anyhow, he got clean away, an' God help the poor pup! He must have felt sweet when he read the papers.

"Say, Mary, here's a pretty thing that don't sound pretty. This Mrs. Borkman was the best-lookin' woman ever come out of Germany. It was moonlight when they fetched her into our place, 'cause Lupus' mamma was friends with her. She had on a white dress an' she'd been pickin' asters all along the way. You'd down an' say a woman that'd just gone clean crazy from seein' her kid kill his father would be kind of ghastly, but she was pretty as a picture.

"She'd gone back to bein' about nine years old and didn't know what all the fuss was for. She had vi'let eyes, an' her hair was so long it hung down past her hips when it was braided. She'd forgot every word of English she knew. She spoke English fine. I'd been sittin' on her porch talkin' to her two hours before, an' she didn't know me from the man in the moon now, and she was just a child until she died. Hell, but she was pretty too! Old Doctor Hoffman—he was German—took care of her at his house. She died of pneumonia next winter. But she was nothin' but a kid. Only, it was one of the prettiest things I ever seen. There she came in the moonlight, with Joe Priestley holdin' a lantern beside her, and she had her arms full of asters. She was talkin' German to a hired man of the Priestleys'. When the lantern swung you could see blood gittin' dry on the front of her white dress. This was pretty, I tell you. It's one of the prettiest things I can think back to."

Lupus had an idea and slowed the car to explain it. "A thing can be awful pretty, kind of," he said, "when it hadn't oughta be. There was this guy in my battery had his head shot off in the St.-Mihiel fight, an' he rolled over about ten times before he quit. 'At sounds tough, but it's hard to say—he was awful graceful, rollin' along. I've thought about that a lot."

"My dear Lupus," Mary told him, "the man getting over the graveyard wall up there may be an awful object when we get close to him, but he looks very graceful getting over the wall."

Lupus stared ahead and saw the hemlocks of the old burying ground before he noticed a man in gray who had stooped to dust his shoes in the roadway. A tall person. The man stood up then and looked at the coming car with a funny face that seemed streaked with black. And then the black was a patch clinging to his left eye. But he lifted his hat from yellow hair as the car went past him.

"Mr. Covendale," said Lupus, "ain't it, kid?"

"Yeh."

"He's a good walker," the sachem yawned; "five miles out of town. He won't git home in time for lunch. What part of England's he from, kid?"

"London," said Carolus. "But he was down in Alabama for five years right after the war, workin' on electric power houses or stuff like that. Pretty nice, but awful quiet, kind of."

"Lose his eye in the war?"

"Guess so," said Carolus; "he was in the war."

"Turn round, sonny," Mr. Van Eck ordered, "an' give him a lift. It's too hot drivin' without a hat on."

Lupus glanced respectfully up the slope of the cemetery among many hemlocks and wild apple trees as he turned the car into the white gateway and began to back it out once more. Hot wind was making the boughs murmurous. It was the nicest kind of cemetery and much better than any he'd seen in France.

"Drive on in, boy. I want to look at somethin'."

"I was out here in May, pop. Our plot's all right."

"Drive up past our plot," said the sachem. "I want to look at a thing."

Lupus drove, whirling the car around curves of the ascending land, wondering if Mary thought of her first husband, seven years dead. The grass was plotted with

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"It Was One of the Prettiest Things I Ever Seen. There She Came in the Moonlight, With Joe Priestley Holdin' a Lantern Beside Her"

Well! Well! Here Comes Sixty!

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"SOME of us were born lucky," said the sententious Mr. Jack McAuliffe while watching the passable Mr. Gene Tunney put the box-fighting bee on the passed Mr. Jack Dempsey on that rainy September night in Philadelphia—"some of us were born lucky and the rest of us were born soon after the Civil War."

What Mr. McAuliffe had in mind, undoubtedly, was that it was the mere accident of birth that prevented him, or some other of the good old-timers, from being up there in the ring knocking the block off the champion fisticuffer, whose block, as the proceedings proved, was ready and ripe for such rude attention, and his dictum was after a manner of pugilistic speaking. Still, it gives food for nonfistic thought. Not all of us, including not all of the good fighters, were born soon after the Civil War; but those of us who were born then were then immutably born and here we are, chronologically, a considerable number of products of the world's late 60's and, biologically, arriving, or just arrived, at our own early sixties—quite a bunch.

Take my own case, for example. I was born of a May morning in 1868, and on the day following, when the news of this important event was bruited about, there was great national excitement and cheering. It took a day for this important fact to become known. The bruiting facilities were not so good then as now. There was no telephone, no radio, no electric light, no very general use of the telegraph. There were no automobiles, no airships, no wireless, no movies, no rural free deliveries, no phonographs, no air mails. So the great national excitement and cheering came the next day. Painstaking investigation has shown that it is possible the first nomination of General Grant for President by the Republicans on that day may have had something to do with the clamor and applause, but that is as it may be. The fact relevant to these remarks is that I was born at said time, and the question arises: What am I doing about it now, and, likewise, what are a lot of others who came into view then, or thenabouts, doing about it now?

There is a lot to do, most of which should have been begun long ago, but, even so, much of which can be done from now on with exceeding profit. Of course the most valuable gift that life affords is youth, but not one in ten million realizes that until age has enforced the truth of it and canceled the advantage of it. We are spendthrifts with youth when we have it, but youth would not be youth unless we were. The thing to consider now, when youth is away back yonder in the rainbows, is whether we have saved any of it, whether we did not throw it all away, and if so, how to be misers of what we have left, how to eke it out in these sixties that are upon us.

The proper thing to do, at sixty, is to puff out the chest so far as is convenient—most of the sixty crowd have to do their chest puffing mentally instead of physically—beat upon it with sturdy fists, put as much flash in the eyes as can be attained—there are a good many lackluster eyes to be noted, it is sad to say—and proclaim that a man at sixty is at the top of his powers, a young man and a vigorous, and where do you lads of forty and so on get that stuff about a man who is sixty, or past, being an old man? That is the proper and self-respecting thing to do, but, largely, it is a bluff.

Naturally, as it is my business to move about and observe things, and still more naturally because in a year and three months from the time this is written I shall be sixty myself, I take note of those I meet who are in similar case, and I regret to report that a large proportion of my fellow citizens who are now advancing closely upon sixty, or have just begun to retreat from that crucial point, both look and act the part of the senility that impudent and cocky youth ascribes to this impost of years. Their sixties hang heavily upon them.

A man who had his boyhood in the interesting 70's and early 80's, who came to young manhood in the fascinating 90's and has lived his maturer years in the first quarter of this miraculous century, ought to be a live, active, interested, interesting and operative person. But is he? Not by about 70 per cent of the total. Look around you. Note the fat paunches, the heavy jowls, the lackluster eyes, the one-track—and that a side track—minds, the rigid limitations and conventions, the grooved movements, the general solidification and induration, the fixation of habit and thought, the embracing of six decades and the resignation to their burdens instead of combat with them. Observe the great numbers of men who die about that time, not because they are worn out by natural causes, but because they are worn out by unnatural causes, practically all brought upon themselves by themselves

A man's sixties are what he has made them, speaking physically and mentally. Of course, a man's sixties are what he has made them economically also, but economics have no place in this epistle. I am not talking about any man's financial or business condition, but about his physical and mental conditions. If these are right, finances and business need not worry him, and if these are right and have been kept right, it isn't likely that finances and business do worry him.

One of the great English scientists said once that he considered the years from sixty to sixty-three man's climacteric; that if a man can get healthily by sixty-three, he is good for quite a spell thereafter, accidents barred. Personally I think the turning point comes somewhat earlier than that; but letting that statement ride, we find in this country a considerable number of citizens who are at, or approaching, sixty with a bodily and a viewpoint and a habit debit instead of credit. A considerable number—about 70 per cent. Take a look around anywhere you happen to be and you will admit the correctness of that assay.

Here, Brethren of the Sexagenaric Contingent, endeth the casting up, and here begin the words of cheer and comfort, for any man who has not eaten or drunk or worried or worked himself into an organic disease can snatch himself from the maws of the ordinary decrepitudes of six decades, if he wants to, and get a lot of the joy of life

The Proper Thing to Do, at Sixty, Is to Proclaim That a Man at Sixty Is at the Top of His Powers

out of his forthcoming twenty years. It is easy to do. It is calamity if it is not done. The plan is simple. The practice of it is simpler. The creed for a creditable, comfortable, capable decade from sixty to seventy has but four precepts and can be set down in sixteen words. Here it is:

1. Don't eat so much.
2. Don't drink so much.
3. Don't work so hard.
4. Be rational with exercise.

Before beginning the exposition of these infallible principles of a happy life from sixty onward, there is one phase of the matter that must be referred to, and that is the phase of the degeneration of the body. A normal man of sixty isn't a normal man of thirty by a lot of tests, but a normal man of sixty should be as good, organically, as a normal man of thirty; should be, but not many are. Almost every man of sixty has something the matter with him, some bit of his machinery is not running perfectly. Unless this degeneration is organic, unless it comprehends a heart impairment, a diabetic diagnosis, an arterial hardening, a kidney or liver affection, or some other of those devastating diseases so common in men who were born soon after the Civil War, the lads who are not quite up to par may be of good cheer, for they can help themselves immeasurably by hearkening to these words of wisdom.

If there is an organic difficulty, if the heart is skipping or murmuring or cutting up any other deleterious heart didos, if the excess of sugar or albumen is there, if the blood pressure is too high, if the hobnails are coming in the liver, if the gall bladder isn't functioning as it should, if any one of the other numerous and horrible diseases men hand to themselves, bestow on themselves without any outside aid whatsoever, answers "Present" when an examining physician calls the roll then the first and the only thing to do is to get the best doctor possible and put yourself in his charge. No contract can be made to set the rudder for a sixtier who has staved his own ship in any of these unnecessary pathologic manners. The doctor is the only person to give him his bearings and lay out his course. But if the sixtier is merely sixty and in the ordinary flabby sixty situation, not organically impaired, that sixtier can do a lot for himself if he will acknowledge his derelictions, exert a little will power and show a modicum of that precious attribute so generally denied to the human race as a natural possession. I refer to common, ordinary horse sense.

With the Millennium on the Doorstep

THE science of diseases, which is pathology, has proved a number of things—not so many as the pathologists claim, but a number. One of these absolutes is that diet errors and excesses are active contributing agents to various of the degenerative organic diseases that lay low so many men just as they are nearing sixty, or soon after they have reached that stage of life—diabetes, for example, and Bright's disease, and digestive troubles, and so on. It is my lay opinion, after years of study of the subject, that diet excesses and errors are responsible for 90 per cent of all diseases one way or another, either actively in the sense of producing them in the body, or subactively in the sense of making the body low in resistance and more susceptible to them than in the case of the properly nourished person.

The most important thing in any man's life, from birth to death, is the food he puts into his body; and the most important thing about his food is, first, the quantity of it, and, second, the quality of it. By quality I do not mean its richness, nor its delicacy, nor its epicurean status, but do mean its proper selection and preparation. The best and finest food obtainable poorly prepared and taken in improper combinations is of less use to the body than the coarsest and commonest properly prepared and properly combined. A meal consisting of a green salad, a dish of boiled spinach, a piece of real whole-wheat bread and a glass of milk, for example, would excite the average sixty-year-old man to jeers and sneers, but it would be of far more use to him in the way of nourishment than any meat-vegetable-dessert-and-trimmings combination that could be prepared by the world's most famous chef.

In This Country We Have Made a Fetish of Work

All this is trite enough. Food has always been the first concern of man, and always will be, rarely in a scientific sense, but always in a hunger-and-appetite sense. Nature has made that imperative. If you do not eat, you die. Also, because of the messing in of civilization with food, if you do eat, you die. The difficulties seem insuperable, but they are not. Civilization has done many fine things for food, just as food has accomplished much for civilization. The break is fairly even. Broadly speaking, the food we now have is intrinsically all right. Perhaps as much may be said for civilization. The trouble with both food and civilization is not the raw materials of them, the basic principles, but the vast perversions of them, under guise of improvements, that have been brought about by the people who must consume the one and are supposed to conform to the other.

We know a hundred times more about food than we did twenty years ago and five hundred times more than we did when I was a boy. If we maintain this ratio of progress for the next fifty or sixty years, and devise some means of sinking that information into the minds and putting the right food into the stomachs of the people, we shall have done more for the physical well-being and consequent happiness and advancement and longevity of the human race than has been done since some curious and investigating ancestor, away back in the Pliocene days, discovered he could make fire by rubbing two sticks together.

A considerable number of things have happened in this world from then to now, but that was easily the most important. The next most important thing is to get the inhabitants of this fire-blessed globe to eat properly. We haven't achieved that yet, and it will be years and years before we do; but when we do a very large portion of our physical and mental ills will have vanished. That situation being reached, there we are, with the millennium sitting comfortably on every doorstep.

Salvation

WHEN we began the scientific study of food we opened up a field for the crank, the faker, the quack, the charlatan, the fanatic and the plain, ordinary but numerous nut, and these gentry invaded it from all sides. The scientists worked in their laboratories, but the food fakers and faddists worked right out in the open. While we made our slow and painstaking progress in the study of metabolism, in its catabolic and its anabolic aspects, the sure-thing food fakers hopped promptly to the front and center with all sorts of food panaceas and schedules and formulas ranging from desiccated hay to raw carrots. Some eliminated all food and shouted that fasting is the catholicon. Others filled their patients to the ears with seaweed and bran. The country is all cluttered up with food faddists and professors, each shouting that his scheme is the only way to digestive salvation.

Heaven knows that we need digestive salvation sorely and sadly, but we never will get it by limiting our sustenance to these fad formulas, any more than we will recover it by continuing on the eating course that lost it for us. The great difficulty in discussing any food problem or proposition is that every proponent of a formula is as arbitrary as the day of judgment. He is all right and everybody else is all wrong. Now food, save in its broad principles, is as individual, as personal a problem as having a stomach ache. The only rational way to deal with it is to

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Portrait of a Lady in Silver

By DANA BURNET

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

TO FALL in love at first sight is, I am told, the very best and most painless way to fall in love, if any. But that it frequently involves difficulties, no serious-minded student of human nature will deny. Personally, I find —

But, personally, I have nothing to do with this story, which concerns a young man named George Fielding, of New York and elsewhere. Young Mr. Fielding fell in love at the opera, which wasn't particularly original of him. But what he did later was rather original, though it led him into base deception. In short, George told a lie. Still worse, he tried to brazen it out, which was deplorable, but human. He was a very human sort of young man, in a way, was George.

He had seen this girl first at the Metropolitan, sitting in the Pendexters' box. She wore a silver gown, and something like a silver butterfly was alight on her dark hair. That night George went home to his modest bachelor apartment in West Fifty-eighth Street—George lived west because his income was only fifteen thousand a year—and considered ways and means of falling further in love with his lady in silver. He smoked a cigarette, took a small drink, and then, cramming his top hat on his head at an absurdly rakish angle, rushed through the night to the apartment of his good friend John Desborough, who lived east, and who happened, surprisingly enough, to be just going to bed.

"John," said George, "you know the Pendexters. You must know the Pendexters. It's absolutely essential that you ——"

"Wait!" said John, tying about his plump waist the draw string of his pajamas.

"I can't," said George. "I'm in love. Listen! It's incredible! I never thought it would happen to me. But I've seen her, John I've seen her! And I ——"

"Stop!" said John. "I know you've seen her. I can tell by your hat. No man wears his hat at that angle unless he has seen her. But I warn you, George, that you're not the only one. There are hundreds and hundreds of others."

"Hundreds and hundreds of ——?"

"However," continued the imperturbable and worldly-wise John, "to avoid argument I'll admit that I know the Pendexters. I know everyone. And to avoid further argument, I'll agree to introduce you to the lady who seems to have affected your hat."

"John, old man ——"

"But I warn you that she's caviar. She's very caviar, George. Imported, at that. Her name's Joan Landseer. She's Mrs. Pendexter's niece—the daughter of a younger sister, I think. This sister married a gentleman who invested her fortune in roulette and *chemin de fer*. And when I say *chemin de fer* I don't mean railroad. After that they lived in a *pension*, in Paris, on nothing a year. And after that they died. Whereupon the beautiful Joan was brought over here to do her duty by the family tradition, or what not. In vulgar American, she's got to marry high and she's got to marry handsome. You may be handsome, George. But are you, in spite of your hat, what people like the Pendexters would call high?"

"Bah!" said George, or a word to that effect.

"I was only trying to suggest delicately that you may suffer a bit, George."

"Suffer? Of course I'll suffer. I'm suffering now. I ——"

"Stop!" said John peremptorily. "Or rather, go. I'll communicate with you in the morning. Now beat it home and get some sleep, you ass! What do you think these smaller-sized hours were made for?"

That is, He Told Her as Much as He Could Think of; and Finally He Told Her This Lie

"They were made," replied George as he wandered toward the door of his friend's apartment, "for intense thought and contemplation. . . . Good night, John, and God bless you."

"Idiot!" said John.

So it happened that on the following Wednesday evening John Desborough took George Fielding to a dance. It was a nice little dance, given by the Pendexters for their lovely niece. Not more than four or five hundred people were present; and of these, perhaps sixty-six and two-thirds per cent were young men who had seen Joan Landseer.

Even John, the phlegmatic, was forced to admit that she was beautiful. Her hair was a cap of fine black curls; her eyes were startlingly blue. She had a thin, eager, mobile face. Her lips were a dull scarlet; they were obviously and expertly rouged. But the effect she created was not that of a youthful sophisticate. It was rather that of a child who is pretending to be sophisticated and is having an exciting time doing it. She wore, this night, a gown of black chiffon velvet trimmed with silver.

"Oh, Lord!" uttered George Fielding to his friend John. "If I were only a painter! Oh, Lord!"

"Are you praying?" asked John politely.

"No," replied George, suddenly looking solemn, "I'm thinking."

"Don't," advised Desborough.

But George did. He thought for a full minute—which is a long time when you're in love, I'm told—and then he decided on what may be described as a course of action. Boldly plunging into the whirl of dancers, he tapped Miss Landseer's partner on the shoulder, and the next moment received that exquisite lady into his arms

"Oh, hello," she said, smiling pleasantly up at him. "It's Mr. Fielding, isn't it?"

"Yes, I think so," said George.

"Aren't you sure?"

"Not exactly," said George. And then: "You see," said George, "I have rather an elastic—or perhaps I should say an irresponsible—personality. It almost completely escapes me at times."

"How very interesting!" murmured Joan.

"In fact," he went on, "there are occasions when I hardly recognize myself. As a rule, I try conscientiously to—well, to live within my ego, so to speak. I know its limitations, and I do my best to keep within them. But there are times—tonight, for instance ——"

"Tonight?"

"You'd be surprised," he told her, "to know what my ego is contemplating at this moment"

"Do tell me!" responded the dark-haired Joan.

"I'd like to. But I—I find it rather difficult to talk and dance at the same time."

"Don't you enjoy dancing?"

"Oh, yes! Yes, indeed!" cried George. "Beautiful world—I mean, beautiful music, isn't it?"

"Beautiful!"

"But I was just wondering whether there isn't a refuge back of those palms where two people could disappear for ten minutes and really talk to each other."

"If two people," said Joan, "disappeared for ten minutes it would upset this beautiful world most frightfully, I'm afraid."

"I suppose it would," sighed George.

"On the other hand," she remarked after a brief upward glance, "if two people disappeared for only five minutes ——"

"Miss Landseer!"

"Come on," she said suddenly, "let's do it!" And as they dashed for the barrier of palms—"I'm tired," breathed Joan. "I've been going like mad ever since I landed in New York. I love it. It's frightfully thrilling, after my life abroad. But I'm only human."

"Are you really? That's encouraging."

"Silly!" said Joan, sinking down on a couch behind the palms.

"Miss Landseer, I ——"

"Do tell me," she urged, as he leaned eagerly toward her, "about your ego. It did sound so very interesting, Mr. Fielding."

"You know," he said, regarding her steadily, "I think it's even more encouraging that you've remembered my name."

"I have a system," said Joan, folding her thin white hands in her lap.

"A memory system?"

"Yes. But don't ask me what it is, because I really couldn't explain it to you. You see, it works automatically."

"I see "

"And besides, I haven't time. That man over there Preston Heath! I know he's looking for me, because I promised him the next dance. So do talk to me, or I shall begin to feel guilty."

"Miss Landseer," cried George recklessly, "ever since I saw you at the opera a week ago tonight ——"

And then he told her what life had meant to him since he had seen her at the opera a week ago tonight. That is, he told her as much as he could think of; and finally he told her this lie

It was really the most reprehensible sort of lie, which is to say that it was both premeditated and charming. Joan Landseer liked it, though of course she didn't know then that it was a lie. She fell—if that is not too precipitous a word for his whole base scheme of deception. Perhaps, subconsciously, she was a trifle fed up with the truth; with the sort of truth that her aunt, Mrs. Pendexter, had been dinning into her ears for the past six months. Or perhaps beautiful young women instinctively take to beautiful lies. Did George know that? Or was he just gambling on his luck?

At any rate, by the time Preston Heath discovered them sitting behind the palms, and demanded, with some asperity, his dance, the falsehood had been outlined in all its charm, and Joan was smiling like a schoolgirl up to some pleasant mischief or other

Preston Heath gazed down at her, impatiently twirled the ends of his blond mustache and snapped out: "I say, Joan, I've been looking everywhere for you."

"Oh, really? I'm so sorry, Preston. You see, I was rather tired, and so I —— Au revoir, Mr. Fielding."

"Miss Landseer!" murmured George, bowing.

"And so I just sat down for a minute," he heard Joan explaining to Mr. Heath, whose back looked stiff. But then Mr. Heath was the sort of man whose back ought to look stiff. He was worth some eight or ten millions of dollars; he had a collection of old masters, a place in the Social Register and a race horse that once had almost won the British Derby. He also had a steam yacht, and a palace in Newport. But what he really loved was horses

The next day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, George Fielding burst excitedly into the apartment of his friend John Desborough, who, curiously enough, was just getting out of bed.

"John, old man, I've done it! I "

"Stop!" commanded John. "I know darned well you've done it. And if you aren't crazy, then what are you, George?"

"What am I? I ——"

"No, don't tell me. I already know what you are. You're a thundering liar, George—that's what you are. And by all that's incredible, I'm another!"

"You? What have you got to do with it?"

"I'll tell you what I've got to do with it, George. Mrs. Pendexter telephoned me early this morning—woke me out of a sound sleep, which is one of the worst things that can happen to a person of my temperament—and asked me whether you were a good painter. And I said, 'A good what?' And she said, 'Painter.' And I said, 'Painter?' and she said, 'Painter.' And I said, 'Oh!'"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed George.

"And then she told me that you had asked Joan Landseer to pose for you—that you were going to paint her portrait; and since Mrs. Pendexter had never heard of you, she was naturally a trifle curious about your reputation."

"And what did you say?" anxiously queried George

His friend Desborough looked at him with a melancholy and slightly bilious eye. "I said that you were the most extraordinary portrait painter I'd ever known, which is true enough, because I've never known any portrait painters. I've never wanted to. I have enough people dependent on me as it is. And then I said—may a merciful Providence forgive me!—that you were a respectable person, a man of impeccable morals and high ideals, who placed womanhood on a pure, high pedestal, and who, to my certain knowledge, had always been good to your mother. And after I had rung off I cried to think how I had deceived dear Mrs. Pendexter. Life is sad, George—especially when you've not had enough sleep. I have only to add that, so far as I can see, you're in one sweet jam; and if you expect me to help you out of it, you can jolly well go sit on a tack. I've done my bit."

"You've done nobly, John! cried George, slapping his friend on the back.

"Don't hit me," returned John peevishly, "when I'm in my pajamas. It comes through, you idiot! And if I were you I'd get on the first boat leaving these shores and go to Europe and lie down for a while—just relax, you know It'd do you good. Because I know perfectly well that you can no more paint a portrait of Miss Landseer than you can imitate the late Mr. Houdini. You've never had a paintbrush in your hand."

"That's not true," retorted Fielding warmly "I once painted a flivver that I owned when I was at Cambridge. I painted it blue. And when I was a child I used to do Easter eggs "

"But, George

"And besides, I have a theory. I'm speaking quite seriously now, John." Here George looked straight at his friend and said, quite seriously: "I believe that a man can do whatever he thinks he can do. I believe that the possibilities of the human ego are, so to speak, unlimited. I say I am going to paint a portrait of Miss Landseer—and what happens?"

"Don't ask me," growled John. "I'm not an alienist."

"Why," cried George, "it's perfectly simple! No sooner do I say I'm a portrait painter than I become a portrait painter, not only psychologically but actually. I go out and rent a studio. I found one this morning in West

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He Was Standing, by This Time, at the Foot of the Model Stand. Art Was Forgotten, Practically Abandoned for the Moment

A SAGA OF THE SWORD

She Lifted Her Head, Glanced Disdainfully Over Yezid as Magnificently He Drew Himself Up on His Horse in the Youthfully Proud Consciousness of His Recent Victory

And Muhammed is His Prophet!

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

VERY joyous was Yezid, the son of Ibn-Habib, the son of Habib Abdallah, the son of Hassan, the son of Ibn-al-Waled who had sat at meat with the Prophet, as on that hot July morning of the year of the Hegira 92 he cantered along the broad uneven track which, three centuries earlier, had been a paved Roman road. To be twenty years of age, mounted on a thoroughbred that could gallop like the wind, to have one's sworn friend at one's side, and behind one to hear the clank and clatter of fifty bold riders eager in no matter what of perilous obedience, to be in command of an adventurous advance guard on the morrow of a tremendous victory—these things combined were surely sufficient to put a man at the summit of earthly felicity.

Yezid, at any rate, thought so as, keenly scanning the grayishly far-spreading olive groves for possible ambush, he pressed on toward the broad stream now visible from a swelling rise in that undulating country—the river which perhaps still retained its ancient Roman name of Bætis and was certainly not yet known as the Guadalquivir; for not yet had these new-come Arabs had time to rename it the Wâd-al-Kêbir—the great river. Precisely as that trembling, half-naked, Goth-hating Iberian serf had said in the debased Roman dialect that was so difficult even for the interpreter to understand, the road on which they had traveled since dawn crossed it by a bridge and joined with the other road which went downstream to the city of Hispalis, in later ages to be called Sevilla, and upstream led to that equally important city which throughout its vicissitudes was scarcely to modify its immemorially ancient name of Corduba.

Yezid turned to the friend riding side by side with him—the twenty-year-old son of a Berber chief who ten years previously had embraced Islam and surrendered to Mûsa, Emir in North Africa of the great all-conquering Kalif at Damascus.

"Merciful is Allah, O Ibn-Malek!" he cried. "Behold the bridge that Mughith bade us seize. Verily the serf spoke truth. There at the other side will we make the midday prayer, while we tarry for Mughith as he commanded. Would that Allah had sent some of these unbelieving dogs to dispute the passage with us," he added regretfully. "Not since this dawn have we seen one of their warriors! Verily saith the poet, 'As the mist vanishes before the sun, so doth the infidel vanish before the might of Allah!'" Thus aptly to quote a line of verse marked him as a cultured Arab of good family, and he uttered it with a touch of youthful complacency. Such as he were rare in that preponderantly Berber army.

"Great is Allah!" observed Ibn-Malek, piously giving the due response to the sacred name Yezid had invoked. "Surely these unbelieving Goths have caused their djinns to spirit them away! My sword cries in its scabbard. Hungry and thirsty is it for the death bite into their yellow-bearded throats! Not even a straggler from those in flight have we seen."

"Few were there who fled far, when at last the great fear came upon them, Allah be praised!" replied Yezid, with a happy laugh. "Those that had been lions were suddenly but sheep, and like slaying among a flock of sheep was it when we overtook them. All yesterday was my right arm yet in pain with aching from the strokes it gave."

"Sheep indeed!" agreed Ibn-Malek. "With some of their own flock turned suddenly into ravening wolves to devour them! Verily doth Allah confound the unbeliever to his own ruin! A miracle was it when those horsemen—Allah knoweth, they seemed like the sands of the desert for multitude!—left the great host of Roderico to range themselves under our banners. Methinks I still hear the shout of our army and theirs as they turned and ranked themselves, Goths against Goths. Rememberest thou how Târik rode up to the princes their leaders, laughing like an afflicted of Allah in the joy of his welcome?"

"Till the angel blots me from his book shall I remember it," said Yezid, "and in Paradise shall I remember the thunder and the shout as altogether we charged upon their uncovered wing. *Allahu akbar!* Allah alone gives victory!"

The inexhaustible topic was once more, for the hundredth time, reopened. Still keeping their horses at a steady canter, the two young men vied with each other in reminiscences of the great week-long battle which three days previously had ended in sanguinarily complete victory. Not yet, indeed, could they appreciate the full consequences of that epoch-making event. Even as three centuries earlier, north of the Mediterranean, the Western Roman Empire had been smashed into ruin by the successive irruptions of Vandal, Goth and Hun, so during the last eighty years the vast empires and kingdoms to the south and east of the inland sea had sensationally collapsed under the shattering blows of a militant fanaticism without precedent in history.

When, in the eleventh year of the Hegira, the Prophet had died at Medina, he had left a theocratic kingdom limited to Arabia; and Heraclius, Emperor at Constantinople, and Chosroes, Emperor of Persia, had laughed at his absurdly uncouth embassies that impudently summoned them to the true faith. Now the whole of Persia, conquered and pillaged, obeyed the summons to prayer of the muezzin on the mosque, and the victorious armies of Islam had already dashed themselves against the walls of Constantinople. From their splendid palace in Damascus, Kalif after Kalif reigned each over an empire marvelously greater than that of his predecessors. Part of India, Central Asia almost to China, Syria, Egypt and North Africa to the Atlantic had been added to the colossal dominion which acknowledged the authority, spiritual and temporal, of the Successors of the Prophet. If, on the north of the Mediterranean, the Christianized barbarians, incessantly though they might fight amongst themselves, were now at least unanimous—the Arian schism at last extinguished—in the triumph of Catholicism, on the south all men now cried upon the name of Allah.

For nearly a generation there had been signs that not much longer would the sea be a barrier to the fierce foemen who attacked maddened with their own victory-bringing shouts of *"Dîn Muhammed! Allahu akbar! La allah il'Allah!"* glorying in the certain Paradise for those who fell. Cyprus was conquered, Sicily and Sardinia had already many times been raided, the Balearic Islands had been captured—had not Muhammed prophesied that the whole earth should humbly acknowledge him as the Prophet of Allah? Verily, the prophecy was accomplishing itself! There was no Muslim who doubted it, no Muslim who did not confidently anticipate the speedy Allah-given conquest of the whole vague infidel realm of Rûm. If only one could march round that sea which the Arabs hated—verily, it was the abode of djinns against whom no man could prevail when they were angry!—and besides, the

fleets of Byzantium patroled the Mediterranean from end to end, ever ready to hurl that terrible and still mysterious Greek fire—an invention of Shaitan!—which consumed all it touched and even burned upon the water. No large force of Arab transports could dare the passage with that menace always potential beyond the horizon.

When, however, not long back, Mûsa, Emir of North Africa, had stood as finally acknowledged conqueror upon the southern shore of the strait known from remotely mythical times as the Pillars of Hercules—the Roman symbol for them, two upright columns united by a scroll, with the inscription *Non plus ultra*, was curiously like, and possibly the model for, the sign of the American dollar—he had perceived simultaneously the bridge and the opportunity. Rather more than two hundred years was it since the Visigoths—destroyers of the Roman legion at the battle of Adrianople yet a century earlier—had brought the whole of Spain into subjection, incorporating it in a dominion which included southern and western Gaul as far north as the Loire.

They had extended beyond their strength and almost immediately had commenced their decay. Deprived of their Gaulish possessions by the advancing Franks, they had been confined south of the Pyrenees in a barbarous kingdom which, from the moment it had accepted the ecclesiastical dominance of Rome, had alienated what might have been its only supporters among the original inhabitants of the land. Bitterly hated by the great multitude of Jews who had settled there in Roman times and whom for a century they had persecuted in a newly fervid religious zeal not divorced from considerations of financial profit, the harsh Gothic overlords were equally hated by the proud old Spanish-Roman nobility of the south and by the miserable Iberian aborigines whose hopeless serfdom they maintained and made worse.

Themselves degenerating in an ancient civilization from which they borrowed only its vices, they had wasted their barbarian strength in fiercely internecine quarrels and murderous intrigues. If ever a country was ripe for foreign conquest it was that whose mountainous coast loomed up before Mûsa across the blue water of the narrow strait. Persistent legend has a romantic story that the semi-independent commander of Ceuta, on the African shore, with the honor of his daughter to avenge, urged Mûsa to the enterprise, offering ships for transport. Certain is it that emissaries from the sons of the ex-king Witiza, deposed by the present king Ruderico or Roderick, crossed over to him, promising treachery in the day of battle.

Mûsa was an old man and wary, and few were the genuinely Arab forces upon whom alone he could rely in this newly conquered land. He risked a small reconnoitering expedition, mostly composed of Berbers, under one Tarif—we owe our word "tariff" to the stronghold of Tarifa he built upon the Spanish shore: for centuries it levied toll upon passing merchantmen—and prudently dispatched an emissary to know the will of the Kalif at Damascus.

The commander of the faithful had bidden him go forward in the name of Allah, but—when did the gentle art of writing staff orders begin?—simultaneously left him responsible if disaster should occur. Mûsa cautiously compromised by selecting six thousand of his recently subjected Berbers—it would not matter if they perished, and they were embarrassingly clamorous for the loot that was the promised portion of the faithful—whom he placed under the command of his lieutenant Târik ibn Zijâd and a sprinkling of trusted Arab officers. It was an opportune moment. Roderick, like Harold of England before the Battle of Hastings, was away fighting in the north. Târik had landed at the great lionlike rock which ever since has borne his name, Gibraltar—Gebel-Târik, the rock of Târik. Reenforced to twelve thousand men, he had pushed to the westward toward Cadiz and, in the first days of July, A.D. 711, had encountered Roderick, come hastily from the north with an immense host.

For seven days the fight—desultory and uncombined, as was all fighting in those days, when the military art had fallen into all but universal decadence—had raged back and forth over a small river, and finally, at the critical moment, the sons of Witiza had deserted with all their horsemen to the hard-pressed *Muslimûn*. The Gothic army, much of it a mere rabble of badly armed foot, wretched peasants compelled to follow their lords, had been routed with fearful slaughter, and Roderick had disappeared, never again—if legend be history—to be seen by mortal eye. With that single defeat, just as was to happen at Hastings 355 years later, all resistance had collapsed before the victor. He had only to ride forward and—save for a few unimportant local conflicts—take possession of the land.

Sensing his opportunity, Târik had immediately divided his horsemen into four columns. One he led personally toward Toledo, the capital. A second he dispatched toward Mâlaga, the third was directed on Granada, and the fourth—seven hundred cavaliers under the dashing Mughith—was ordered to ride swiftly and seize Córdoba before defense could be organized. It was at the head of the advance guard of Mughith's column that Yezid and Ibn-Malek now cantered happily along that ancient Roman road through the olive groves of Andalus, the country of the Vandals, who had preceded the Goths.

Suddenly, a few yards ahead of them, a man leaped up out of the ditch, placed himself in the center of the road, shouting to them, gesticulating excitedly that they should halt. Yezid held up his hand to the horsemen behind him and reined back his mare so that she slid on all four hoofs. An ambush? At the first glance this brutish-faced peasant, half clad in a ragged and dirty woolen tunic, an iron collar round his neck, was one of the multitudinous Iberian serfs, oppressed in the harshest slavery, who now were everywhere assisting the Muslim invaders against their Gothic masters, as two centuries previously their servile ancestors had helped the Goths against the Romans. What was he saying? Yezid shouted for Abu-Assa, the Berber interpreter, to come forward. That worthy, a bearded trader from Tingis across the strait, listened from his horse to the man's rapid gabble and turned to his officer with a grin.

"He says, Sidi, that but a little way off the road there is a great house and that, Allah be praised, there is much booty therein. The menfolk rode away to the battle and have not returned. Only women are there to guard it."

The Berber horsemen had crowded forward to listen. "Loot! loot!" they cried in fierce joy. "Verily did the Prophet enjoin that the faithful should despoil the unbeliever! Lead! Lead, O Yezid!"

Yezid glanced doubtfully over the olive-filled shallow valley, glanced to where, half a mile ahead, the bridge passed to the road along the great river. His orders were strict, and digressions for pillage were not included in them. Bunching up their horses, his warriors clamored in support of the brutish Iberian serf uncouthly gesticulating as he spoke rapidly and eagerly with the interpreter, plainly urging them to take advantage of this opportunity to plunder his hated masters. Yezid could feel that they were presuming upon his youth, and set his teeth, his black-bearded young face stern under the steel cap hung with chain-mail cheek pieces.

"The command of the duly appointed is the command of Allah," he said curtly. "We ride to seize the bridge and hold it until Mughith arrives. Yet, since there may be those in that house who can give tidings of the enemy, will we not pass it by." He turned to Ibn-Malek. "Go thou with ten men and follow this slave, O brother, binding those ye shall find therein. Then come swiftly to the bridge and join us. I have spoken."

"Thou commandest, O brother!" cried Ibn-Malek, happy in the prospect of an independent foray. He selected his ten men, led them off by a rough path through the olive trees.

To the remainder, who murmured enviously, calling Allah to witness that there had been favoritism in that choice, vituperatively answering the grinning sarcasms of those who followed Ibn-Malek, Yezid shouted a brusquely sharp order to reform the

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The Maid Took a Quick Look at Him, Buried Her Head in Yezid's Robe, Frantically Held Him Embraced

THE EXCEPTIONAL CHILD

By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE very word "exceptional" implies a rule which has been broken or transcended. The question at once raises itself, "Who made the rule?"

High on the wall beside the western gateway into the venerable Harvard Yard may be seen a tablet with an inscription in the dignified simplicity of King James' English. In quaint simple phrase it sets forth: "After God had carried us safe to New England and wee had builded our houses provided necessaries for our liveli hood reard convenient places for Gods worship and settled the civill government one of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our present ministers shall be in the dust.

In Some Ways They Receive Praise and Honors Enough

"New Englands First Fruits."

And this less than twenty years after landing in an almost uninhabited new world! No wonder this noble declaration set the standard of education for New England and later for the United States. It was also a handing down of the old English tradition, as Oxford and Cambridge were founded as schools for the education of the clergy and later also for the training of the sons of their noble and wealthy patrons.

It was a high, a stern and in many respects a noble standard, and turned out some magnificent products. But it was hardly a practical or sympathetic human one for the training of the vast mass of our chubby-faced youngsters, with "shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school." It was painfully apt to evolve out of its own inner consciousness, like a silkworm, rigid lists of things every good child ought to know, with pitifully little regard for his ability to learn them, or consideration of his natural aptitudes and tendencies, or for his future happiness and success in life. The native practical genius of our people gradually overcame most of these defects and a system of standardized mass-production education was worked out which gave excellent practical results

Almost the earliest direct personal study of the school child himself, and of his adjustment to his surroundings, started three or four decades ago from the awakening of public interest in school health—if a doctor may be permitted to say so without being accused of handing bouquets to his own profession. In the face of bitter opposition school physicians insisted upon making actual physical examinations of the children. Their height for age was measured, their weight taken, their sight and hearing tested, their teeth examined, their noses and throats looked into.

The results were little short of appalling. From 30 to 50 per cent of the children had one or more defects which definitely interfered with school work and progress. Some wistful-looking little ones, with a vague and peering air, were so nearsighted that they could not read their lessons without literally burying their noses in the book, or make out the examples on the blackboard more than ten or fifteen feet away. Other lost-looking ones, with a vague and worried expression of perpetual discomfort, were so deaf they couldn't hear more than one word in three that the teacher said. So they were put down as stupid when they only had adenoids. Other unhappy, half-starved-looking youngsters, always behind in their lessons, had decaying teeth and ulcerated gums which kept them so perpetually uncomfortable as to prevent their concentrating upon their work, while also pouring into their stomachs pus instead of ptyalin, hopelessly to upset the digestion of their food.

Evidently children were not simple uniform units of equal average ability, as like as grains of wheat in a bushel or peas in a pod. Were they any more nearly free and equal in mental ability?

We didn't waste any time in speculating; here were thousands of youngsters to whom learning was simply punishment because they were too nearsighted to see the blackboard, or too long-sighted to read their books with any comfort, or too deaf to catch the teacher's orders.

Adenoids had just been discovered, and after we had coaxed reluctant parents and doubting teachers to let us operate upon a few bad cases and show them the marvelous results—deafness cured, stupidity wiped out, retarded grades caught up, gains of two to four inches in height and ten to fifteen pounds in weight—the triumphant campaign against this great enemy of childhood was quickly launched.

We soon had both teachers and parents solidly behind us, and the victorious drive spread like a rising tide till it reached such climaxes as combing the entire school population of a city for deafness and adenoids, with the volunteered and cordial coöperation of the local nose-and-throat

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The Infant Prodigy May be a Delight to His Own Family or to His Teacher, But Socially He is Usually an Utter Frost

What is New in the Antique Game?

Where Everything Depends Upon Authenticity, Let Us Strive to Recognize the Genuine Antique

By ESTHER S. FRASER

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

TO WARN or not to warn: that is the question. Whether it were better to set forth more tricks of the trade than Mr. Hergesheimer has yet revealed, or to let trusting antique enthusiasts learn the wiles of dealers by more or less expensive experience. Having bought a six-legged highboy for $150 once, and a pie-crust table for $125 when my enthusiasm far exceeded my knowledge of fakes, I conclude that it is best to talk about new features of the antique business. Indeed, I wonder whether it may be called a business, though it consist of buying and selling—usually at a profit. It is a strange fact that many insiders call it the antique game, thereby implying that the element of risk is more prevalent than in most other businesses. Also, the possibility of winning big stakes awaits the man who has acquired the most accurate information and judgment.

Four or five years ago a number of fake maple lowboys, butterfly tables, and six-legged highboys were being marketed at the expense of the unwary. Not so much of that is being done now, probably because the buying public is better educated to those tricks and more able to detect the new construction. Stretchers filed down to simulate wear of centuries no longer fool us

But within the last year I have been seeing many cleverer tricks which are more likely to escape detection. Fluted mahogany legs of an old and damaged Chippendale table—common variety—are made into a genuine-looking base for a wing chair. You and I know that most people only examine the base of chairs that are completely covered with upholstery. Then these dealer cabinetmakers take clumsy late Empire sofas known to the trade as "Canadian bums" and transform them into dainty six or eight legged Sheratons. The heavy mahogany leg is turned down to delicate slenderness and reeded. The corner block and arm are ornamented by lines or panels of inlay. To complete the illusion a cleverly damaged finish is put on that gives every appearance of being 150 years old. All layers of old upholstery are left to prove its authenticity. Beyond all question such pieces are in the rough, but how far from the original condition which that term implies!

Then I see simple fiddle-back chairs glorified with an important Queen Anne front stretcher—newly turned, and plain mahogany desks transformed into beautiful serpentine front Governor Winthrops. Satinwood is no longer a guaranty of authenticity, since solid satinwood boards are occasionally found in old bureaus and are split up into thin veneers that cover many surfaces. I notice it deftly veneered upon plain pine bureaus which, when opened for inspection, cleverly appear all absolutely original, with no repairs.

Consider the Finding of a Valuable Piece for Very Little Money a Miracle

Now comes a new development not at all concerned with faking but that offers opportunity for misrepresentation. My initiation occurred two months ago when talking with a dealer who has hitherto sold me many things. The conversation started with his saying to me, "If you've made such a study of Pennsylvania painted things you ought to buy the small hanging cupboard I got down there recently."

"Let's see it," I responded. "I'll buy it if the price is right."

A small cupboard painted in predominating shades of brown with touches of white and blue was brought out to the light. "I'll make the price right," said he reflectively. "Say one-twenty-five."

While he was considering the price to ask, I was studying the decoration. It did not appear to me Pennsylvania German, but looked distinctly foreign peasant type and late 1830 in date.

"One-twenty-five is cheap for a little hanging cupboard," he shot at me. "Where can you find 'em in Pennsylvania?"

"Nowhere!" I countered. "This cupboard never was made in or came from Pennsylvania! I call that a foreign piece. I can't say what foreign country because I've never been abroad, but I'll stake any amount that you didn't get that in Pennsylvania!"

"You're crazy. Of course I know where I got it, don't I?"

"All right. Whereabouts in Pennsylvania did you find this?" Strange to relate, when thus cornered he couldn't mention a single Pennsylvania town or city—clear proof to me that his story was not straight. Finding that I was not going to buy this cupboard, he tried to offer me another one.

"I've got another beautiful little hanging cupboard that's decorated. Has a broken arch top and raised panels. Wonderful blue coloring. But this cupboard is expensive."

"Well, if it's Pennsylvanian I want to see it. Where is it?"

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HEADS OR TAILS

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"Lovely Shirley," He Murmured Incoherently, "the Best Bet a Man Ever Made"

THERE is still this to be said. In spite of all the generalizations and finalities, all the fine phrases and wise cracks about marriage and the loose, easy talk about its being the same old story, no two marriages are alike. Each one of them remains as separate and distinct as a finger print, marked in the same way by a secret pattern of personality that will never again be reproduced.

The blend of two people is probably the most individual thing in the world. That is what makes divorce courts unable to standardize decisions, what holds the interest of the neighbors, why people keep marrying. To be married to a saint, a rake or a miser is never to be in quite the same boat as the woman down the street who is married to another rake or miser or saint. It is always fresh, untried adventure, with surprise and uncertainty the only sure things about it. For there is no bride who does not find herself remarking before long that she did not know he was like that. And how could she possibly have known?

Shirley did not know. There were, to be sure, those comments which her brother had made on the night when she announced, over the bones of the tough lamb chops, that she was going to marry Aleck Lancaster. It was not a dramatic setting, but there were no dramatic moments or settings in the Griffith house. The Griffiths were too occupied with the difficult business of keeping living frugal enough so that they would not need to touch their capital. It made regular habits and lack of color rather necessary, for the income of the old people was a meager one, even eked out by John's salary at the local university.

"That fellow?" asked John.

"Why not?"

John carefully scraped a last bit of good meat from a reluctant bone. He looked at that moment the very embodiment of all the things that Shirley wanted to get away from—a thin, spare, scholastic man, carefully protecting his clothes from spots, while he took care to waste no nourishing substance. A quick picture of the way Aleck ordered and ate dinner came to Shirley; Aleck, dark and fluent, with his flavor of good cigars and air of just having come from places where things were happening.

"What have you against him?" inquired Shirley, firing up quickly.

"Nothing at all," said John. "I had him in college some years ago. Very likable boy."

"It seemed so to me," agreed Mrs. Griffith, who was somewhat anxiously waiting to see if her son would produce any devastating news about the man Shirley so definitely proposed to marry. "Such a cordial young man, so amusing, polite. So few are."

The elder Mr. Griffith said nothing. He was very deaf and had not heard. But Shirley did not bother to shout the news of her romance at him. Like many of the deaf, her father lived in a world of his own, to which he had retired after laying by just enough money to keep his family alive.

John wiped his mouth, buttered a roll, with the attitude of keeping a classroom waiting, and proceeded: "Isn't he a kind of gambler, Shirley? What's he doing now?"

"He's in business, if that's what you mean."

"Not exactly. He never took up any profession, did he?"

"No, thank heaven," said Shirley; "his profession is to get on. He's with a real-estate firm—you know, loans and mortgages and selling houses and all that kind of thing. He's going to make a lot of money. He's that kind."

"I wasn't thinking of the money," said John, still being meticulous. "I was thinking of a habit of mind. I think Lancaster is, as I say, a very attractive fellow. But even in school he had a reputation for taking a chance if there was a chance to be taken. I shouldn't think you'd find it easy to be married to a gambler, Shirley."

Shirley only laughed, as a person will to whom something delightful has happened or is about to happen. For she heard Aleck's car and instantly deserted the cottage pudding which was taking up the stolid march of the lamb chops. Outside the front door, on the crumbling brick walk, bordered with lazy suburban willows, she met her lover, and as she lifted her face to him there was a look in it that no man sees without his own kind of reverence and often fear at what is also his triumph. Shirley was a rare, pale beauty in the spring dusk, and Aleck wondered at his luck.

He bent to her lips. "Lovely Shirley," he murmured incoherently; "the best bet a man ever made."

Shirley's knowledge of gambling was literary. It was a vice which never entered the pallid household of her parents except within the covers of books. Most vices had not. She knew that there was the kind of gambling which was associated with Monte Carlo, where adventurers and very wealthy men and women leaned over tables—always in evening dress—and won or lost hugely. There was race-track gambling, costumed in the gaudy check suits of betting men, and the shady kind that went on in the smokers of railway trains, against which warnings were posted in the Pullmans. But it was some time—months, indeed—before she saw any relationship between these things and a few habits she seemed to have married into.

She had swung loose quickly from the willows and the brick walk. After the very simple wedding, so complicated by her father's excessive deafness as to have its ludicrous and even unsure moments, and the overwhelming wedding trip in which devotion and adoration were all mixed up with luxury and everything was so astonishing that amazement came to be part of the delight—they came back, as the phrase has it.

But it wasn't back in the least. There was no semblance of return for Shirley. They rented an apartment and took the place that Aleck assumed as natural. He had friends who seemed very intimate and it was his group rather than her own old one that Shirley joined. Not that she minded or would have wanted it otherwise. She liked these young men who were Aleck's friends, and she liked their vivid wives, who were always talking on the telephone to one another and tumbling from one party into the next one and bearing children now and then and making a gay and decorative frieze out of living. They were smart, or possibly smartened, young married people, and knew perfectly that their rôle was never to let an extremely sophisticated left hand know that the right hand was carefully mixing the baby's formula.

They were good to Shirley, if offers of companionship were goodness, because she was Aleck's wife and he was so openly and ardently in love. She was in his very blood during those first months and he could not bear to be long away from her, and took no pains to hide his feeling when they were among their friends. Shirley had lived on the fringe of such society before she was married, meeting it only at big parties and casually, but now she became the

desirable center of an exciting and intimate group and enjoyed it just as it came.

Now and then on Sundays she and Aleck went out to the suburbs and dined with her mother and father, and she loved Aleck even more, because he always thought of things to shout with unremitting cheerfulness at Mr. Griffith and was as hail fellow with John as it was possible to be with a former and still quizzical instructor. But Shirley had an irritated feeling that her brother remained unimpressed, of the neatly dressed little man on the verge of shabbiness looking over the tall young one who wore every earmark of success, and not quite deciding how to grade him.

She felt it the day that she went to her father's house wearing a new dress of cardinal red that definitely marked the kind of person she had become. It was a dress that hadn't a last year's line in it, and hardly suited the faded brown walls of the living room, where the big fern lived opulently and the books rose high on the walls in old glass-fronted sectional bookcases.

John did not remark on the dress. But during the hour of their visit he entered into the kind of conversation with his brother-in-law that was natural for a professor of political science.

"Do you think, Lancaster," he asked, "that we're nearing the end of this period of financial and industrial depression?"

Aleck grinned cheerfully. "Sure," he said; "we're bound to get a better break soon."

"Better break?" questioned John.

"Those things last just so long," Aleck advised his erstwhile professor largely.

"Still," said John Griffith, talking with his meticulous finger tips as well as his lips, "there must be causes, and until the causes are remedied I hardly see how a cure could be effected. Of course the farmers in this part of the country have really had a great deal to contend with. The crop failure, the excessive mortgage rates and the shrinkage in value of their property have made it hard for many of them to remain solvent."

"Tough," Aleck agreed; "but somebody was making money right along. We all know that. Somebody was sitting pretty, or there wouldn't be so many new cars."

John Griffith looked at him curiously and Shirley admiringly.

"To be sure," said John; and again, "To be sure."

Shirley could not help feeling how clearly the brief conversation exemplified the difference between the practical and the theoretical point of view. Aleck knew about business and making money. John only talked in long-winded sentences. She said something like that to Aleck on the way home and he found it pleasing.

"You're so confident, Aleck. You know how to go about things."

"Well, the limb's never broken under me yet," said Aleck; "it's creaked once or twice when I got out a bit far. But I play in pretty good luck, on the whole."

"I don't mean that. I mean your business judgment and skill, not luck."

"Sure," said Aleck vaguely.

Shirley liked, too, her husband's attitude toward the monthly bills. In her father's house they had always been treated with as much respect as the rest of the mail, and she began on that basis, worried and even frightened at unaccustomed addenda which she sometimes found at the bottom of the statements, such as "Please," or "Send check by return mail and oblige," or "Remit with your usual promptness, as we are closing our books."

Aleck paid no attention to such remarks, whether in red ink or black, printed or written. He ran through the heap of them and stuck them in his pocket, telling Shirley not to worry her head. Occasionally, if a creditor became too insistent, he called up someone he knew at the office involved. Aleck knew everybody—and told them jovially that he would take care of it pretty soon. And sometimes he cursed somebody's impudence. Sometimes he even paid the bills. Shirley knew that. He paid a whole fleet of them after that day when he made the lucky sale of Westmore and cleaned up a three-thousand-dollar commission. They also spent quite a little extra money at that time in celebration.

The bills for Shirley's new silver-fox fur began coming in shortly after that. She admired Aleck's attitude and knew it was the feeling of a business man toward other business men, but she could never feel quite comfortable in that fur, with one bill scribbled over with urgent pleading for payment lying at home in the desk and another one, still more urgent, in Aleck's pocket. The fox never quite seemed to belong to her.

Nothing much did belong to them. They had rented the apartment furnished, and except for the silver candlesticks that were Shirley's anniversary present for the first six months, and their clothes, and of course the cigarettes and cigars and drinks and food, they owned very little. But that, as Aleck explained, was good business too.

"Let somebody else hold the bag," said Aleck. "We wouldn't want a dump like this anyway."

They did, after fifteen months, own a baby. A fine baby, the kind that youth and health and love and gayety can produce, a fat one with no nerves to disturb either his parents or himself. Shirley had another period of extravagant care and luxury, which, except for her own discomforts, reminded her vaguely of her honeymoon. That was while she was in the hospital and for a couple of weeks afterward.

But at length the nurse went to her next case, Shirley got up and all the attention and petting seemed to melt away. Or possibly like the gold of the story which turned to straw, her indulgences changed into a stack of rather coarse white envelopes which drifted in daily from drug store, department store and florist. The florist's bill alone was more than sixty dollars. Winter roses are expensive and Aleck had sent them every few days.

For the first time, as, with a rather aching back, Shirley put her rented furniture to rights and discovered what mad waste had gone on in the apartment kitchen while she had been ill and her colored maid had thoroughly enjoyed full sway, she felt a shade dissatisfied with the way they were doing things.

"You simply ruined yourself sending me flowers, Aleck," she told him that night.

"I didn't send you half enough. I think I'll go get some more. Have you been meddling with my bills again?"

"No; but it does worry me. They're all gone and there's sixty-three dollars to pay."

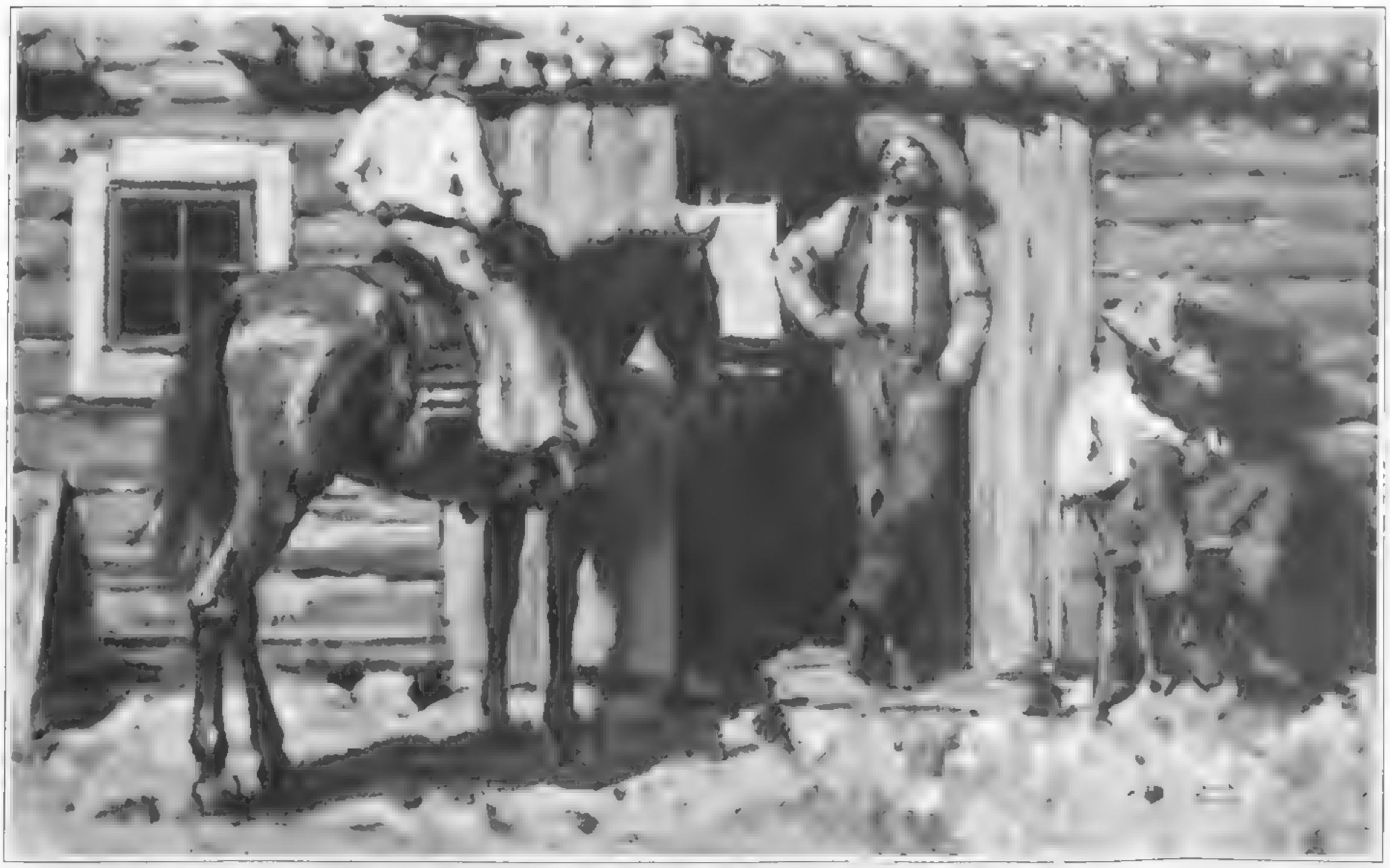
"Don't get yourself all wrinkled up," advised Aleck. "What's sixty-three dollars among so many more?"

"Do we owe such a lot, Aleck?"

(Continued on Page 98)

Shirley Looked at the Check and for Some Reason Felt Ashamed and a Trifle Tearful. "Look, Aleck!" Aleck Looked and Laughed

OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES



Just as His Legs Was Disappearing a Fiddle-Headed Brown Horse Was Pulled Up Sharp in Front of the Barn and Atop of Him Sat Miss Cecilia Timmey

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

INTO Henry Albien's store at Blueblanket one warm summer afternoon came Jesse Banning, a spruce and sturdy young ranchman from Witch Creek, and with him came the comparatively new Mrs. Banning, who obviously accounted for the spruceness. Jesse was not in gala attire, the only article of his apparel that might have been considered unusual or out of keeping with blue denim overalls, hickory shirt and a hat that had braved storm and sun for five or six years being the necktie knotted at his throat and overspreading his manly chest; but every garment washable and ironable had been so thoroughly and conscientiously washed and relentlessly and superfluously ironed that together they set him apart among men, and when he greeted the lounging male group who from force of habit clustered about the stove, his manner had more than a shade of embarrassment.

His appearance was gravely and overrespectfully admired. Prominent members of the group approved highly of the crease in his overalls, and flattering comment was made on the closeness of his shave and the polish of his boots. The necktie was acclaimed with positive enthusiasm. Jesse, however, seemed to entertain doubt of the sincerity of the compliments he received.

"Well, gentlemen, you grinning, slack-jawed apes," he said, "I want to tell you that this here idee of soap and water and razors and brushes being harmful and injurious to the health and system is all a superstition—a theery that ain't got no foundation of fact. You can use each and all of 'em regular and steady, day in and day out and year in and year out, and it won't hurt you a particle after you get over the first shock. Don't just take my word for it—try it."

"I have tried it," said Tip Yoakum, a fellow rancher. "I'm give to understand that I was washed all over oncet when I was real young, and I lived through it, so there ain't no argument. And here's my friend and neighbor, Mr. Stegg; I've seen him more than once a-slopping suds on himself; and not only that but every so often he'll go to work and wash the dishes he eat off of. You don't need to think that you're the only one. I had a red necktie oncet too."

"But not as red as what Jess is a-wearing," suggested the old bullwhacker named Stegg. "You ain't claiming that, Tip."

"Well, mebbe not so red as hisn," Tip owned after another careful look. "No, mine was just ord'nary red. I wore it when I was a-sparking Mis' Yoakum, but I never could get the hang of tying it good, seemed like, and she had to tie it over for me. Jess has got a good scald on hisn, for all he's so thick-fingered. I wonder ——"

Here young Mrs. Banning called her husband to the dry-goods counter, where Henry Albien was displaying two lengths of dress material unrolled from their bolts. The group heard her say: "Which would you take, if you was me; I can't make up my mind. I like this one, but the other's awful pretty, too, and they're both the same price."

Jess, in the liberal spirit of the newly wed, thought that she might take both, but the woman scouted the idea. "Which would you have?" she persisted; and her husband, pinned down, voted for the green with the pink rosebuds. She considered that for some minutes with knitted brows and thoughtfully compressed lips, handling each pattern alternately, and draping it over a plump arm and shoulder. Finally she said, "You don't care if I take the other, do you, Jess? All right, then, I'll take that, Mr. Albien. No, I guess —— Yes, the yellow with the blue figure. That's it."

Henry hastened to measure and cut the pattern selected, and presently Mrs. Banning and her husband left the store with a large assortment of packages; whereupon Tip Yoakum remarked that there was nothing like getting advice before a person decided what to do. It was what his wife always did—asked him what she ought to do and then done the op'site. "If Jess wanted her to take the pink and green, he ought to have spoke up favoring the yaller and blue," said Tip, with a wise wag of his head. "But he'll learn in time."

"I wouldn't go so far's to say that, but getting advice is certainly a heap helpful," said the old bullwhacker. "It starts a man to thinking for himself and acting according, and that gives him experience so's he can give advice himself to them that needs it. What's more, it's your duty to advise folks. If a man or a woman comes to me for a chunk of the wisdom and knowledge that I've been a-storing up for the last fifty years, do you think I'm a-going to turn 'em away empty? No, sir! I hand it out free and unstenting, and there's a-many the man and woman that's what they are today because they come to me and asked me what I'd do if I was them."

There was Julius C. Spinney—the old bullwhacker went on, the reminiscent gleam in his eye directed at the tinware hanging from the ceiling. Julius was a boy that came to me for advice about as often as anybody I can remember. The very first time he laid eyes on me, and almost the first words he spoke, he asked me what he ought to do in a given case, and you might say that he didn't never have no cause to regret it. I was a-running my livery at Minnekahta then, and one morning a covered wagon with a team of mules come up the street and stopped at Charley Fargo's store. A husky-looking somebody with more red whiskers than he reely needed got out and hitched the mules, and while he was a-doing that a young feller that had been a-trailing behind him come up and begun to talk to him about something that he wasn't interested in none whatsoever. He brushed by the young feller and went into the store, leaving him a-standing sort of like he didn't know whether to foller in or stay where he was or what.

"It's an outfit from Missouri," says Harvey Bloss, who was chambermaiding and miscellaneous for me in them days. "Two more wagons and about fifty head of mostly cows and calves," he says. "They're camped up the creek about half a mile and they're on their way to Whitewood Sol Wishart went up there this morning early and traded them that little pinto runt of his for a yearling heifer. I reckon Sol made 'em think that pinto was a horse."

"Fine and dandy," I says. "If that's reely so, you might go back and finish washing off that buggy." Then I

went on braiding a popper on a whip I had been working on, kind of studying whether it wouldn't be worth while meandering up to that camp with an old crowbait that had been on my hands for about a month and bantering 'em for a trade. I was still a-turning that over in my mind when somebody come along and stopped right by me, and I looked up and seen it was the young feller that had been trying to talk to the man with the red whiskers.

"Howdy," says he. That was his first word. Then he says, right out of a clear sky: "Say, mister, what would you do if a man wouldn't pay you the wages he'd agreed for to pay you, and wouldn't let you ride the horse he'd agreed for to furnish, nor yet let you ride in the wagon, and wouldn't let you have anything to eat two meals hand running, when he'd agreed to board you, and, on top of that, wouldn't listen to no argument—just told you to go to hell?"

I took a good look at him, and he wasn't no pretty object. About twenty years old, I judged; but he was a full man size, taking him lengthways anyway. He was dark-complected enough to be a greaser, with a fall of straight black hair hiding the back of his neck down to the collar of his shirt and a-past, and there was black smudges of down on his upper lip and around his jaws. But when you looked close at his eyes, which was set wide apart, you seen that they wasn't black, but a dark blue; and his skin, where some tears in his shirt sleeve showed it, was as white as anybody's. That shirt of his wasn't much more than rags that was kept on him by an old buckskin vest with horn buttons, and it looked like he'd wore it so long that his wrists had growed out of it. The same way, his legs had outgrowed his butternut pants, and he didn't wear no socks. Just a pair of these old-time bull-hide brogans on his feet. It took me a little time to get all them points.

"Howdy," he says, a considerable louder. "Say, what would you do if a man wouldn't pay you ——"

"I ain't deef, son," I told him.

"I thought maybe you was," says he, and then he says, "What would you do if you was me? '

"I reckon the very first thing, I'd get me a haircut."

"Would you do that right away, or would you wait until you got the money in your jeans to pay for it?" he asks me.

I liked that, kind of, but I thought I'd ride him a little more and see how he acted before I turned my sympathy loose. "You didn't tell me that you was financially busted," I says

"I didn't allow it was ness'ry," says he. "I done took you for a man that would know beans when the bag was a-gaping right open and spilling out, so I asked you what you'd do if you was me and a man wouldn't ——"

"I'd quit him," I says. "I wouldn't work for him no more. A person who'd act thataway ain't no fit person to work for. If a man wouldn't pay me nor feed me I'd think I was foolish to stay with him—specially if I had to walk all day to do it."

"I'm certainly obliged to you for your kindness, which shall never be forgot," he says. "And now," says he, "I'll go talk to somebody that's a gentleman and has got some sense, if I can find him."

I called to him to come back as he was a-walking off, and he stopped and looked at me and then come back. "I was a-joshing you and I hadn't ought to have," I says. "Now tell me how come all this mess of trouble."

"It's because I'm a stranger here, and I ain't never been around much anywheres," he says. "I know what I feel like doing right well, but I don't skassly know what I ought to do."

He went on to tell me that this Toynbee, who was the man with the red whiskers, had talked him into the notion of coming out to the territory and making his everlasting fortune and had offered him ten dollars a month while he was on the trail, just to ride with his two boys behind the cattle and keep 'em jogging along. No work; nothing but fun and cash money at the end of the trip.

Now that they was pretty near the end of it the son of a gun had figured that he could make it the rest of the way without extry help and was a-holding back the twenty dollars that was a-coming to Julius C.—which he told me was his name—account of a cow a-coming up missing after a storm along the Niobrara when the bunch stampeded one night.

Julius C. Spinney

'And I done my level best to head 'em off and keep 'em together whilst they-all was a-snoring in the tent," says Julius. "It was darker'n a ball of pitch in a nigger's pocket, only when the lightning showed 'em a-streaking off every which way; but he claimed it was my fault they'd lost the cow, and he won't even give me my blankets and my valise. Just sprung it on me last night. And there's a new mouth organ in the valise that I paid a dollar and two bits for in Lincoln when we come through there, and a new shirt and some other truck. He's right mean, Toynbee is. All along I've had to rustle wood and tote water and gather buffalo chips while I was a-resting, and herd daytimes as well as most of the night whilst we was in camp. I sure earned that money, and I sure need it."

I felt that he was telling a straight story and I told him that I'd see that he got his pay

I'd go up to the store right now and talk to Mr. Toynbee if he'd listen to me, and I allowed he would. I'd maybe put the case to him so's he'd see the light.

"How would you put it?" Julius asks. "That's what I want to know. And what would you do if he just told you to go to the same place where he told me to go to?"

"If he done that, I reckon I'd have to try other means and measures," I says.

"What other means and measures would you try?" he inquires. "I don't aim to put you to no trouble if you'll just tell me what kind. Before I started out here, Uncle Pete Lovejoy give me a piece of advice. 'Keep out of jail,' says he to me. 'You're young and foolish and you've got a right smart to learn,' says Uncle Pete, 'but as long as you keep out of jail you'll be all right. I've been there twicet and I know what I'm talking about,' he says. And he had—once for moonshining and once for hawg stealing But he's a right nice old man."

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Julius Let Out a Comanche War Whoop as He Took a Flying Leap and Lit on Fern, Feet and Flats Both in Action

Is the Fight Game on the Level?

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

"You Ain't Going to Fight Forever," He Counsels the Fighter. "No Guy Ever Did Yet"

IS THE fight game on the level? Since the preparation of a series of articles on boxers and their ways I have been asked that question by hundreds of earnest inquisitors.

In my own judgment, sport for sport's sake must be amateur. By that I mean that one must, if he would see sheer sport, look to the lad whose mind is in no wise distorted by financial considerations as he lays his physical prowess upon the altar of public acclaim.

Just as soon as the dollar sign asserts itself in sport, managers appear. Even some of our so-called amateur managers have devised ways and means of extracting the mighty dollar from their Simon-pure activities. I think it is safe to say that no sport is wholly clean, because no sport has yet been able to attract unto itself none but angels.

Whatever is human apparently is subjected to the wiles of humanity. So long as men are men, boxing will not be entirely on the level. Add to this fundamental and obvious fact the additional weight of enormous purses and you have an indisputable answer to the question. Boxing is not always on the level.

But I do not think that boxing is less honest than many other things. I know banks that have failed, supposedly reputable merchants who have gouged the public behind a mask of dependability, and actresses who have lied about their age. In such a world, what can be wholly on the level?

There is a case on record of a college football player who raced through a broken field for a touchdown in the big game of the year. It was the deciding score of the play. In one superhuman effort he gathered unto himself fame, and for his college, victory. The lad thus achieved everything that every college lad holds dear. He could leave his alma mater in a blaze of glory that even the passing of years could not dim.

When Temperament is Knocked Out

BUT he whirled between the goal posts on that soggy field, breathed deep of the crisp autumn air, then strode down the field to the referee, and with eyes ablaze with a righteousness most commendable, admitted that he had stepped out of bounds and the score had not legally been made! The game ended in a tie. The college was immersed in gloom. The lad with the tremendous honesty was graduated in silence.

I mean—what have you?

As a public favorite, a man is invariably temperamental. He rises to heights in his own glory. Just as soon as he is knocked bow-legged and shorn of his crown, he loses all trace of temperament. A diva may swallow chameleons with her tea until her voice cracks, and the public claims temperament. Just as soon as the aperture in the vocal cords asserts itself, she abhors chameleons and often does not even expect the tea.

Convince a human that the public is mad about him and he becomes temperamental. Shower him with money and he bubbles between the ears accordingly. But every human has lucid moments. Such lucid and self-analytical moments soon teach your artist that the public is crazy about a very ordinary creature, after all.

Knowing how truly human he really is, he wonders why humanity fawns upon him. Shortly he arrives at the inevitable and the correct answer: The public is goofy!

In the fight game, the manager appears at that instant. Like the hero of the melodrama, he is Johnny-on-the-spot just before the beautiful heroine slips into the mill race with an anchor about her alabaster neck. He snatches the fighter from the unremunerative mire of sport and deposits him bodily upon the solid bank of financial power.

"You ain't going to fight forever, you know," he counsels the fighter. "No guy ever did yet. The game is to get the dough while the getting is good, and I'm the large-hearted fellow to steer you into shekels."

Thus the fighter is apt to fight if, as and when—to say nothing of how and who—the manager dictates. He is taught the art of preserving his hands and hiding his chin. He is, in a broad sense, highly trained in the science of preventing that which the public has paid to see. He is sent on barnstorming trips that offer him little competition and make him much money. He is schooled in the art of success rather than the glory of sports.

He becomes a contrivance of fighting sense and avoirdupois, a machine that grinds out money by its ability to mete out emphasized massages. His career shapes itself to the requirements of financial fighting. He is matched only with men his smarter manager believes he can defeat. True sport rather suffers under this manipulation.

Behind him stands a manager who does not know the meaning of "fight" in many cases. He hands out a lot of wise conversation and may be of vast help to his fighter during the battle. But in the main he does not possess the fighting urge any more than he does the diva's voice. He never really sipped the nectar of a swat on the chin.

Let me give you an instance: I know well one who, in my opinion, was one of the master fighters of all time. Tricky, shrewd, courageous, strong, fast, and a schemer for victory. This great fighter had a relative, a desultory fighter, thinking in terms of dollars and without the true fighting urge. He has often said to me that this man, though he got nowhere in the ring, was a greater fighter than himself but for one weakness. He would not stand up and fight when the going got rough.

"One night," the great fighter told me, "this man comes to me and he says, 'Kid, I'm workin' against a bum an' I want you to come in my corner.'

"'Not a chance,' I tells him. 'Not a chance! You'd fold up on me again an' I'd be standin' in your corner with the crowd callin' yellow. You'll quit with the first paste on the dial!'

"'How many times have I been in your corner?' he asks me. 'Honest now, how many? How much dough have I made for you in gettin' bigger purses than you had the brains to get?'

"Well," continued the champion, "he had me there. He was very smart—the smartest in the family, an' he could see a dime for thirty miles with just the naked eye. So I told him at last that I'd go in his corner if he would gimme his oath not to quit. He gimme his oath, but I knew him too well to believe it, so I told him I'd be waitin' outside the ring if he laid down, an' I'd beat his head off for him. He knew I would too."

Both Ends of the Purse

"WE GO to the ring an' the fight starts. He is in there workin' pretty. I never knew a guy that could fight like he could—till he got hit!

"When he comes in after the first round I tell him to play this boob safe an' keep away; just to keep shootin' his left pretty an' cross his right from the shoulder when the chance come. 'An' remember,' I tells him again, 'if he happens to connect, don't pick a soft spot! If you do, I'll murder you before you're outa the ring.'

"'Act yer age!' he tells me. 'I wouldn't quit to this mug fer nothin'! I'm beatin' him to every punch, yuh sap!'

"But I knew that kid! An' sure enough, in the second round this farmer hooks a light one to the ear and my man starts backin' away. I can see it comin' an' I holler at him so loud he gets scared into fightin'. He steps in. Fast as lightnin' he was, an' crosses his right to this bimbo's chin. Down goes the goofer like a window shade.

"The kid stands in there smilin' at me an' rubbin' his ear. I'm outside the corner makin' signs with both mitts. I don't want him to let that ham get started after the count. But the goofer makes the grade. He's up at seven an' I'm cuckoo if my man don't start backin' away! He ain't a finisher, see? All he had to do was step in an' crease this blubber once more an' we cop in two rounds. He coulda blew him over!

"But no! He's backin' off! An' the first thing I know the bum gets into a clinch to save hisself. The referee breaks 'em and the bum throws a right that wasn't no harder'n the fuzz on a peach. The kid takes it on the chin an' flops. As soon as he went down I knew he wouldn't get up. He never got up in his life.

"The referee is countin' over him an' I know he's done a dive, so I'm plannin' to paste him more'n he'd took by stickin' on with the bum. I'm lookin' at him steady an' mad. What he's got comin' is plenty, believe me!

"He musta seen me, 'cause he winked once, an' as soon as he was counted out he jumped up an' ran over to me.

"'Now don't start nothin',' he whispers quick. 'Wait till yuh get the story, kid. That guy took my right on the whiskers an' comes right into a clinch tuh tell me that his end o' the dough comes to me if I let him stick the distance!'

"'Not only that,' I answers him quick, 'I'll let you knock me cold if you're on the level. But remember—I git the dough or you git killed!

"'So don't be a mug. I'm comin' out with both ends of the purse.'"

And there were the facts. The one man of a fighting temperament would rather get no money than have the crowd see him knocked out. The other measured all things in dollars. That is the inescapable difference. Where the fighter would have battled on to the last gasp of consciousness, the other quit as soon as he saw profit. Not only did he let the other fighter stay—he let him win. And that merely to save himself the effort and discomfort of fighting through the scheduled rounds. When the money consideration was settled, the fight, for him, was over.

Bearing in mind that the fighting brain is not a keen one except when in the ring, you can see how easily the managerial end of the profession dominates. For no human is going to cast aside real money if he is convinced that the proper thing to do is take it. Managers are great convincers.

Sometimes fights are fixed without the knowledge of either or both the fighters. There have undoubtedly been some odoriferous affairs in the last few years.

Three Love Taps and Outs

I ONCE engaged in a minor bout myself where it was made clear to me that sharper heads than my own were governing the tide of battle. The situation lent itself to that sort of thing. The lad I was boxing had suffered defeat at my hands but a short time before and the margin of my victory over him was so narrow that some did not concede it. When the other boxer announced that he had not trained for the fight and had accepted it on three days' notice, interest was rife for another meeting when he should have had the advantage of training.

I agreed and we met. He certainly was in the pink of condition that night. His eyes were clear as crystal, his skin a genuine pink and every abdominal muscle showed as plainly as the corrugations of a washboard.

The betting was even and there was plenty of money loose. One man I know bet $1000 on me to win. He then heard all the talk and bet $1000 on the other fellow to win. He was quite willing thus to equalize his chances of loss and gain. I cite the instance to show how closely matched we were.

The minute the fighting started I knew that something was amiss. My first blow was a very light left to the head. We were working in close and I shot the punch only to straighten him and prevent the appearance of his head under my chin. There was almost no power in the punch; it was entirely a defensive measure.

To my amazement he staggered back so realistically that the crowd was on its feet in a split second. I thought at first that he was trying to lure me on. However, he quickly slipped into a clinch and hung there. I knew that he could not be hurt, was dead certain that trickery was afoot. So certain was I that I promptly butted him with the top of my head and opened a slight cut on his eye.

"Come to it," I urged him, "let's see what the racket is!"

He broke away and covered. I followed him as rapidly as I dared, feinted him off balance and swung a sharp right for the face. I did not put my body into the blow, as I did not dare permit my balance to be disturbed. Though I was attacking, I wanted to be ready for instantaneous retreat until I was aware of just what his trick would be.

But no trick came. My second blow caught his wrist, which was against his chin protectively. Twenty times in our first fight I had hit him three times as hard without getting any real effects. This time his knees sagged and he gave every evidence of going down.

I am sure that I was more uncertain of things than he was. Such tactics as these were beyond me, new to the game and to my experience. I intended to be wary indeed. But I punched again, lightly, really with the purpose of seeing just what he had and what he would do.

The blow glanced off his forehead and he promptly went down for the full count! I know that fight was faked, but I was powerless to prevent the thing and never suspected it until victory came so easily to me.

Someone had been smart. They had capitalized the keen interest in the fight and made of it a sure thing for the gamblers. That is a very common danger where large sums are bet on fights, no matter what odds are given.

To the man outside the game, he whose interest is in the flying gloves and the things that the fighters are able to achieve, I would like to give a message: Never bet on a big fight. Under the influence of large purses and wily managers, the fighter is apt to be misjudged. So much has this become true that the making of an important ring match today is attended by as much formality as the ancient gathering of a royal court.

But what percentage of fights are really important to ring titles? Therein lies a thought.

For real fighting, see the relatively unimportant fights.

When a man becomes champion, or challenger, he finds himself in so precarious a position that his every move is guarded by a crew of managers. He cannot be himself, cannot take the chances in a ring that the average boy gladly assumes. That slows down fighting in the interest of money.

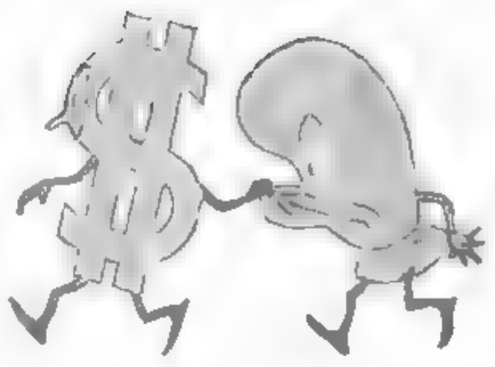
Again, the greater the interest, the greater the betting. Thirty minutes of action has been known to mean $1,000,000 in this hectic age of financial swat.

The boxing commissions have helped matters a good deal despite common belief to the contrary, but there are still many things to be done to safeguard the game.

The recent promotorial war in the big fight centers has tended to distort values. Managers demand hundreds of thousands with the nonchalance of a bogus count buying cigarettes. The money comes in at the gate and there is no good reason why the fighters should not have it. They earn it. If they do not get it, the promoters and managers will.

Promoters, realizing the tremendous earning power of a prominent fighter, manage to tie him to contracts before they will give him the chance which brings him his prominence. This means that a good lad who believes he can beat another good lad, and thus climb the heights, must agree to fight only for the promoter who gives him his initial chance to prove his worth.

The danger of that is obvious. In a short time a promoter has contracts on most of the prominent fighters. As a business man, he is going to see that these contracts are fulfilled. He invariably matches two of the men actually under contract with him, and this, very often, to the preclusion of a better man outside the contractual arrangements. The result is not only a poorer exhibition for the public but a close corporation for promoters. It is hedged in by the influence of many American dollars. The little-known fighter must surmount these obstacles.



I know at least three excellent fighters who never got anywhere because they were not properly managed. By "properly" perhaps I mean commercially. They may have had the best manager in the world, and the best trainers and everything that goes to make a great fighter; but he could not get them real matches. In that manner the fight game is certainly not on the level at all times. Matchmaking and managing become a process of selection.

The promoter must continue to show the public new blood. The manager must ease his protégé along just as the promoter asks, thus building him into a drawing card. He does that through the medium of carefully selected opponents.

The only exceptions I know to this rule are the sudden rises of men who were regarded as push-overs. Recently we read of one of fistiana's most glowing lights being stopped in his tracks by a comparative unknown. That unknown will get his chance now. But in order to hurdle the fences he had to knock out a man whom champions have dodged consistently.

In my judgment the public has not waked to a realization of the size of this boxing craft and its financial returns. A short time ago it was front-page stuff if Henry Ford was sued for $250,000. Perhaps it still is.

The Box Fighter's Debut

BUT we saw, in one fight, attachments on everything from motor cars to earrings! More than $300,000 was asked in settlement of various claims.

In other articles I have urged tolerance for the fight game. I have proclaimed it a game worth admiration and one which indubitably contributed to the pleasure and welfare of mankind. The foregoing may seem at variance with that statement, but actually it is not. For proof of that fact, go to the smaller clubs to see your fighting. Pay a reasonable price of admission and go where the boys are working with their eyes on the big time. There is the fighting; there is the steely courage of sheer battle.

For me, give me a night at any 3000-capacity club when I want fighting of the first water. For the rest of it, I go hoping that things are on the level, but not vastly upset if I discover that they are not. A good crowd is always a spectacle to assuage one's outraged feelings.

A dear friend of mine recently attended a so-called big bout with me. He has been a fan for forty years and has numbered among his friends some of the ring great. In the second round of the main bout our eyes met. He grinned in sickly fashion.

"Socker," he said gloomily, "let's look around and see if there is anyone here we know." The fight was too evidently a bust to hold his interest.

That same man goes, now and then, with me to the little clubs. I have repeatedly seen him leave these clubs with his eyes bright and his voice hoarse from the vociferous acclaim he had showered upon real fights.

Recently at a big club we saw a lad making his first professional appearance. In the first round he spit out more boxing gloves than he ever before had counted. He was hopelessly outclassed, terribly beaten, bereft of all chance to win. But he fought on. He rose above the realms of courage and stood silhouetted against the white light of sheer valor. In the third round the referee very sensibly stopped the slaughter and waved the valorous kid to his corner, a loser.

Before 10,000 strangers that kid laid his arms

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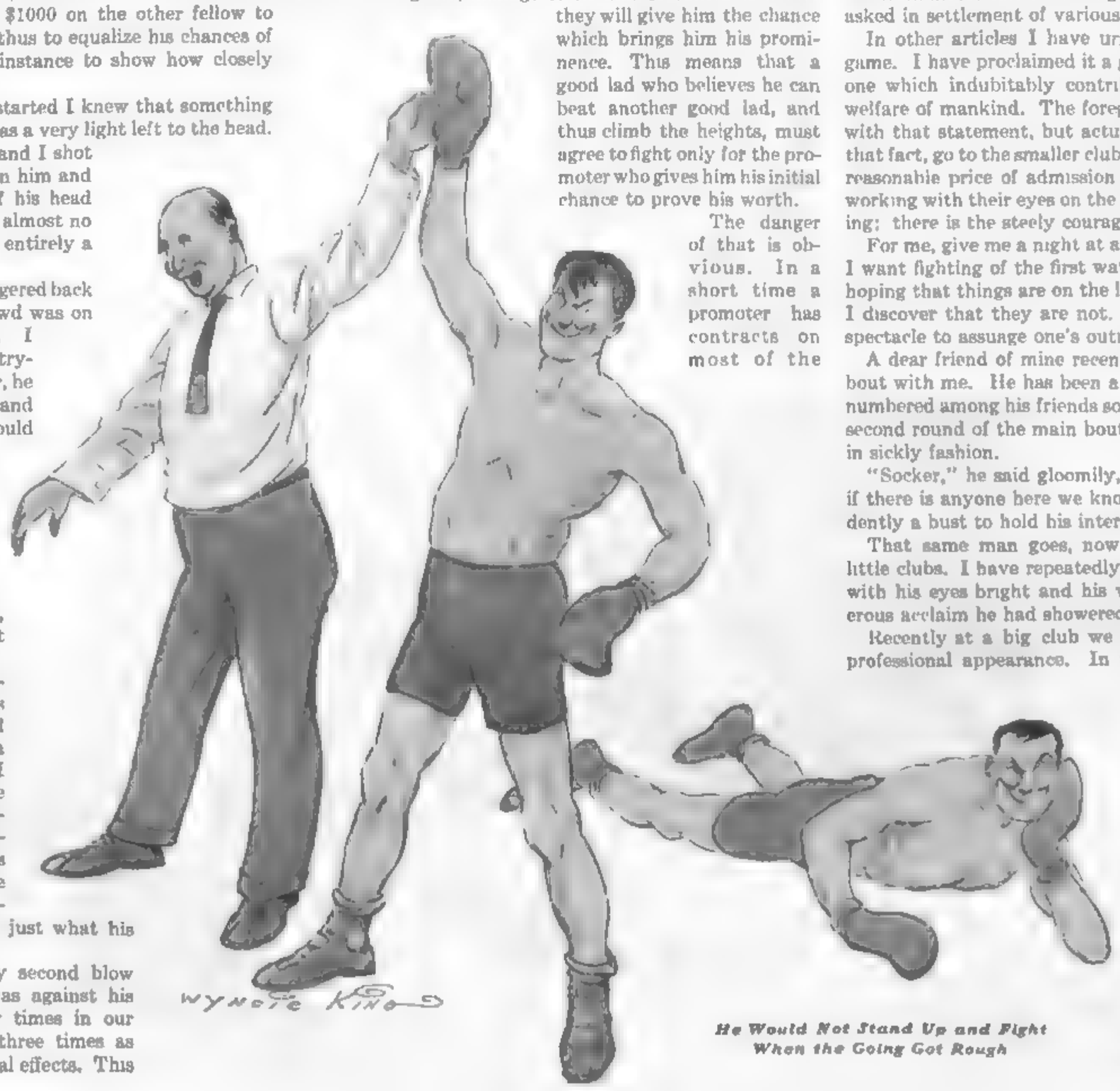

He Would Not Stand Up and Fight When the Going Got Rough

A. E. F.

By MAJOR GENERAL HUNTER LIGGETT, U. S. A., RETIRED, WITH WESLEY WINANS STOUT

ON JUNE 13, 1917, General Pershing reached France. German submarines and mines had sunk 3,250,000 tons of Allied shipping in five months. Germany, its own soil untouched, had fought the war in the west entirely in France and Belgium. Only one German offensive, that at Verdun, had failed, and she had withstood every Allied attack since the Marne. Russia was quitting. Nivelle's heralded offensive of the spring of 1917 had failed at heavy cost. French soldiers were being shot down in mutiny and defeatists were powerful in the civil government.

He found the Allied high commands and governments content with the defensive until our numbers could restore them to the offensive, and the French and the British Armies being trained almost exclusively in the defensive tactics of trench warfare. He found the opinion that the war would end in the trenches widely held.

The Infantryman's Weapons: Hand Grenade, Rifle and Bayonet, Automatic Rifle, Machine Gun, 37-Millimeter Cannon, Rifle Grenade, 3-Inch Trench Mortar and the Tank. The Machine Gunner Also Carries a Pistol

By the second week in July General Pershing had made up his mind to a number of things. They were that we must have 1,000,000 fighting men in France in less than a year; that we must plan on a minimum of 3,000,000 eventually; that the mission of our Army was offensive, not defensive; that it would take the aggressive and maintain it as rapidly as it could be trained; that it would be trained primarily in offensive tactics and open warfare; that the war would be decided in the open; that the American soldiers would fight under their own flag and their own officers, not as Allied replacements; and that our Army would ask for a front of its own—the most formidable front in France.

The Main Artery

HE REACHED these conclusions as a soldier seeking the quickest and most effective way of winning the war, after full weighing of all considerations, not as a man looking to aggrandize himself or his army or his country. His reasons will be found in his admirably brief final report of September 1, 1919, which few of his countrymen have read.

"Our mission was offensive and it was essential to make plans for striking the enemy where a definite military decision could be gained," he wrote there. Roughly, from the Champagne to Metz there was a long stretch of front where the enemy was most vulnerable strategically. It covered one of the two great railroad arteries of the enemy in France, protected the Briey iron fields, from which Germany was getting the bulk of her munitions materials, and the important coal fields east of Metz.

The center of the German line had its back to the Ardennes Mountains, through which there were no serviceable railroads or highways, and all supplies and evacuations of the enemy armies in Northern France were dependent on two great railroad systems. One passed to the west of the Ardennes through Belgium into Germany at Liège; the other ran eastward in front of the Ardennes, parallel to the front, then through the Moselle Valley into Germany. It had many radial lines, but from Carignan through Sedan to Mézières there was a four-track section through which all traffic must flow. Should either of these two railroad systems be cut before the enemy could withdraw by the other, it would mean disaster to his armies in Northern France, but the Carignan-Sedan-Mézières line was much the nearer to the front.

Fortifications

THE German had a battle line and three withdrawal lines from the sea to the Vosges Mountains The distance between the battle line and the final withdrawal line was as much as sixty-five kilometers, but in the center the lines converged sharply to protect the great lateral railroad, and in the vicinity of the Meuse River, it was only eighteen to twenty kilometers from No Man's Land to the last stand. Yet the enemy had been virtually unmolested here since 1914 except for the heroic give-and-take around the citadel of Verdun. It was partly with the idea of better protecting his lateral railroad that the German had tried so desperately to take Verdun.

This was no discovery of ours; the strategic advantages of a gain on this front leaped to the military eye, and it was not for lack of perception that the Allies had let it alone. The British were pinned down to Flanders and the defense of the Channel. The first interest of the French was the protection of Paris, and this region did not threaten Paris directly. Neither the French nor the British had enough troops to take care of their major jobs and to operate elsewhere on a large scale. Then the sore thumb of the St.-Mihiel salient had been sticking out here since 1914 to threaten the flank of any offensive either to the east or the west of the Meuse.

There was a further decisive factor. In full appreciation of his vulnerability here, the enemy had been fortifying it for four years, until he had a continuous series of fortifications some twenty kilometers deep. In strength and skill these fortifications were second to the Siegfried Position, to be conquered later by the British, but there the country itself offered almost no cover. Here only slightly less formidable fortifications were backed superbly by the lie of the land. The heights east of the Meuse protected the enemy's left flank and gave him a made-to-order artillery position from which he could fire obliquely on the west bank. The elaborately and ingeniously fortified Argonne Forest could conceal any amount of artillery to cover his right flank, and in coöperation with

The 82th U. S. Infantry Headquarters Confers Over a Sector Map, Cherry Farm, August 9, 1918

the guns on the Meuse heights, pour a crossfire against an attack. Midway the heights of Montfaucon gave him perfect observation and a naturally strong defensive position. The whole region was masked and tortuous, one of dense woods and thickets, steep and rocky ridges, valleys and ravines, and in front there was a devastated area. The whole constituted much the strongest position on the Western Front, and the Allies had put it down as impregnable for all practical purposes.

General Pershing asked for this front for the American Army, believing it to be the enemy's solar plexus and that he had the only army capable of breaking through it. It was a green army, but it would learn, and it had youth and drive, which none of the other tired belligerents could recover

There was a further reason. The ports, railroads and highways of Northern France were overtaxed already in serving the British and French. If we were to take a front farther west we should have to use crowded ports and cut across the British and French lines of supply with new ones of our own. But with a Meuse front it would be feasible to employ the little-used ports of Southwestern France, St.-Nazaire, La Pallice, Bassens, Bayonne, St.-Malo, Sables d'Olonne and even Toulon and Marseilles. From this region there were existing railroads which could be expanded, and new railroads and highways were practicable. Later we did build 1000 miles of new standard-gauge railway in France and bring over 1500 locomotives and 20,000 cars, as well as repair 1900 French engines and 50,000 cars.

As the Job Grew, So the Man

HE GOT this front and all the rest of his program with two unavoidable exceptions. Lack of shipping prevented us from having even a half of 1,000,000 men in France by May, 1918, and the desperate emergencies of the Allies forced us to send divisions into battle before they had completed their minimum of training. He won his points, however, only after a year of stubborn resistance to pressure to permit our army to be used as a replacement depot for the Allies.

I have known General Pershing for many years. We served together in Mindanao, both captains in the Regular Army with temporary rank of majors of volunteers I doubt that any other man in the American Army could have done the job in France quite as well. The task of shaping, directing and leading to success in the greatest of wars much the greatest army ever to fight a hemisphere removed from its base and government, called for striking abilities. It was a staggering job, and as the job grew he grew with it. That is encomium enough for any man.

He had, in addition, to be diplomat and politician and withstand equably but firmly such personal urgency as no soldier, I think, ever before experienced. From the day of our declaration of war until less than a month prior to the Armistice, our Allies endeavored by argument, cajolery, flattery; by counsels of panic and prophecies of disaster; by social, political and military pressure; ingratiating, plausible, necessitous -diminishing as our troops began to show their wares, but not abandoned until victory was certain—to sway the United States from its insistence on an independent American Army working in concert with the Allies under the strategic direction of an Allied generalissimo.

There was nothing sinister in these efforts. There may have been political, national or dynastic motives in the background; but in the main the Allied governments and high commands were sincere in their fears and doubts; and being sincere, their importunities were the more pressing. With no understanding of our national psychology, it was reasonable, even obvious, as they saw it, to use the A. E. F. as a replacement depot from which to fill their depleted ranks. It was the quickest, most practical way of meeting the emergency. Here were great numbers of physically and mentally splendid but green young troops How better to use them than to leaven their inexperience with Allied experience, Allied weariness with their youth, by scattering them amongst the British and French? If they were to serve amidst seasoned troops, only scanty training would be necessary, and no time lost. At the least, they wanted our Army distributed by brigades in their own divisions

At Right—Capt. Rickenbacker Just After Receiving the D. S. C. From General Liggett

The Bulwark

IF THEY feared the greenness of our men, they distrusted more the inexperience of our junior officers, and they had no faith whatever in our senior officers, whom they knew to be utterly without practical experience in high command. Knowing little of the extent and development of our army staff and tactical educational system in the ten years just preceding the war, they scouted our ability to conjure up the general officers and staff to direct and supply corps and armies when we had known no larger units than divisions since 1866, and had scant experience with divisions. The result of the war rested on how effective use was made of the reënforcements pouring across the Atlantic, and I cannot blame them, as hopeless as their campaign was from the first. General Pershing bore the brunt of this pressure. A soldier who had not commanded a division, he had to set his military judgment against such as Foch. A soldier who had spent the bulk of his life on the American plains and border and in half-savage tropical islands, making his greatest name in subduing and governing the unruly Moros of Mindanao, he had to withstand such disarming charm and guile as was Lloyd George's, such an indomitable will as Clemenceau's. At the same

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The Raw Material. New York City Recruits at Van Cortland Park

The First Winter. A Halt in a Rainbow Division Unit's Training March

Above—General Pershing Introducing Secretary Baker to General Liggett. General Harbord at the Right. Gondrecourt, March, 1918

THE PULL BY THE HORNS

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

A DOOR opened cautiously and the pale yellow light disclosed a flash of bizarre costume. Then the light was blotted out by the closing of the door, and the complexion of the man who owned the costume merged with the gloom. The shadow groped its way to a tree and leaned limply against the trunk thereof. Sad eyes stared at the shuttered house from which the cautious exit had just been made, and a sepulchral voice moaned through the night.

"Disaster," said the voice, "you has sholy slapped me in the jaw!"

The stranger moved forlornly to a broad and deserted thoroughfare. Far to the left bright lights beckoned, and large feet were turned in that direction. A corner arc blazed down and limned the black gentleman's costume.

A small head was liberally incased in a luxurious sombrero. About an amazingly skinny neck a bandanna handkerchief had been knotted. This descended in a point over a chest of respectable dimensions and covered a portion of the checkered shirt. A large, metal-studded belt supported cowboy pants which were concealed in front by a pair of unshaven chaps. Beneath the hirsute trousers a pair of sharp-pointed toes proclaimed riding boots, and to the rear of these jangled a pair of enormous spurs.

But the gentleman neither rolled nor swaggered. In the dark and silent house back yonder on Avenue E, he had left the ultimate penny of his money. A double-ended straight flush had stubbornly refused to fill, even after spirited betting before the draw, and thereafter his companions refused to believe that he was not bluffing. The costumed person thereupon immediately swore off poker and entertained a gnawing suspicion that he had also temporarily resigned from eating.

Herod Spangle disliked Birmingham. It had treated him badly and gave promise of adding insult to dire injury. He was a stranger in a strange land and on intimate terms with bankruptcy. Even his chosen profession had closed its doors against him. He had free-lanced into the city, hoping to secure bookings for at least a week at the local colored-vaudeville theater, where he could interest audiences in his rope throwing and convulse them with a monologue. But the managers of the local house explained that they were booked solid and not making sufficient cash profit in this hot weather to augment their bill.

An invitation to the poker game followed. Herod played 'em close to his stalwart chest until the four-flush episode, when he learned once and for all that cards are no good unless one has them. His faith in human nature dropped to zero and his worry about the future became an obsession.

The hour was late when the friendless Mr. Spangle reached that section of Eighteenth Street between Third and Fourth avenues which marks the civic center of Birmingham's Darktown. The Champion and Frolic theaters disgorged a few late patrons; from Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor came the click of ivory balls and the tantalizing odors of crispy pork and succulent Brunswick stew. Herod, finding himself irresistibly attracted by the lusciously unattainable, stationed himself outside Bud's place and permitted himself the vicarious and definitely harrowing pleasure of watching others eat.

There was one man in particular—a gentleman much smaller than Herod—who consumed huge quantities of food with crescendo enthusiasm. This slender person wore horn-rimmed goggles, sport shirt, wide belt, knickers and putties. A large cap sat on the stool beside him, and such remarks as were flung in his direction seemed to be freighted with great respect. A person of some importance, reflected the unhappy Herod, and certainly possessed of a devastating appetite.

Eventually the knickered person rose, paid his check and sallied into the night, puffing languidly on a fragrant Turkish cigarette. His eye fell on the startling figure of the dusky cowboy. He scrutinized Mr. Spangle closely, seemed about to speak, changed his mind and moved slowly up the street. Herod stared after him. And just when he had determined to follow, the knickered person turned and walked directly to Mr. Spangle.

"Feller," inquired the little man in a firm, positive voice, "who is you?"

"I is Herod Spangle," returned the stranger, eager to cultivate this gentleman who treated food so informally. "I is an actor!"

The other rubbed one hand across his eyes. "Well, hush my mouf! An' they say the miracle business is dead!"

"Yas-suh"—Herod was willing to talk for the sake of killing time—"they suttinly do."

"My name," proffered the other man with a large and proud gesture, "is Julius Cæsar Clump. I is chief director an' manager of production fo' ——"

"—— The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc.!" interrupted Herod in an awed whisper. "Great wiggilin' tripe!"

He stared pop-eyed at the strutful little man. So this was the great, the incomparable, the superb Mr. Clump! This was the genius behind the amazingly successful two-reel slapstick comedies which emigrated twenty-six times a year from Birmingham to convulse with laughter the patrons of more than one hundred and seventy first-run motion-picture houses throughout the length and breadth of the land of the fee!

Mr. Clump linked his arm in the elbow of his new-found acquaintance. "What you doin' in Bumminham, Mistuh Spangle?"

"Nothin'," returned Herod honestly. "An' lots of it."

"H'm!" Cæsar donned his mask of professional inscrutability. "How would you like a job with Midnight?"

Herod stumbled. "That would be the fondest thing I could possibly be of, Mistuh Clump."

"Just one pitcher. One, mind you. Fo' a flat sal'ry."

"I accepts." Herod lowered his voice: "Ain't none of that sal'ry payable in adwance, is there?"

"Nope!" Clump was disturbingly quick to see that Mr. Spangle was in financial straits. "Nary nickel. But one hund'ed dollars cash money the minute the pitcher is finished." The director's eyes narrowed craftily. "By the way, Mistuh Spangle, has you got any objection to joinin' me in a li'l barbecue while we talk business?"

"N-n-n-no, s-suh. Ise willin' to eat with you."

They entered Bud's place, where, for the ensuing ten minutes, Herod forgot everything save that he possessed both food and an appetite. Director Clump watched the man interestedly and drew correct conclusions. Here was a stranger who was broke. Not a dime in his possession probably; else he'd have been unable to resist the lure of Bud's lunch counter. He was an actor and a cowboy ——

"Is you a real cowboy?" questioned the director sharply.

Herod looked up, fear snatching at him. "Golla, mistuh director, don't I look like one?"

"Uh-huh. But looks like ain't always is. I asks you direck: Is you or is you ain't?"

"Man, I is! I is the world's champeen cullud cowboy I tames the wildest cows so they eats out of my han's an' licks my face. Cows what I does business with don't give nothin' but cream—they is so gentle. I know ev'ythin' in the world about bofe cows an' boys an' so ——"

"How about bulldogging?"

"We-e-ell, to tell the truth, Mistuh Clump, I ain't so keen on bulldogs. You see ——"

"I mean bulldoggin' a steer?"

He Negotiated a Large Detour and Approached the Bull From the Front. The Animal Paid No Attention to Him

"What S'curity You Got, Mistuh Spangle? 'Cause if You Ain't Got Any You Might as Well Return Back the Way You Come"

"Oh! Tha's diff'ent." Herod had no idea what Clump meant, but he was of no mind to lose this glittering opportunity. "Of co'se I can do that. They ain't no trouble steerin' one. It's positively a pleasure."

"H'm! You ever been on a range?"

Herod made a deprecating gesture, drawing a mental picture of a certain range whereon breakfast bacon was sizzling. "You kids with me, Mistuh Clump."

"You has, then?"

"Sholy. Ranges is the most things I like, 'cept what comes off 'em."

Clump got down to business. "Our author, Forcep Swain, has fo' a long time had a scenario 'bout a cullud cowboy," he explained. "The big comic scene in it is where the hero—tha's you—bulldogs a steer. We tried to git Opus Randall to play the part an' we tried to git Welford Potts. All two of them said they'd quit their jobs befo' they done anythin' like that. They said they hadn't never been brung up with no cows an' didn't care 'bout bein' 'traduced to 'em now. But if you is willin' to do it fo' one hund'ed dollars, an' fifty dollars a week fo' any time mo' than two weeks the pitcher takes ——"

"I don't care what you requests me to do, Director C'lump—I agrees."

"You signs a writin'?"

"I signs anythin' but a check."

"Good!" Cæsar produced notebook and pencil and scribbled a somewhat informal, but thoroughly binding, contract. "This contrack says you will do whatever you is tol' an' furthermo' an' pacifically that you agrees to bulldog a wile steer in the pitcher an' if they is any fakin' you don't git a dime. Also that no money ain't payable to you until the bulldoggin' is all completed. What says you?"

"I says gimme that pencil."

Ten minutes later, Mr. Herod Spangle, gorged with barbecue and radiant over the prospect of joining the Thespian forces of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., separated from his friend and benefactor, after promising to be on the lot early the following morning. But, once alone, Mr. Spangle scratched the top of his head and voiced a question which was causing him considerable bewilderment.

"I wonder what that feller meant 'bout steerin' a bulldog?"

Frankly, Mr. Spangle had, in sheer desperation, somewhat exaggerated his prowess. The facts of the case were these: He was a vaudeville monologist of no mean ability and he handled a lariat deftly. During the course of his comic cracks on the stage he amused his hearers by a series of whirling loops and dainty little rope tricks which served to lend verisimilitude to his cowboy pretensions. He could whirl loops of rope about his head, make his lariat rise and fall over his body and he could leap in and out of the hempen circle. Beyond that he was helpless.

Mr. Spangle had never been west of the Mississippi, nor closer to a cow than a can of condensed milk. Twice in his life he had attempted to ride a horse, and on both occasions the horse had returned in solitary triumph. But Mr. Spangle was oppressed by the gnawing necessities of the moment, and in addition thereto entertained fond hopes of perhaps succeeding in adding his name to the permanent roster of Midnight actors.

The following morning he presented himself at the Midnight studio, a vast and rickety warehouse which had been converted into a creditable motion-picture-production plant. The gateman let him through and he walked into the blinding glare of Cooper-Hewitts, sun arcs, broadsides and spotlights. One unit, under the direction of the mild but efficient Eddie Fizz, was preparing to shoot a scene. But all looked toward the amazing newcomer about whom they had heard from Director Clump.

Clump himself came forward and performed introductions. The actors made it quite clear that they were delighted to meet Mr. Spangle. It was the first time in their careers that they had ever experienced the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with a colored cowboy, and each of them—particularly those who belonged to the feminine gender—announced that they were looking forward with keen anticipation to the great scene wherein he was to bulldog a wild steer.

Mr. Spangle was in fine fettle. He realized that he had at last come into his own. He lounged around for an hour or so and watched the taking of pictures. He became enamored of the hectic rush and bustle which bespoke efficiency even while it looked like chaos. Then he answered the summons of Director Clump and moved to a corner set for screen tests.

The following morning—the new actor having subsisted meanwhile on one dollar borrowed from Director Clump—Herod underwent the thrill of seeing his own face upon the screen. He decided instantly and unanimously that he was a riot.

As a matter of fact, even Director Clump and President Orifice R. Latimer agreed that the new man screened unusually well. His stocky figure and round face showed up in pleasing relief from any angle; there were no deep lines to mar the photographic effect, and the abnormally skinny neck was a comedy help rather than a handicap.

The three men moved from the projection room together, and immediately outside they encountered an emaciated little man with a face like a hawk, a semibald head and clothes of astounding antiquity. Herod stared in fascination at the overlarge black alpaca coat of the small man as he accepted the introduction.

"Mistuh Spangle, meet Mistuh Semore Mashby. . . . Semore, this is one of our new actors—Mistuh Herod Spangle."

They shook hands. Semore squinted appraisingly. "Gwine stay with the comp'ny pummanent, Mistuh Spangle?"

"We-e-ell, that depen's. I has contracted fo' one pitcher ——"

"H'm!" observed Semore and walked off. Herod stared after him.

"Who is that feller, Director C'lump? What does he do?"

"He's a loan shark an' one of the richest cullud men in Bumminham. He owns some stock in Midnight an' nobody likes him. He ——"

"You say he len's money to folks?"

"Uh-huh. Previded you got solid-gol' security."

"I wonder—listen, Brother Clump. How 'bout leavin' me have a li'l' advance on my sal'ry?"

"Nothin' stirrin'."

"Why?"

"Because," snapped the director in his most hard-boiled manner, "us has lost out frequent by payin' strangers in advance. Us pays by the job an' not by time, an' you gits yo' money when the job is th'oo. Tha's final."

Herod Spangle immersed himself in worry. But Clump afforded him little time for thought. He dispatched him to the dressing room, where the expert Florian Slappey helped him affix a tiny portion of make-up, and during the balance of the day Herod exhausted himself rehearsing scenes for a somewhat irascible but painstaking director, with the net result that two of the scenes were eventually shot in a manner which seemed to satisfy Cæsar.

But that night Herod went into executive session with himself and decided that the immediate needs must be taken care of before he dared consider the future. He had left his trunk in Chattanooga, where his vaudeville bookings expired, intending to send for it as soon as he should have amassed a little money. Now he was broke. Nothing remained except the prospect of one hundred dollars cash when the current production should be finished. Therefore

On Eighteenth Street there is a narrow doorway giving access to a flight of dark and dusty steps. With chaps rustling and spurs jangling, Herod mounted these steps and came into a squalid, dusty office piled high with papers and old magazines. In his own business background, Semore Mashby was impressive. He surveyed the stranger appraisingly. Customer, undoubtedly.

"What s'curity you got?" he rasped.

"Huh?"

"What s'curity you got, Mistuh Spangle? 'Cause if you ain't got any you might as well return back the way you come."

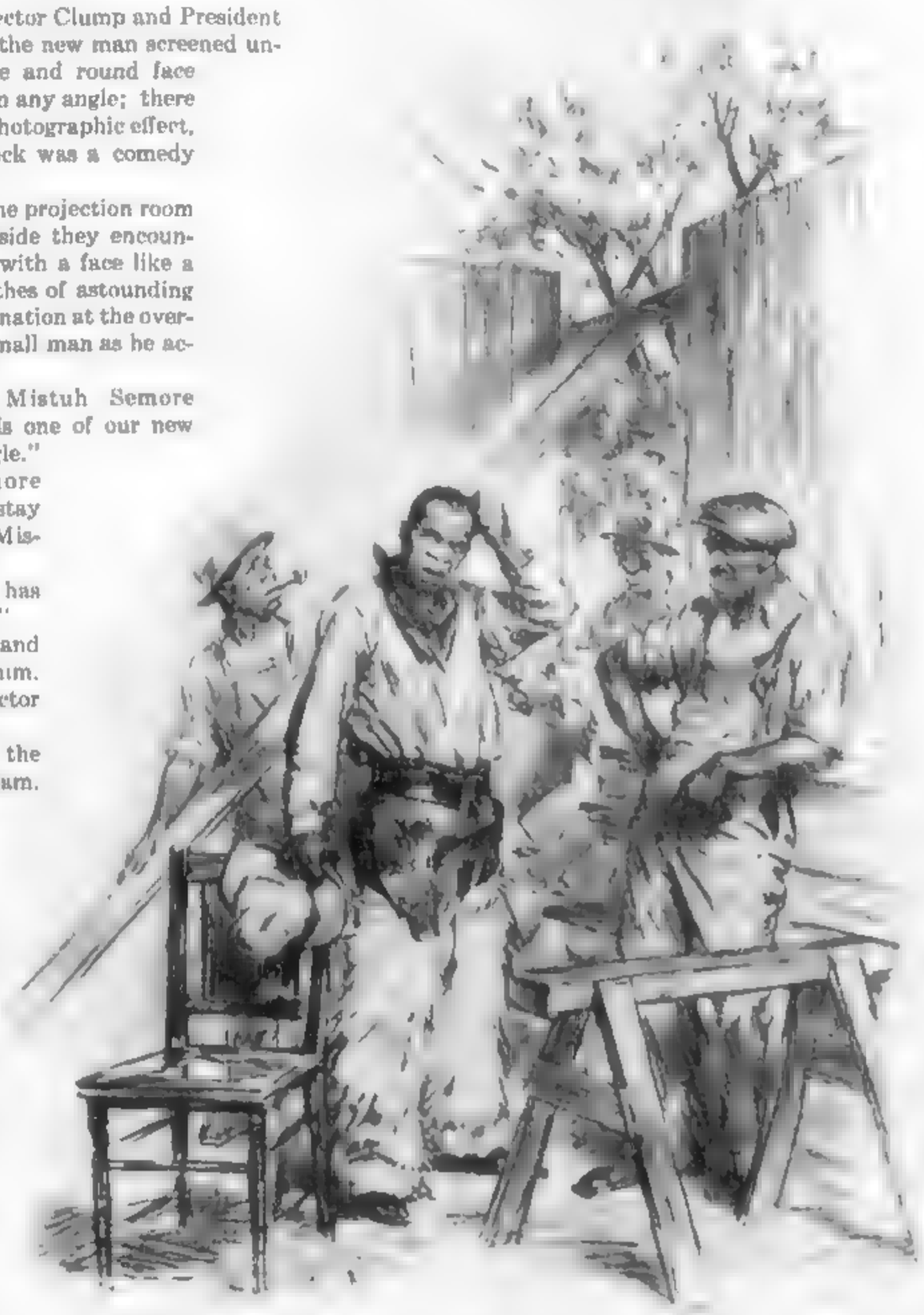
Herod gasped, then collected his wits. "I got the s'curity of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., which you owns stock in. Is that good enough?"

"Suddown!"

Mr. Spangle made known his immediate needs and explained the present stringency. Semore extended a thin claw. "Lemme see them contrack." He inspected it with minute care. Then: "I lends you fifty dollars cash money. When you gits yo' sal'ry you pays me back sixty-five."

His cold eyes focused on the face of his visitor and Mr. Spangle knew that argument would avail him nothing.

(Continued on Page 133



"Gosh, When They Lets I an' the Cow in Yonder an' Shuts Them Two Gates, We Couldn't Neither of Us Git Out, Could We?"

THE SHORT CUT

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

"Look Out, Les!" Annie Called Again, Breathlessly, as She Stumbled Toward Them Through the Deep Dust. "He's Got a Gun in That Pocket!"

THE talk between the two women, as always, dealt with the labor that engaged them both; there was nothing in their occasional exchange of monosyllabic question and answer to suggest that either of them thought of anything beyond the hand-smooth routine of the kitchen. Even when Annie Hoban carried the pan of early peas out to the wooden settle that stood against the wall of the inset porch, her husband's mother held to the crude diplomacy of her habit.

"I'd just as soon shell the peas, Annie, if you'll tend to these pies."

Annie shook her head. "It's no use, ma. I know what you're up to. I'm not going to hide from him. When he comes he's going to see me like this. It's no use trying to send me up the hill after berries. I'm going to have it out with him."

Mrs. Hoban came to the door. "Maybe he won't come," she said deliberately. "It's a right out-o'-the-way place to get to."

"He'll come!" Annie Hoban spoke positively. "He'll come today. I know Phil Webb. He got out yesterday. The first thing he'll do is ——" She stopped, pressing her lips together. "He'd find me, even if I hadn't written that letter to Sid Lemberger before I knew I was going to stay here."

"If you took a pail and went up after some blackcaps, I could tend to him," Mrs. Hoban said. "There isn't any reason why ——"

"But there is. That's just it. I—I've got to have it out with him, ma. It—it wouldn't settle anything, any other way."

"Wouldn't be anything to settle, if he didn't know you was here." The older woman held doggedly to her ground. "I—I'd just as soon lie to him, Annie—leave him think you'd gone back to the city or something."

Annie Hoban laughed. "You're just thinking about him. You think it would be all settled if he went away and never came back. He wouldn't—not Phil! By the time he gets up here he'll know all about it. He'll have to hire a livery rig, won't he? Well, before he's out of the stable he'll know I'm here. But it wouldn't matter if he didn't. I'm not thinking about him I'm thinking about myself. If I didn't see him, if I didn't have it out with him ——"

"No call to, Annie. It was all settled when you married Les."

Again Annie laughed.

"Is anything ever settled?" Her voice was harsh. "Do you think there haven't been times when I've pretty nearly gone crazy up here? Do you think just getting married, even to Les, makes me forget everything else that ever happened to me? That's how it happens in the books and movies—you get married and live happily ever after! You settle down to washing dishes and darning socks and never even think of any other man or any other kind of a life! Well, that isn't how it's happened to me! Do you think there haven't been times when I've wished I'd gone to jail instead of staying here? Do you think I've never hated Les and you and the hills?"

She flung out her arm in a swift, passionate gesture toward the valley, its flat floor checkerboarded with the green grasslands and the gold of wheat fields ripening to harvest, toward the westward hill, farmed to the crest of its gentler slope and carrying the pattern to the sky line, where, here and there, a house or a fringe of orchard stood out against the background of a shining cloud that seemed to touch the earth.

"It suits you and Les," she said more quietly. "You've never known anything else. But I have! And the farther I get away from it—from the way I used to live, I mean—the better it seems."

"If you and Les ——" the old woman began.

Annie interrupted, her voice suddenly fierce, "I knew you wouldn't understand. Les—why, I'd kill any other man in the world to make him happier! I'd kill myself! It'd be easier, sometimes, to do that than to go on living this way! That's why I've got to see Phil Webb! I've got to find out what he's really like! It's too easy to forget. It's too easy, when Les comes in from his work, dead tired and sleepy and hungry, like a horse, to remember how Phil used to look in his dinner suit—to remember how it felt to be going out with him for a party somewhere! I want to remember the other side of it—the side I'm forgetting! I want to see him the way he'll look now, after a year in Stillburn Prison!"

She drew in her breath between set teeth.

"Don't you see? Don't you understand why I've got to be here when he comes? I've got to look at him out of Annie Hoban's eyes, so that I can quit remembering how he used to look to Annie Frayne." She paused and her voice dropped a tone. "To—to the Frayne woman."

There was a little silence. The older woman's voice, thin, mild, deliberate, broke it.

"I guess maybe it would be just 's well if you was to see him," she said. "Apt to, anyhow, if that's him coming yonder."

Annie Hoban's glance leaped to the gap in the woods where the cableway dropped down toward the highroad, invisible under the shoulder of the hill. She sat motionless as the man approached, his feet lifting tiny puffs of dust from the dry bed of the lane. His coat was carried in the bend of his elbow and the bright color of his shirt was blurred with sweat where it touched the sharp angles of narrow shoulders; dust had yellowed his trousers to midthigh and he dragged his feet wearily in the shuffling, stiff-kneed step of the cities. He stopped at the sight of the woman on the porch, lifting the unseasonable felt hat that had left a red mark across his forehead.

"I beg your pardon—is this where Lester Hoban lives?"

Annie Hoban went slowly toward him.

"I didn't think you'd recognize me, Phil," she said quietly. He stared. Slowly the disbelieving amazement of the look relaxed; the face, scarlet where the sun had struck its sallow pallor, quickened to mirth.

"Annie!" He stood still, surveying her, laughter in his recessed eyes. "It couldn't be done without a make-up! For Pete's sake! I always said you were wasted off the stage!"

She paid no heed. "How'd you get here? Walk?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Only from the town, that's all."

"It's ten miles! And in this sun! Why didn't you hire a rig?"

"They're so apt to be fussy about cash when you hire things." He laughed. "I've got some change left out of

the warden's five-spot, but I thought I'd better save it for a rainy day."

"Haven't you seen Sid Lemberger? I thought you'd go there first."

"I did. They gave me a ticket home." His laugh hardened. "I'm afraid I'll have to score myself an error on Sid, Annie. You had his number right. It seems I owe him half a grand or so."

"But you always had a stake planted with him! He's got at least a thousand of your money!"

"I had that idea, too, but Sid's got a better one." His mouth went flat and straight. "He tried to shake me down before he'd even give up your address—he'd have got by with it if I'd had anything."

"Then—then you're broke?"

"How'd you guess it?" He spoke with his old, cheerful flippancy. "What's the odds? I guess all the soft money hasn't been nailed down while I've been learning the Stillburn fox trot. I've doped out a new stunt, Annie. It's a wow, too, and it can be started on a shoestring." His eye twisted toward the house, bright with new white paint "All we need is the shoestring. How about getting that right here?" His glance came back to her and he grinned "Look as if you ought to have this hick's number." His face darkened. "Worked you for your keep, have they? We'll charge 'em for it."

"Didn't anybody tell you?" She lowered her voice "You must have had to ask the way—I thought you'd find out. I'm married, Phil."

She lifted her hand, rough and red and swollen, to show the wide, old-fashioned ring that Les had doggedly insisted upon choosing for her. Webb's face went suddenly savage.

"As bad as that, eh? I was afraid you'd be up against it, but I counted on Sid to—it's a good thing I didn't know it yesterday, when I was right there in his office, near enough to ——" His hand closed slowly. "Did you have to do it, Annie? I'm not blaming you, but ——"

She faced him steadily. "I wanted to. Don't make any mistake about that. I'm crazy about him."

He stared. "That's how it is, eh? Another double-cross" He laughed. "Oh, well, that's that, then." His eye traveled slowly over her "I guess you were crazy all right."

He turned abruptly and moved away Annie Hoban stood still, looking after him. He had almost reached the crest of the sharp descent when he stopped, swayed a little, so that she remembered the curious swaying of a tree under Les Hoban's ax. Then, as she cried out his name and stumbled toward him, he sagged down to a motionless, twisted sprawl in the deep yellow dust.

II

"BETTER stay a spell longer." Lester Hoban spoke soberly. "Guess you need more'n a day's rest after bushing out the way you did. Hadn't better try to travel so soon afterward, not on foot, anyhow, and I can't make out to drive you in town till I'm done with drawing what hay I got cut."

Webb's glance twisted away from the lean man in the doorway to the woman who stood beside the stove. Her face was expressionless; his own lightened for an instant with a flicker of triumph; the look was gone when his eyes came back to Hoban's. He spoke with a convincing heartiness

"If it's all right with you. I don't mind admitting that I'm a bit shaky in the knees."

"Guess you got a right to be." Hoban nodded. "Sun's right hot, even when you're used to it. Hadn't ought to've resked walking so far, day after you got out of jail down yonder."

Webb's glance stabbed at the woman; there was malice in it; his mouth flattened.

"I didn't know Annie'd told you," he said. "All the more decent of you—letting me stay on when you know where I've been."

"Bygones don't matter much, up this high," said Hoban. "You stay here till you're rested up good."

He went out, turned, came back. "Wish't you'd come down to the henhouse, ma, and show me how you want it fixed."

His mother hesitated; a deliberate exchange of glances passed between them; Hoban's face hardened a little and the old woman, reaching up for the sunbonnet on the peg beside the door, followed him out. Webb lifted himself in his chair to watch them. He chuckled softly as he turned toward Annie

Got him sold solid, haven't you? Good stunt—squealing on me. Kidded him into thinking it's safe to let me stick around. That's why he called the old girl away with him—serving notice on me that he wasn't afraid! You're good, Annie."

She eyed him steadily. "He wanted to show me," she said. "He isn't afraid of you." She paused. "Why should he be? He could break you across his knee like a stick."

The angry flush of Webb's burned face deepened a little.

"That's right. That's your story and you're going to stick to it, eh?" He chuckled. "'Stand back, Jack Dalton! My Silas may have hayseed in his hair, but his heart is solid gold and I love every bone in his head!' Forget the movie stuff, kid, and get down to cases while there's a chance. It was all right trying to kid me about this goof till I saw him. Crazy about him—you? Don't make me laugh out loud "

"I suppose"—her voice found its old edge "I suppose I'm still crazy about you? Is that it?"

He shook his head. "Oh, no. You're too wise to waste any time on a bird with the jail bleach on his map and nothing in his jeans but his hands. I don't have to be kicked in the teeth to get wise to where I stand with you. I rated all right while I had it. Now I'm sunk so deep that even this hick beats my time."

"You said it. Go on from there." The old jargon came back to her, with the voice that suited it. Webb moved his hands carelessly.

"You can get by with that part of it. I'm out, all right. But tell me you'd stick around here a minute after you saw a good chance to beat it—tell me you're so strong for this sap that you're going through with it, going to spend the rest of your life washing his overalls and cooking his fodder' Try and do it, kid—try and do it!"

"I see You dope it out that I'm only here because there's no place else to go?"

(Continued on Page 114)

He Chuckled Softly as He Turned Toward Annie. "Got Him Sold Solid, Haven't You?"

CLOSE-UPS—By Norma Talmadge

A Scene From "The Mills of the Gods," Featuring Herbert Barry, Clara Kimball Young and Norma Talmadge In Oval—The Talmadge Sisters

LAST week Peg and I went to see a revival of the late Rudolph Valentino's first motion-picture success, The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse As he went through the graceful steps of the Argentine tango, his dancing brought back to me the many times that Constance and I tripped the light fantastic with him at parties and dinner dances in Hollywood, when he was making his last picture—The Son of the Sheik at the very studio where I am working now. But all the world knows the picturesque, colorful career of this brown-eyed Italian from Castellaneta, who rose from being a landscape gardener and café dancer to the position of the most popular male idol on the screen. So I shall dwell instead upon the early days of the man who directed Rudy in The Four Horsemen—Rex Ingram.

Some time after I joined the Vitagraph Stock Company a young Irishman from Dublin, who then called himself Rex Hitchcock, made his appearance at the Flatbush studio. He did all sorts of odd jobs around the place, making himself generally useful, and never seemed to tire of observing and studying.

An Artist in the Movies

FINALLY he got a chance to act in a picture—Good-by Summer—wherein Antonio Moreno and I were playing the leads. It was the story of a sculptor who, in one of the scenes, had to be shown at work on a bust. Tony's attempts to model a woman's head from the plaster were pitiable. The director was in despair, when the ever-present Hitchcock stepped forward and announced that he was a sculptor. With his back to the camera, wearing a smock, Rex doubled for Moreno. The reason this incident is so vivid in my memory is because Maurice Costello remarked, "That lad won't stand around and watch much longer. Never mind the modeling of the clay. Look at the modeling of his head. I'll wager we will all hear from him some day."

Hitchcock, or Ingram, as the public knows him now, had studied sculpture under Lawrie and was an artist at pantomime as well as with the chisel. It was during his stage tour as a pantomimist that he saw his first motion picture somewhere in Ireland. Immediately Rex visualized the possibilities the screen of the future would hold out for an artist director. He made a sketch of the film trade-mark—an eagle with outstretched wings resting its claws on a big V, and whimsically regarded it as his coat of arms. That picture thrilled him to such a degree that he packed his armatures, modeling tools and canvases in storage, and sailed for New York with the firm intention of becoming a Vitagraph director. I am happy to say that the photoplay that impressed him so favorably was one in which I played—The Tale of Two Cities. But when Ingram arrived in America he found it was necessary to start from the bottom, and accepted a job as Jack-of-all-trades around the studio.

Though the young sculptor-actor-handy-man never reached the directorial stage at Vitagraph, he learned enough about picture making there to try his hand at writing stories, and joined the scenario staff of the Fox Film Corporation, where he wrote Blindness of Devotion, The Galley Slave, The Cup of Bitterness, Song of Hates and other stories. Finally he became a director of a series of pictures called The Bluebirds, and after this experience in the East, was getting a good foothold on the Coast when the World War swept the movies into the background, substituting real drama for celluloid make-believe. Ingram joined the flying corps. On his return to California he was so broke that he rented a room at two dollars a week and was unable to get his civilian clothes out of pawn. It was almost a year before he could again secure a position as a director, and Rex's experience is typical of the ups and downs of this profession, where one good picture can make a player or director overnight, and two or three poor pictures or a mere absence for a short time from the industry can cause complete eclipse

Norma Talmage in "Smilin' Through"

In Private Life

WHEN The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse came along and the Metro Company decided to give Ingram a chance, he and June Mathis, who adapted the Vicente Blasco Ibanez story for the screen, talked over the different types required for the cast. Both agreed that the young Italian tango dancer, who had attracted their attention as they observed him on the sets in small parts in Allen Holubar and Robert Z. Leonard productions, or wherever he could secure an opportunity, was just the man for the rôle of Julio, the South American.

This picture also brought Alice Terry into her own. She had found it so difficult to obtain steady work that she gave up acting and learned how to cut pictures. When Alice called at Ingram's office she was too discouraged even to apply for a part in the picture. She wanted to learn to be a script girl.

Rex had seen Alice in a play in New York—Not My Little Sister—with Bessie Barriscale, and was so impressed by her beauty and ability that he had made a mental note that he would use her some day. Given a chance to return to the screen, Alice hesitated. It seemed to her that the long uphill road was too unattractive to be worth the climb. But in this case she who hesitated was not lost. She was made. Rex persuaded her to accept a good rôle in Hearts are Trumps, promising to let her be a continuity clerk if she did not get ahead as an actress. Alice's next part was in The Four Horsemen, and after that she became the leading woman in all Rex's pictures. She also became his leading lady in private life. Mr. and Mrs. Ingram are now making all their pictures abroad.

I cannot dismiss The Four Horsemen, the book that was originally sold to a publisher by the famous Spanish author for four hundred dollars—one hundred for each horseman!—and then netted tremendous profit to him, his producers and everyone concerned, as a picture, without a few words regarding June Mathis, who prepared the story for

the screen. Of course it cannot be said of June, as in the case of Valentino, Terry and Ingram, that this picture made her, because June had already acquired considerable acclaim for previous treatments continuities, originals and adaptations, but this picture firmly established her as one of the peers of the profession.

The private life of a film star is a mere figure of speech—we celluloid mummers enjoy about as much seclusion as a lighted Christmas tree in a window. The public knows all about our early beginnings, our love affairs, our salaries, even our gustatory and olfactory tastes, heralded by zealous press agents who must needs tell the world that we take orange instead of lemon in our tea or that we prefer the oil of jasmine flowers to any other perfume. But the lives of writers upon whose contributions to the screen our own success is so dependent are not public property on quite such a wholesale basis. Perhaps, therefore, the early struggles of June Mathis will be new to my readers.

Maurice Costello, Clara Kimball Young, Mrs. William Raynous, William Raynous and James Young on the World Trip of the Vitagraph Company

Although born in the rarefied atmosphere of Leadville, Colorado, June attended school in Salt Lake City and San Francisco, where she early displayed precocity in her English classes and was always the star of school dramatics. Quite naturally she drifted into vaudeville as a child entertainer, imitations and dancing comprising her act. While still in pinafore and pigtails she joined May Vokes' Company and toured in Mark Swan's Whose Baby Are You? Some of her later engagements were with Ezra Kendall in The Vinegar Buyer; the stellar rôle in That Girl Betsey; leading woman of Brewster's Millions and Going Some; three seasons with Julian Eltinge as character soubrette; important parts with Pauline Frederick, James K. Hackett and many others.

It was when June was touring with a repertoire company in California that she visited some of the motion-picture studios and became obsessed with a desire to become affiliated with the cinema. While reading the Dramatic Mirror on the train, she grew interested in an uncompleted serial for which the publishers offered a substantial money prize for the best finish to the story. June entered the contest with several thousand others. She didn't win the prize, but her manuscript showed so much promise that the editors—Frank E. Woods and William Lord Wright—gave her name to some of their motion-picture-producer friends in search of material.

On the Road to Timbuktu

JUNE received several letters asking for photoplay suggestions. In answer to one from Thomas Ince, she went to New York to see him. Thereafter June clamped down the lid of her travel-worn theater trunk and decided to put in a year studying the technic of writing for the screen. During this time she was approached by Thomas Barry, who had written a three-act drama called The Splendid Silence, which he wished to have whipped into a scenario. The co-authors submitted the manuscript to Edwin Carewe. The director pronounced the proposed photoplay too modern for picture purposes, but was sufficiently impressed with the way in which the scenario was written to offer June a position on the Metro scenario staff. In a little more than a year Miss Mathis became head of the editorial department. She remained with Metro for six years, turning out a prodigious amount of work.

Following The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, June adapted another Blasco Ibanez story—Blood and Sand—for Paramount. This production, under the direction of Fred Niblo, was Rudolph Valentino's second great triumph in a picture supervised by June

Some time later, when Miss Mathis was preparing to go abroad in connection with Ben Hur, she placed her O.K. on the suggestion that Sylvano Balboni, a tall, dark Italian whom she had met on the lot, would be a valuable asset to the staff about to set forth for Rome, particularly as he could speak the language. June and Sylvano chanced to sail on the same steamer, and there began the romance which continued in Rome, ripened on the edge of the Sahara Desert, on the road to Timbuktu, and culminated in their marriage in the quaint chapel of the picturesque Mission Inn at Riverside, California. After their marriage Sylvano Balboni became a director at First National Pictures, while June acted as West Coast scenario chief and consultant for the same company.

It was during my last year and a half at Vitagraph that Constance joined the stock company. Before that she was too young to play anything except children's parts. We no longer called her Baby, or Buck-tooth—a nickname given her around the studio because as a child her two front upper teeth were very prominent and she was always grinning. Her new pet name, and the one that has stuck to her through the years, was Dutch—this because of her flaxen hair and pink cheeks. As her legs were painfully thin her stockings would never stay in place and the seams would wind around in spirals. The tops of her high shoes extended about half an inch from the legs, and Natalie and Peg stuffed them with tissue paper to make them fit more closely. She was all angles—long, skinny arms, with sharp elbows, long neck, long limbs much taller than I, even then. Because of her height, she could make up to look considerably older than she was.

Dutch was not much of an actress in the beginning. She was too young, too restless and full of life and healthy gayety to take the work very seriously at first, but what she did have right from the start was a marvelous sense of mimicry. Everything that was vital, intense and tragically real to me was just plain fun to Constance. She adored imitating the various players—the way they walked, their individual screen mannerisms, the intonation of their voices. Often behind the directors' backs she would burlesque the way pictures were made. Not that there was any malice in her nature. It was all done in an irrepressible spirit of fun.

The Mimic Gets Her Chance

OFF in a remote corner of the studio one day, Dutch was giving some amusing imitations of Flora Finch and Lee Beggs. Everybody looking on was screaming with laughter, when we suddenly glanced up and saw Ralph Ince watching her from a little distance away. Our faces changed instantly. We were all terrified, Ince being the cock o' the walk, and considered a very severe director. But he only laughed louder than anyone and urged Dutch to go on with her imitations. Thereupon she proceeded to do a take-off of Mr. Ince himself.

A week or so afterward Ralph remarked to Peg, "I would like to have your daughter come down tomorrow.

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A Scene From "The Suffragette." Left to Right: Anita Stewart, Clara Kimball Young, Edith Halloran, Alice Lake and Flora Finch. In This Picture Anita Stewart Was an Extra Girl at $3.50 Per Day With Lunch Included. The Heavy Braid is Her Own Hair. The Dress Was Borrowed From Her Friend, Norma Talmadge. In Oval—Sidney Drew and Clara Kimball Young in Sidney Drew's First Picture, "When Women Go on the War Path"

LOST ECSTASY

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

The News From the Reservation Was Not Good. With the Arrival of Winter the Indians Were Moving From Their Tepees Into Their Bleak Untidy Houses

XIII

OF THE debacle that followed that night, Kay was never able to think except with a sense of shuddering horror. She dressed feverishly, intent only on getting back quickly to the club, and at 7:30 she heard the telephone ring and Rutherford coming heavily up the stairs and tapping at her mother's door.

"It is Mr. Trowbridge, madam. Mrs. Trowbridge has an attack of neuralgia and will be unable to come."

Then shortly after that Katherine along the hall, her dressing gown around her shoulders.

"What are you doing tonight, Kay? Anything important?"

"There's a dance at the club."

"Oh, if that's all—Mrs. Trowbridge has a headache, and he is coming without her. I'm afraid you'll have to make a fourth at bridge."

"But, mother ——"

"It's only a dance, isn't it? You can go over later if you like."

"I've promised," she said desperately. "Can't you get somebody else?"

"I have tried. So many people have gone back to town, and the rest—I do think, Kay," she added with a faint asperity, "that when you think how little we really ask of you, you might do this pleasantly."

She had to agree finally. There was nothing else to do. But Katherine did not go at once. She moved around the room. "We will have to replace these taffeta curtains next spring. They have faded outrageously." But Kay had an idea that she was not thinking of the curtains. When at last she went to the door she stood there, hesitating. "You're feeling all right, aren't you, Kay? I've thought lately —— Maybe that dress makes you look pale."

"I'm all right, mother."

Later on they went down the stairs together, and some impulse made her put her arm around Katherine's shoulders. Perhaps she felt that she was somehow being treacherous to this Katherine, who had left her dreams all behind her, and who now said "we" instead of "I."

Mr. Trowbridge, being relieved of his hat, overcoat, gloves and stick in the hall, looked up at them with approval.

"Ought to be painted like that," he said. "Poor Sargent should have done it. Mother and daughter. Question: Which is the mother?"

He was a large gentleman of an elephantine wit, and just now in an excellent humor. He had walked over in the crisp air, he knew he would have a good dinner and he was ready for it.

"Some day soon, Henry," he said as he followed them into the drawing-room, "some nice young chap will be stealing this girl of yours. Make quite a hole in the establishment, eh?"

"Not necessarily, if she picks the right one."

Cocktails and fresh caviar. Very good cocktails, very good caviar. Mr. Trowbridge lingered over both. Rutherford was waiting in the doorway to catch her mother's eye, but she was not looking.

"There's Rutherford, mother."

"Have another cocktail, George? You've had a good walk."

"Why, I don't mind, Henry. Where did you find this caviar? The last lot we got ——"

The old glutton, always thinking of his stomach! It was a quarter after eight already. She caught him by the elbow.

"Dinner's served," she said lightly. "And I'm hungry, if you're not."

They wandered out somehow. There was a new painting in the hall, and he must stop and look at it. Her feet and hands were like ice and her head was hot. Dinner came on, course after course, her mother eating critically, her father appreciatively and Mr. Trowbridge slowly and with unction. Oysters, soup, fish, roast; sherry and sauterne. "Very good wine that. Still some of the old stock? . . . Yes, I think I will."

Salad and sweet. And then Mr. Trowbridge taking fruit, cutting it meticulously with the gold fruit knife, eating and savoring it deliberately. Wouldn't they ever get through? They had been years at the table. The candles were melting, splashing little drops of blue wax onto the lace cloth; the room was broiling hot. Mr. Trowbridge's jaws moved steadily, appreciatively.

"I think I'll have a few more of those hothouse grapes, Katherine. They are really excellent."

Over at last. Pushing back the chairs and James opening the door. Into the hall and then to the library. Coffee. Coffee quickly and get it over. Where's the bridge table? Where are the cards?

"Do stop fidgeting, Kay. James will get the tables. Will you have more coffee, George?"

"You tempt me, Katherine. Even if I don't sleep tonight ——"

Her eyes were burning. Her mother was pouring the coffee with delicate deliberation; the gleam and glitter of the massive tray, with its tiny cups, its elaborate panoply of wealth, made her dizzy. And what nonsense it all was, James moving like an acolyte across the room with that ridiculous cup balanced on a tray, and Rutherford like some high priest, reverently bearing in the liqueurs. How much simpler and easier life had been at the ranch, with the cook in the kitchen doorway: "I hope you folks'll like that coffee. It's strong enough to bear an egg."

The ranch! The ranch!

At half-past nine she managed to slip away to call Tom from the telephone in her bedroom, but both Nora and a housemaid were in her room, Nora to lay out her sheer night gown, the maid turning down the bed.

"Put a wrap down in the hall for me," she told Nora. "I'm going out later."

The game dragged on. Mr. Trowbridge played as he ate, slowly and with unction.

"Now if Providence is with me, Henry, this will go. If not —— But let me see. Four and three and three make ten. Hah, you rascal, you have another trump, haven't you? Holding out on me, eh? Well, let's have it."

A sort of madness began to possess her. Eleven—eleven-fifteen, and still they went on. She pleaded a headache, but they only offered her perfunctory sympathy and continued playing. Hawkins had been dozing in the car outside for an hour before Mr. Trowbridge reluctantly laid down the cards and plunged a hand into his pocket.

"Well," he said, "fourteen dollars is a small price for an evening like this."

She left them with hardly a good night, picked up her wrap and went out. Hawkins stirred, roused and started the car. She called to him to hurry, but the distance seemed to be interminable. However, the sight of the clubhouse cheered her. The dance was still going on, and one

or two cars were arriving. What had seemed the middle of the night over home seemed the beginning of the evening here.

All her vague forebodings vanished. She ran up the steps and inside, to find Herbert inside the door. He had evidently been waiting for her, and there was a look of pity on his face.

XIV

TOM watched the car down the drive; he had had a drink or two, but they had only served to stimulate him, to overcome his shyness in these strange surroundings, and to make him feel the equal if not the superior of the men he saw around him.

He was extraordinarily happy. He took a deep breath, and the top button of his coat flew off and hit a pillar with a whack like a pistol shot; but he only muttered "Hell" and fell back into ecstasy again. In the darkness the links stretched away to unseen boundaries, beyond which here and there were the lights of houses. And in that cool darkness, his girl, his wonderful girl, was moving toward one of them.

After a time he turned and looked into the clubhouse behind him. He could see the man he was dining with, in consultation with two or three others, in a room furnished with a luxury he had never dreamed of. He was not thinking; certainly he had no plan. He was vaguely relieved that he had not seen Herbert Forrest, but that was about all.

Then dinner was announced. But he found that certain ceremonies preceded the meal. Back in the grillroom, bottles were produced from lockers, ice ordered and cocktails mixed. The group toasted the West, and in another round of drinks he had to reply for the East. His head was buzzing, but he managed something.

"To the East," he said, rather grimly, smiling. "It's crowded and dirty and ornery, but it eats our beef and drinks good drinks. God bless it!"

It was after eight when they sat down to dinner, and all his resolves had faded before their well enough meant hospitality. They ate in the grill, and by the time the dinner parties preceding the dance had been seated in the dining room he had taught them a song and they were lustily singing it. Scraps of sound penetrated beyond the closed doors; Tom's clear if slightly inarticulate tenor:

I ain't got no father,
I ain't got no father,
I ain't got no father,
To buy the clothes I wear.

And then a chorus, rather more noisy than musical:

I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
And a long ways from home.

The song was interminable. It appeared that Tom lacked not only a father, but divers other members of a family. The wailing chorus rose over the clatter of dishes in the dining room, and over the hum of conversation. People began to listen and comment, and one of the governors of the club, a gentleman of great dignity, in impeccable evening clothes, came in and made a protest.

"Not quite so much noise here, gentlemen," he said. "If you feel you must sing, there is plenty of room outside."

Nine o'clock came, and 9:30, and Kay had not come. And always they were pressing drinks on him. Out of the generosity of cocktails and highballs they expanded to champagne.

"The way you find liquor, you'd sure make a good bird dog!" was Tom's comment to the man who brought it.

By ten o'clock, although he was still perfectly steady, he was concealing his resentment at Kay's defection under a swaggering boastfulness.

"Sure I shot him. He owed me a bill for that cow, and I collected it. You don't think we fellows ride the range for our health, do you? Why, say, the sheriff's got a warrant for me for everything from arson to murder right now."

He puzzled them, at that. One of the men told an incident out of his extremely private life, and the others greeted it with roars and applause. But Tom flushed and turned on him.

"Out our way," he said deliberately, "when a fellow tells a story like that on a woman, we shoot him first and then hang him to make sure."

They laughed it off, but he sat for some time, plainly ugly and dangerous.

It was Tom, to do them justice, who suggested shooting crap. His swagger had returned, but his luck was bad. Not one of them suspected that he was broke when he quit. They had to drink to better luck next time, and then the group began to break up. But a few still remained, and some resourceful genius brought in a rope and asked him if he could use it. He was bored and increasingly tired, and the clock showed half after ten, but he owed them for a dinner and more other hospitality than he should have accepted, and so he took it. After that, poor as the rope was, there was no question of their admiration for him. Big loop and small loop, he did all he knew for them, and they were insatiable. They plied him with liquor and kept him at it, and finally some enterprising youth had a bright thought and the crowd took it up eagerly.

The plan was to go down the drive and have Tom rope the driver of the next open car which came in. To be fair to him, he protested, but the crowd was excited and hilarious. It had begun to put money up, too, and confused as he was by that time, and increasingly reckless, he finally agreed.

And the driver of the car turned out to be Herbert! He did not lose control either of the car or of himself. He brought it to a stop, loosened the noose from around his neck and quietly got out into the roadway. "Who among this crowd of drunks threw that rope?" he demanded.

"Don't get sore, Herb. We've got a wild man from the West here, and he's just practicing a bit."

"Then you'd better send him back where he came from."

But Tom had recognized the voice by that time, and it had partially sobered him. He shoved the crowd aside and stepped out into the road.

(Continued on Page 120)

Jake Was Not Well at the Start; He Rode Huddled in His Saddle, Staring Ahead, Silent. He Had No Hay at the Homestead, Nothing

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 7, 1927

Why Hospitals Run Behind

THE benign epidemic of drives for hospital funds which is now active in many states again calls attention to the conditions which surround the institutional care of the sick and ailing. From the viewpoint of physician and surgeon, American hospitals approach more closely to perfection than ever before. The old-fashioned institution which was virtually a boarding house for sick people has given place to a luxurious hotel operated in connection with a chain of laboratories which take the guesswork out of diagnosis and treatment. Such a hospital is a hive of highly specialized technicians so organized as to be able to give the poorest patient a quality of service which a decade ago the richest could not command. Recent advances of science, improvements in hospital design and arrangement and new methods of treatment all combine to give the sick man a better chance to get well than ever before.

It is, however, the rule rather than the exception for a hospital to show an operating deficit and to depend upon state or municipal aid and the voluntary contributions of the well-disposed few in order to break even at the end of the year. A well-equipped community hospital is a utility just as indispensable as a waterworks or an electric-light plant. Every day of the year and every hour of the day it must be prepared to give service to any man, woman or child within its radius of activity, and give it instantly, without stopping to figure potential profit and loss.

If this universal service were based upon universal support our hospitals would have no financial problems worth mentioning. If every family made a small but regular annual contribution, losses and deficits would be wiped out at once. Local institutions could readily be put upon a sound financial basis, with the important result that the high cost of sickness would be cut in two. Paying patients in moderate circumstances could have the best of care at fees they could afford, and could enjoy without stint all the costly tests and treatments calculated to hasten recovery which charity patients get for nothing.

General acceptance of the fact that the local hospital is every man's business, coupled with regular popular support, is one of the two steps that must be taken before such institutions can hope to fulfill to the uttermost their responsibilities to their communities.

The second step will involve some rattling of dry bones, for it means a general waking up and jacking up of boards of trustees and managers. Taking the country as a whole, only one hospital in four is operated as competently and efficiently as it might be.

The opportunities for waste in the average hospital are almost boundless; and trustees and managers who are content to go on employing lax, slipshod methods in the purchase and control of supplies contribute directly to the high cost of sickness.

The leakage traceable to unenlightened management may be imagined when it is said that the national investment in hospital plant and equipment is considerably in excess of two billion dollars. The present year will witness the completion and taking over of new hospital buildings costing more than a quarter of another billion.

These interests are too vast to be administered with anything less than the highest possible efficiency. The stake to be won by scientific economies is well worth working for. A modern administrative system lately applied to a municipal hospital in a large Southern city was so well carried out that the savings effected in a single year were sufficient to cover the cost of substantial alterations and improvements. Hundreds of other hospitals might equal this record if their managers were awakened to the possibilities which are open to them.

Fortunately there is plenty of assistance at the command of managers and trustees who are determined to bring about a change for the better. Hospital administration has an extensive literature of its own which is accessible to all. There are also at least two well edited and copiously illustrated periodicals which cover the field with fascinating thoroughness. In the larger cities there are experts in hospital design and administration whose advice often proves to be worth far more than its cost.

The magnificent achievements of the medical profession in advancing the healing art are far more notable than the betterment of executive management. It remains for industrial leaders and men of affairs to devise and introduce administrative and financial features which shall be as effective as current professional methods. When chambers of commerce, Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs and retail-business men's associations all join hands and give their best thought to the problems of their community hospitals those problems are bound to be solved rationally and correctly. There are few perfectly operated hospitals which do not owe their excellence to a group of successful men who know how to apply business methods to the conduct of any organization in whose management they share.

What's in a Name

THE recent suggestion of a group of citizens of New Mexico that the name of the state be changed to Coolidge seems to have caused only the merest passing ripple within the state itself. Yet the mere fact that such a proposal can be made at all shows how much education is still needed in this country if all the people are to realize and appreciate the value and riches of their own history.

New Mexico is a commonwealth as proud as she is lofty and far-flung; new as a state, but very ancient indeed as a province or territory of three civilizations—Spain, Mexico and the United States. Without any help from the outside, she is quite capable of squelching from time to time these recurring suggestions of a change of name. New Mexico she will continue to be, hallowed by time and fixed by centuries of association.

We can only repeat what one of her own newspapers has said, that a modern name "would have no significance, past, present or future." Mr. Coolidge has much to his credit, and is entitled to many honors, but what he has done in New Mexico's history to gain him this peculiar and distinctive honor is rather a mystery.

New Mexico is associated in countless ways with the romantic and picturesque civilization of Spain, and it is on the basis of this very difference from so much of the rest of our country that tourists have been attracted there. Nearly half the people are of Spanish or Mexican descent, although they are of older American stock than many an Anglo-Saxon of other sections.

It is true that New Mexico is sometimes confused with old Mexico, and there are a few people so densely ignorant that they do not know that the state is one of the Union. It is said that business firms in the East have inquired concerning the export duty on shipments to Santa Fé and Albuquerque. It has been suggested that immigration of capital and settlers might proceed more rapidly if there were no possibility of a confused identification with the republic to the south, even though she bears no closer geographical relation to our southern neighbor than does the state of California.

Yet along the Atlantic seaboard are many states and thousands of towns and cities named after the European country from which the thirteen colonies revolted in a long and bitterly fought war. In the Central West are many states and towns with names derived from the aborigines, whose civilization has certainly been no greater factor in the shaping of ours than that of Spain and Mexico.

New York and Chicago seem to attract people and money, even though one name be English and the other Indian. In the long run, population will settle where there is subsistence and opportunity, not because of a name. It is almost too obvious to say, but people who can be attracted only by a change of name are not worth having.

Distrust of Commissions

IN THE veto of the McNary-Haugen Bill by the President some attention was paid to the circumstance that the Farm Board would need to make extensive agreements and contracts with processors, and that the Surplus Control Act seemed to provide for the assumption by the Farm Board of the losses, costs and charges of processors. While naturally the Farm Board would endeavor to protect the interests of producers, the President missed in the bill appropriate restraint or limitation on profiteering against American consumers. While the assumption of losses in respect of export trade, and indeed a guaranty of profits on a cost-plus basis, would not in itself arouse misgivings and might prove necessary under a system of country-wide agreements with processors, the nature of the agreed charges and the size of the profits on the cost-plus basis would be crucially important in peacetime control of a commodity, just as during the war. The supporters of the measure object that it seems to be taken more or less for granted by opponents—and this they find reflected in the veto of the President—that a Farm Board would likely be operated more or less inefficiently, would do inexpert and even foolish things, and would drift into or inadvertently create situations commercially dangerous. Supporters of the measure argue that in any consideration of the probable working of the bill we should assume a competence in the Board appropriate to the magnitude of the problem. In short, we should assume that the big problem would attract big brains to the Farm Board.

The optimistic advocates of the measure are neglectful of recent history. Interpreting the language used by the President in the veto as distrustful of the efficiency of the Farm Board—in view of the nature of the problem and the complexity of the circumstances—this will be widely accepted as supporting a general and growing distrust of commission control. Whether commissions regulate or promulgate, they seem commonly to fail in their function. Let one survey the workings of the United States Tariff Commission, the Federal Trade Commission and the Shipping Board since the war. Their accomplishments are satisfactory neither to themselves, nor to the interests directly involved, nor to the public. In commission management inertia is likely to replace initiative; policy fails to exhibit adaptation to changing circumstances, and continuity of objectives is not maintained. Board policy is likely to have the defects of committee administration, as contrasted with centralized management. When one considers the extent of the problem involved in the marketing of wheat, hogs, corn, rice, cotton and tobacco, the regional complications, the extent of financial involvements and the intensity of conflicting interests, it is not to be wondered at that experienced observers question whether any appointed board could be expected to function satisfactorily.

THE ROVING DOLLAR

New Problems of Diplomatic Protection Abroad

By David Lawrence

MOST of our prewar thinking in business, and particularly on credits, was in terms of a day, a week or a year. Nor have we acquired altogether, as yet, the Old World habit of adjusting ourselves to an era or an epoch. More than eight years have gone by since the World War ended, and in that short time reconstruction has revealed many phases of economic readjustment which were all very logical and inevitable, but which somehow contained, at almost every turn, an element of surprise.

We hardly realize that between eight and nine billion dollars of American money have been invested abroad by individual American citizens since the Armistice; and the process of lending goes on steadily each year as the rest of the world seeks capital with which to restore its own industries or to develop new methods of keeping pace with the ever-changing demands of competitive business.

American dollars are rebuilding cities, paving roads, introducing street cars, busses, electric lighting-and-power plants, deepening harbors, developing factories and raising the standards of living in many parts of the globe. And coincidentally the United States has increased its exports to an unprecedented scale. For American business men with controlling voices in the directorates of many American-owned corporations established abroad naturally influence the trend of buying toward raw materials and manufactured articles of the United States. Along with the lending of these billions, there has arisen a foreign trade of many billion dollars more. Though the true causes of American prosperity since the war may be difficult to settle to the satisfaction of all economists, there seems little doubt that American factories in recent years have been able to maintain some of the expanded facilities of wartime because of the increased purchases by foreign buyers. Trade with Central and South America, for example, has multiplied, and of the billions of American capital which has gone abroad, almost half has been invested in the various countries of this hemisphere.

The pacifist looks askance at what he terms "peaceful penetration," fearing that the roving dollar will entangle us some day in war. On the other hand, the sturdy imperialist impatiently brushes aside any suggestion of interference in what he terms the inevitable march of progress, and looks eagerly across the seas to business conquests which shall have behind them the moral, if not the physical, force of the Government of the United States.

Just now the American people are in what might be called a supersensitive mood on the subject of war. The sacrifices and the terrible price paid by the world in the last war are too vivid in the minds of the people to permit the intensification of any controversy, however slight, which might tend to drag the country into armed conflict.

This makes the problem of diplomacy correspondingly more difficult, because, though the words of a diplomatic note may be firm and insistent, they lose somewhat in effectiveness when it is known that behind them is great reluctance to enforce a viewpoint.

The dangers of a diplomacy that has not back of it the public opinion of a united country are numerous. Minority elements have always the advantage of being heard abroad, because he who differs with his own government and gives aid and comfort to the viewpoint of another government creates a sufficient interest to be given first pages in the newspapers of other countries, especially as the latter, when in dispute with us, begin to hope that a minority may be transformed ultimately into a majority.

Just imagine the presidents of two

(Continued on Page 197)

Grandpa: "Look Out, Kid, or We'll Get a Ticket!"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy Lightly Turns to Thoughts of Love

Futility

ON SOME far, dim horizon we see something new,
And our courage is good—none can daunt it;
But it's this way with me is it that way with you?—
When I get what I want I don't want it!
—Laura Keller.

The Tabloid Editor Writes a Love Note

BEAUTIFULLY EXOTIC LOVEMATE. We must cancel our Midnight Tryst in Apartment. The reason, I am sorry to say, is Neglected Wife Suspects Perfidy. She threatens To Probe Bacchanalian Orgy; if she did, it would result, as you perhaps know, in an Exposé Fatal to Author. Neither you nor I can afford to take chances of having our Gay Love Dream Shattered. The best that we can do for the present, my dear, is to Seek Solace in Separation. Then, if I am not confronted with the financial terror, $2500 Weekly Alimony Asked, as my wife warns that I may be, I shall give you a ring. I remember your number. Until that time, Baby Fuzzy Peaches, the undersigned Calls Himself Martyr on Marital Altar. Yours, JERRY.

P. S. I must quit taking the paper home at night. It gives Jennie exaggerated ideas! J.

C. Warden La Roe.

"Dad, I've Got Europe at Last! I Can Hear Someone Knocking America!"

"Stop it, Mister!—I've Changed My Mind"

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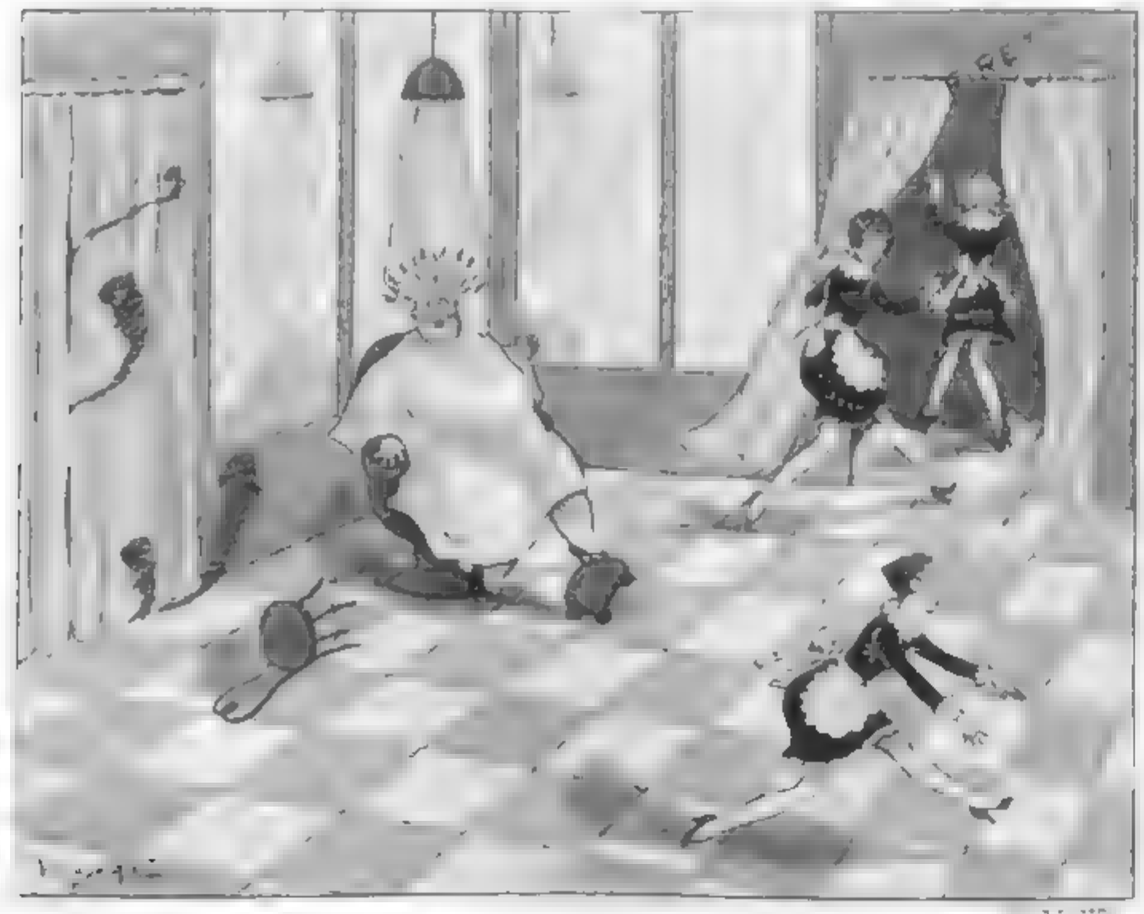
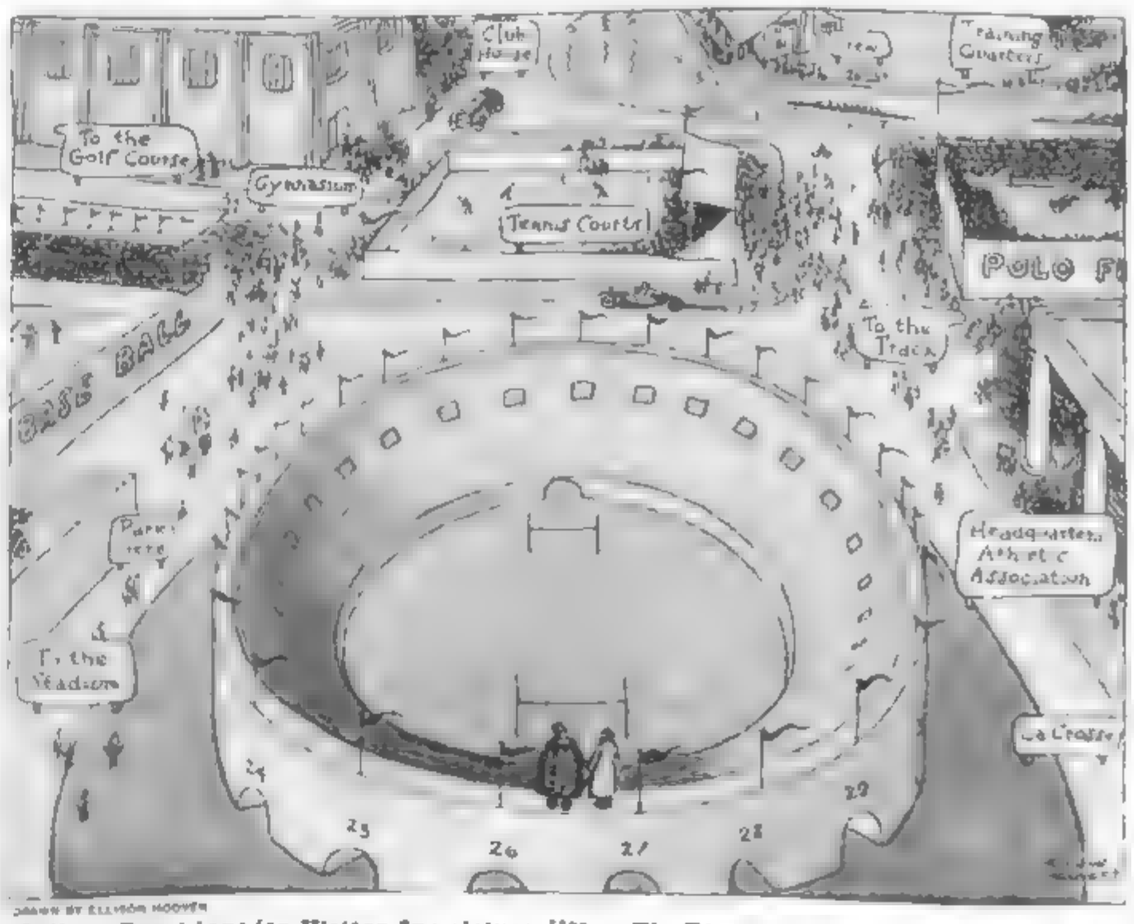
Our verses are strong; they are built to endure;
They bolster the virtues and puncture the vices.

(Continued on Page 80)



Luckily for Mrs. Fatenfarty, the Fire at the Hairdresser's Proved to be a False Alarm



College President (to Visitor Inquiring): "Yes, We Thought of Having a Recitation Building, But We Found We Didn't Have Room for it on the Campus"

The soup when you're hungry!

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WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

CLEANING UP

By JOHN GOLDEN
In Collaboration With Viola Brothers Shore

FROM GAGS TO RICHES

Beatrice Noyes, Helen Menken, John Golden and Sir Thomas Lipton, Backstage of Booth Theatre, During the Run of "The Seventh Heaven"

ALTHOUGH I had become fairly well known—in the employment agencies, at any rate—as an actor and song writer, there were still times when I seemed to be sparring with the inexorable law of self-preservation particularly in the summer, which, to the actor, always has a mean way of crowding on the heels of an all-too-short season.

One particularly hot August while I was "resting," it occurred to me that the business world might offer a more grateful outlet for my talents. There was a quaint old chap named Field who had a top-loft factory down on Pearl Street, and it was from him that I got a job of peddling chewing gum. My commissions ranged from fifteen cents to a dollar a jar. But it was not light work. I set out every morning with eight or ten chewing-gum jars under my arm and they were heavy. I had two pals at the time—Outcault and Gessler—who, being artist and student respectively, had a lot of time on their hands. I pointed out to them how jolly it would be to go from candy store to candy store with me. Naturally they would not walk along empty-handed while I staggered under the heavy burden of my wares. They somewhat lightened my task by carrying their share, and I think the thing that made salesmen of us all was the fact that every jar sold was one less to carry.

A Clove by the Punch Bowl's Brim

THINKING of the man who had accumulated millions sticking up the jaws of the nation, it occurred to me that if I could invent some new chewing flavor I might gum up his profits a little. With the kitchen stove of the boarding house as my laboratory, I experimented with gum chicle and various essences and oils, finally hitting upon one which had never been used—essence of cloves. Instantly the vast possibilities of my invention unrolled before my eye. In those un-Volsteady days, a clove beside the punch bowl's brim was not a simple clove—to anybody. Like a flash I realized the best market for my novelty. In every saloon stood a dish of cloves with which the homeward-bound pilgrim might denature his kiss. However, to be caught chewing a clove was in itself a nasty piece of circumstantial testimony, whereas my invention would be merely chewing gum.

I took my idea to Field, and that simple, quaint, lovable old mixer of gums clapped his hands. So we rolled out our noodles of chewing gum into slabs and cut the slabs into tiny pieces, each of the potency of one clove power. Having a flair for alliteration, I called them Café Cloves. And in little candy stores on the outskirts of Hoboken where stock turnover is not too rapid, you will find to this day the flavor I invented, in the carton I designed, under the name I made up.

I had once played with a handsome young actor named Seymour Hess, whose father, Commissioner Hess, held a high place in New York politics, and as a side line subleased the bars in several big hotels in the Tenderloin district. His most important location was the famous Hoffman House bar, the favorite gathering place of all the big sports, millionaires and fashionable men about town.

Seymour Hess told his father about Café Cloves, and Hess liked the idea and commissioned me to buy an imitation cut-glass bowl to stand on the bar of the Hoffman House under a little sign reading Have One. And I had Hess' order to keep the bowl filled. Then I went to other fashionable hotels, like the Savoy and the Netherland, and told how Café Cloves were being used at the Hoffman House bar. Not wishing to be outdone, they gave me their orders. The smaller hotels and saloons followed suit, and it was not long before I had so many daily refilling stops that I hired a man, put him in a blue uniform, bought a secondhand wagon and painted that blue, too; and my entire blue outfit—with the exception of the man and the horse, who were colored—went around and delivered five and ten dollars' worth of Café Clove chewing gum to each of my growing list of patrons.

But alas, the very popularity of my product was its undoing. Whereas, formerly, a man would pick up a clove, bite into it with a wry face and pass on, now he would pause, figure—"Ah, just the thing for the kiddies!"—and fill both pockets. So when it looked as though I were headed straight for affluence Commissioner Hess suddenly realized that giving away eleven cents' worth of gum with every ten-cent drink was not good business, and countermanded his order. The other bars showed an alacrity to follow suit, even exceeding their original imitative zeal. So that by the end of the summer I wasn't making any money. I was twenty years old. My flyer in chewing gum had shown me there was money to be made in business. I decided to make some of it, and when I had put by enough, I could go back to the field I loved—the theater.

An Early Photograph of John Golden

In Business

I HAD, in the meanwhile, met that famous Civil War veteran, chemist and splendid gentleman, Francis J. Oakes, who, according to current school history, fired the first shot at Fort Sumter, and who happened to take a liking to me and thought I might develop into a business man. I didn't know anything about chemicals, but Mr. Oakes said I could learn by going into the factory.

"And remember when it comes to selling"—and I have remembered it all my life—"it takes no more effort to sell a carload of chemicals to an important mill owner than to induce a little candy-shop keeper to buy a jar of gum. You either can do it or you can't. If you can, it is obviously wiser to put the same amount of effort into a big prospect." This man's insight, his patience and affection launched me in the business of selling chemicals, and before long I had become vice president of an organization known as the Oakes Manufacturing Company.

But during all that time I never stopped dreaming of the theater and working for it. The urge left me no peace. I wrote at odd times—nights, Sundays, holidays, on trains. There is something about the stage that gets in your veins. Once a member of that closely knit clan, once you have found your place in the theatrical sun, no matter how small, you have an open sesame to something you wouldn't exchange for anything else the world has to offer.

I remember once Dan Reid, the Tin-Plate millionaire, asked me to engage some actors for a party he was giving on his estate.

Suites were assigned to the artists, and these were gorgeously decorated and furnished, with a lavish disregard for expense which made Fanny Brice, for one, gasp as she was led to her dressing room.

"Like it?" I asked.

(Continued on Page 44)

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Catchup
Chili Sauce
Mustard
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Stuffed Olives (Spanish)
Olive Oil (Spanish)
Ripe Olives (California)
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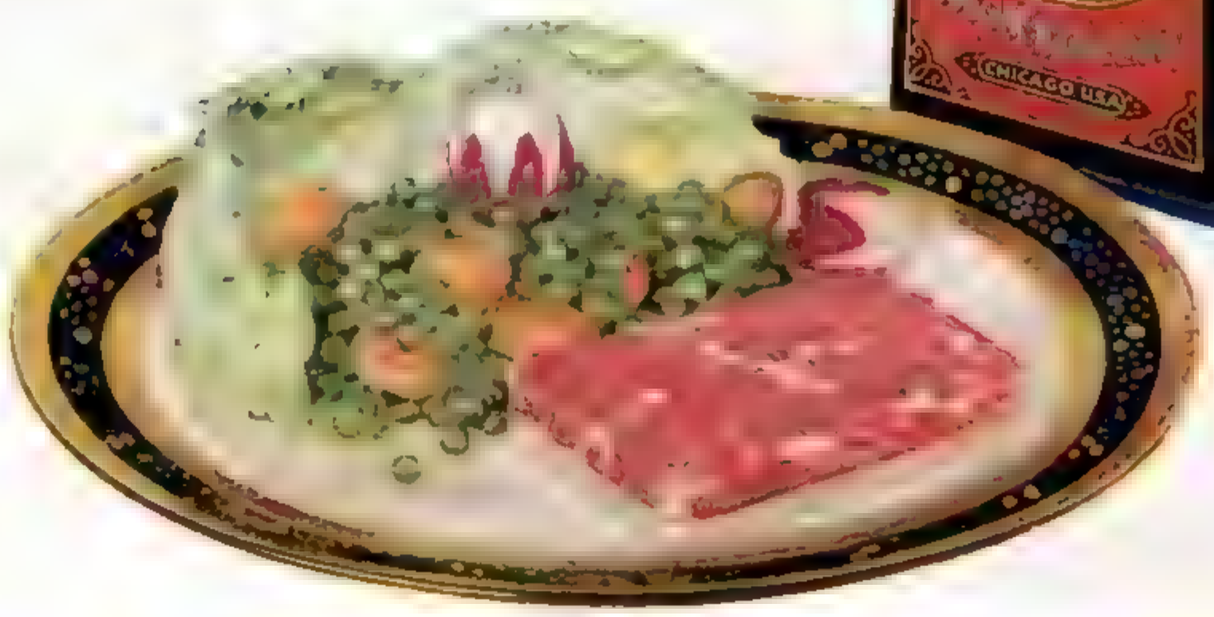
Sour Pickles
Sweet Mixed Pickles
Sweet Mustard Pickles
Dill Pickles
Sweet Relish
Sweet Cauliflower
Sweet Onions
Chow Chow

Salmon
Red Alaska Salmon



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Canadian Kitchens
Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Ltd., Chatham, Ontario

(Continued from Page 42)

"Like it? Why, it's wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Unbelievable!"

"Envious?"

She ran her hand across her chin in a characteristic gesture, and closed one eye contemplatively, while the other took in the decorations which had cost hundreds of thousands of dollars.

"No," she said at length, and there was no doubt that she meant it, "I wouldn't swap my gang and the theater and my hall bedroom, with what it means to me, for two like this!"

If my venture into business did nothing else, it proved to me conclusively that I belonged to the theater. A certain amount of general sales and business experience is valuable in any line, and every sort of experience is grist to the producer. But when I figured I had put by enough money so I would not have to worry about meals, I lost no time in getting back to my true love, the theater. For one thing more I am grateful to this business experience, and that was the opportunity it gave me to take a trip into Germany for the purpose of looking over the chemical situation. Although there were no chewing-gum jars to be carried, I persuaded my inseparable friend Outcault to share a cabin with me on the steamer.

I have among my treasured possessions a letter written by Charles M. Schwab back in the summer of 1904. I had never met that famous steel magnate when, on a June day on the deck of the Crown Prince Wilhelm, Mr Schwab approached me.

"Mr. Golden," he said, "won't you join me in the café? I want to know you."

I was very young then, and as pleased to meet this great man as I would be today. In the café, he went on, "I hear you have made a lot of money recently."

"I have been doing pretty well," I admitted modestly, "but I don't think you'd consider the amount important enough to talk about."

"Runs into the millions, doesn't it?" asked Schwab.

As One Financier to Another

A LITTLE taken aback, I replied that after I had counted up, I didn't believe there was that much there.

"Well," said he, "I heard of your interesting career in Wall Street, and I congratulate you."

"You heard about me in Wall Street?" I gasped.

"Oh, no," he replied. "It was right here on the steamer that I heard about it."

"From whom?" I asked

"Boissevain told me"

As soon as I could I hurried to Boissevain, with whom I was slightly acquainted. "Did you tell Mr. Schwab I was a multimillionaire?"

"Why, yes," replied Boissevain. "Didn't you want it known?"

I did not answer directly. "Who told you about it?"

"DeWitt Clinton Falls," returned Boissevain.

"See you later," said I, and a moment after was knocking at Colonel Falls' door. I asked Falls if he had been discussing me and my millions with Boissevain. "Yes, indeed," said he. "I heard all about it from Jerry Benkard." This was the same Captain Benkard who did such fine work later, in the war.

George Ade and John Golden

I was determined to track down the rumor and find out how it had started. From Benkard I learned that it was Dick Outcault who had told him. And then came the dawn. It was my roommate who had started this tale of my successful encounter with the bulls, bears and other animals who gambol between Trinity Church and the river, in order to repay me for a slight embarrassment which had overtaken him early that morning at my hands, or, I might say, feet.

I never see one of those contests for the most embarrassing moment without thinking of the trying position in which Outcault found himself that Sunday morning. Although, to do him justice, he was not at a loss for words. We shared a room, and I, of course, had the lower berth—Outcault being that kind of fellow. The weather was so hot we kept the stateroom door open, safeguarding our modesty by a dressing gown pinned across the doorway

Every morning Dick would climb down from his aerie, and reaching out under the dressing gown, draw in the polished boots left outside by the steward. And each morning I wrestled with an uncontrollable impulse to give him a delicate, if well-aimed, kick from my vantage point in the lower berth, as he leaned over to get the shoes. For two mornings my better nature triumphed But on the third, as he bent over, though I did not actually kick him, I could not resist pushing him lightly with my foot; and so insecure was his balance that he went sprawling in the corridor.

A Letter to Mr. Hohenzollern

UNHAPPILY, at that precise moment a gentleman we knew, with his wife and daughter, passed on their way to Sunday-morning services. And prayer book in hand they came upon a writhing, kicking male creature posing as the Beginning of a Nude Day.

The gentleman said nothing, but his wife was so taken aback that—"Heavens!" she cried. "What's that?"

I don't know what you or I would have said under the circumstances, but Outcault, with great presence of mind, if absence of clothing, replied brilliantly, "Good morning!"

I was so weak from laughing that I could not defend myself when he leaped on me. But finally, afraid this outraged maniac would kill me, I made a mighty effort to control my laughter. But instead of "Stop," the words that came from my quivering lips were, "Good morning!"

One day in the writing room Schwab said to me casually, "When you get over there I would like to have you meet my friend, Sir Thomas Lipton. And when you go to Germany, would you care to have a note to the emperor?"

I took a side look at him, but he seemed serious, so I replied lightly, "Yes, I would like to meet Mr. Hohenzollern."

Then and there, Schwab wrote a letter to Herbert von Bismarck, son of the Chancellor, and another to Sir Thomas Lipton. Sir Thomas' letter I never delivered, because it was so flattering I couldn't part with it. I felt that some day I might need a letter of recommendation.

But in the other letter—the one to the Kaiser—I never believed, even when I found myself sitting beside the son of the Iron Chancellor in his office in the Berliner Strasse and heard him say, "Mr. Schwab tells me you would like to have a private audience with His Majesty."

My voice replied, "Yes, I would," but another voice inside me kept saying, "It's not happening. You're just making it up."

Then he told me regretfully that the emperor was leaving town to attend the Gordon Bennett Rennen—the automobile races held annually at Homburg for which Mr. James Gordon Bennett had given a cup.

"Well," said I, "can't I go there and meet him?"

"Yes," he agreed, "you may

(Continued on Page 178)

A Group of Actors and Authors at John Golden's Country Residence Watching an Al Fresco Performance at "Lambs' Washing" Which Has Been Held Annually for Thirty Years on These Historic Grounds

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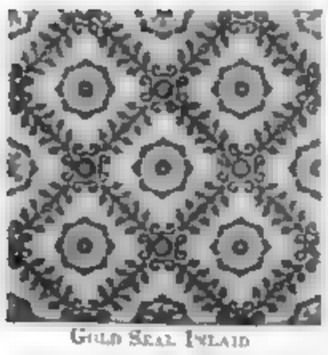

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IN PRAISE OF FOLLY

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

THE dull glow of hammered silver in his hair, the black and white of his customary evening dress, an after-dinner cigar not quite finished, Mr. Barton Overbrook was in the picture of his Manhattan tradition. He rested easily on one of the two small divans which faced each other at right angles to the library fireplace, and looked across at her with tenderness in his eyes, and with pride and admiration, too, and with the appreciation of a connoisseur for a rare moment. Leslie had made a point of seeing him alone.

She was just twenty, he remembered—twenty and dark and hungry for whatever pains and ecstasies were to be hers. The fragile line of her throat, the virgin white of her brow and drooping eyelids, had in them all the fleet delicacy and charm of youth, as dewy and springlike as his famous rose garden on the estate near Roslyn, Long Island, or as the warm, moist gush of April up through the layers of brick and concrete outside the windows in East Sixty-seventh Street. She was going to make her confession. She was about to tell her father that something which had been passionately his, more his than anyone's else anyway, was to be given to a stranger.

He Crossed the Drive and Peered Over the Low Wall. There Was the Pair of Them

Twenty-five years ago, when Barton Overbrook was chairman of the Bachelors' Cotillion and his spirited pair and victoria enlivened Fifth Avenue and his sporting life ranged from a Long Island hunting saddle to the Knickerbocker whist club, he had, as they said, cut a figure. Tempestuous, colorful, romantic years; then he had married, as a matter of course, a belle of the season, had two daughters and proceeded to carry out the destiny of an Overbrook in New York. There was the casual care of the large but not bulky family fortune. There was the box at the Opera, the National Horse Show in the old Madison Square Garden, the Metropolitan Art Museum committee meetings and the Overbrook social contribution, an elaborate ball every January tenth. There was his wife's absorption in clubs and spectacular charities and much travel, Paris and the Riviera, Florida, Southampton, and a few months each year coddling his roses on the Roslyn estate.

Finally came his daughters' debuts and Alexandra's rather disappointing marriage. And now Leslie. Well, he knew the man at least. Young Coles Fraser was a gentleman with a family behind him; stood for something.

"What do you want to tell me, Leslie?" He smiled to reassure her. "Or do you want me to guess?"

"I'm in love, daddy." She hid her eyes another moment and then, when she bravely opened them wide to him, there was something tremulous in the gesture, poignant and beautiful. "It isn't at all what I expected, being in love."

So Barton Overbrook sat in the presence of first love, so like a bubble in the sunlight, infinitely fragile, infinitely buoyant, ballooning away on the bright air of illusion. He threw his cigar into the fireplace and went to sit beside her. When Leslie had been born, a second girl instead of the desired and expected boy, her father had formed an unconscious resolve to make it up to her. He put her in his breast pocket, so to speak, as his special possession, and she had grown up straight and curious and intent, full of some dark smoldering fire as she watched her father's eyes for her reactions to things.

"I wanted to tell you first," she said. "I'll tell mother tomorrow. I'm weak with happiness, daddy."

In the warm shadows of the room, he put his arm around her. "It's very wonderful, Leslie," he said. "You're young but you've seen the world. I know all about your Coles Fraser. He's all right. He's almost good enough for you."

Leslie sat up, pushing his arm aside gently so that she could look at him. "Coles Fraser? But it isn't Coles. What made you think that? It's Tom Cooper."

A frown made a vertical line between her father's eyes. "Cooper? What family of Coopers? I don't know any Coopers."

Leslie laughed, a tone uneasily. "Of course you do, daddy. You know him as well as I do. At Roslyn—Tom Cooper."

A dark red flush crept up from the edge of Barton Overbrook's high collar and splotched his face. "You can't mean—the gardener? A hired man? You couldn't——"

"Oh, daddy. Don't say that, please." She tried to hold him beside her on the divan, but he stood up roughly and started from the room. In the doorway Barton Overbrook paused and glanced back at her. She was sitting there motionless, as if stunned. Then he went back and sat down again.

"Leslie, listen. How did this thing happen? I've heard of girls becoming entangled with chauffeurs and such, but of all girls—you. An ordinary gardener! I can't believe it even now. I'm waiting for you to laugh and tell me it's a joke."

Leslie sat up and dried her eyes with a dab of handkerchief. She raised her chin valiantly. "He is not a hired man," she said. "He is a gentleman, a graduate of an agricultural college in Iowa, a soil chemist. He is splendid, my Tom. I'm proud of his love and I'll not let anyone ——"

"Of course not," broke in her father. "Don't put me in the rôle of heavy-handed parent, Leslie. You and I are surely too close for that. I don't mean to disparage this young man—as a man, nor even as a gentleman, and as a gardener I have liked him very much, but ——"

They were still sitting there, hand in hand, after an hour. Leslie had been crying, but now her eyes were dry, fixed upon some somber distance of imagination straight in front of her. She shook herself out of the mood to answer a question.

"Well, everybody left us to ourselves out there. I drove with him every day in the station wagon to the village for mail and things. I watched his experiments with the roses. It was exciting to see them come out as he predicted. Then I took him, instead of the groom, for early morning rides. He can ride and play golf. He taught me more with a rusty mashie in the pasture than I've ever learned from the professional at the club. Why didn't you pay some attention to us? Tom doesn't talk like the other young men. He looks at you and says everything straight out as though you were another man. He isn't supercilious and desperately brilliant. He talks about plays and books just as he talks about trees and garden tools and yellow roses. Last week the few alumni of his Western college who are in New York gave a small dinner and dance at the Commodore. I went with Tom. I never met handsomer, bigger, more courteous men. You thought, if you thought, that I was at the Tunstalls' ball at the Colony Club. Driving out to Roslyn, Tom asked me ——"

"Yes," said her father, "I see." He watched Leslie's excited breathing and the hot color in her cheek. She had stated her case. He knew there would never be any other explanation. He knew that only his own comradeship with her had won this one. "Of course," he said, "since he was the first to really take you in his arms ——"

"Oh, daddy, don't." She touched his arm. "I know I'll never be in love like this again. That's all."

"No," he agreed; "I'm just honest enough with you, Leslie, to admit that you never will. Not exactly." He paused to reflect. "That simple young fellow, a mere nobody from nowhere, will possess a bit of your heart forever. But I'm going to tell you an unromantic truth, indelible in the book of experience. First love doesn't make a marriage. Fidelity to one's own tradition, obligation to one's born place in the world, maintenance of one's accustomed mode of life, home, travel, right sort of friends, social connection—those things, plus affection, make marriage. Tom Cooper will give you your high romance all right, a year or two perhaps; and then you'll spend the rest of your life trying to climb back to the place where you were when you married him."

Leslie's brooding silence encouraged him. "It isn't a sharp choice, Leslie, between position and no love or love and no position. You'll love again. There's Coles Fraser. He isn't supercilious, as you say ——"

Leslie burst out, "He isn't Tom. He's all right, but he isn't Tom." She stood up. "None of you understand any more what love is. That's the trouble."

"What on earth?" Mrs. Barton Overbrook's tall figure, commanding if she had possessed more repose, was in the

(Continued on Page 49

Quality

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(Continued from Page 47)

doorway. She was fussing with her gloves, ready to go out. "I'm late already for the Paulsons' and now I must delay to settle an argument. What is it?"

Mr. Barton Overbrook spoke first: "Leslie has just announced her engagement—to the gardener at Roslyn."

"Rubbish!" said her mother. "What an absurdity. I'll tend to that when I come home."

Leslie's chin came up and she left them. They heard her pause on the stairs and call back: "Coles Fraser said something about coming here tonight. I don't care to see him."

Barton Overbrook lingered in the library. He was not thinking of Leslie now, or of his wife, or Tom Cooper, or any of them. He was thinking of the first time he'd seen Peggy O'Hara, nearly thirty years ago, a fur tippet about her neck and those monstrous sleeves, sitting in the corner of a hired carriage and brightening the dear old Avenue with her smile. He remembered the month which followed when he would have sold his soul for Peggy O'Hara. And yet he hadn't. In the end he let Peggy O'Hara return into the obscurity from which, for a moment, she had come out to conquer New York. But he'd never forgotten, nor ever would forget, because Peggy O'Hara was his first.

In the hall outside he heard voices. Soon he could distinguish them, Leslie and someone whom the butler had just admitted. So Leslie had come downstairs again. "I asked to be excused this evening, Coles. I'm driving out to Hillwood to spend the night with Alix."

In a hall mirror her father could see her at the foot of the staircase with a light coat over her arm. A fairly tall, gently smiling young man moved into view. Coles Fraser had very straight, very black eyebrows, a thin line. They made his face vivid.

"Why can't I drive you out there, Leslie? I won't stay."

Barton Overbrook had watched Coles Fraser's interest in Leslie through the winter with satisfaction. That young man was a gentleman born, poised and urbane and yet, as a gentleman should be, ample-hearted with it all—precisely the sort of fellow that, had his generation been the present one, he would have been himself. The murmur of their voices in the hall was cut off sharply when the front door closed behind them.

Barton Overbrook went slowly to the bell cord and waited for a servant to answer. He didn't raise his eyes, lost in thought.

"Ask Walter to bring the car around at once. I'm driving out to Roslyn tonight."

Coles Fraser snaked his low, two-seated car through the traffic down to Fifty-ninth Street and turned east over the long swell of Queensboro Bridge. They could drive to Hillwood in thirty-five minutes and ten of them were already gone. He didn't know how to begin. In his more than thirty years Coles had handled almost every sort of situation and he could not understand his diffidence with Leslie. Perhaps he was in earnest this time.

He did not have to begin; Leslie began. They were coasting along one of the new smooth stretches of Queens Boulevard, and a few curling strands of dark hair, escaped from under her tight little tan hat, were blowing about her eyes. She didn't seem to be quite so young, so wondering, so wide-eyed before the mystery of her heart, as she had with her father in the library. Or else she had only seemed to be like that in her father's eyes and now she was in true perspective as a young girl of her own time. She turned to Coles and spoke evenly and frankly.

Leslie Overbrook

"I'm in love, Coles. Think of it! Father wants me to marry you, but I'm in love with that young gardener you saw on the place out at Roslyn." Only a faint husk in her voice betrayed any excitement.

Pretty soon Coles Fraser shook his head. "It's impossible, Leslie. I suppose this is my cue to play the self-sacrificing hero and wish you joy. But I'm too real for that. Besides, you would be the one sacrificed."

"You're like the others, Coles. I'd hoped ——"

"No. Leave me out of it. I've told you fifteen times I loved you and the last three times I meant it ——"

"I know," said Leslie. "That's why I let you kiss me the first twelve times."

He smiled. "Yes, I knew that too. But leave me out of it. The thing is you. I'll tell you what position you're in, Leslie, as man to man; as if you had a brother, for example, a fellow of place and fortune in his younger twenties. You've heard of wild oats. That means running around with a lot of girls, frizzle-headed, gum-chewing overdressed little creatures all the way from part-time chorus girls, models of a sort, tag-end sales girls, all of them pretty fast, murdering the king's English. I'm talking about a type of girl, not their jobs. Almost inevitably your young blade finds one clever enough to make him think he's madly in love and must marry her. Sometimes he does it, and the usual mess—divorce, financial settlement and publicity—follows. That's inevitable too. But generally his family gets him by the scruff of the neck and saves him. You're in just that fix, Leslie."

"But Tom isn't "

"Wait," said Coles. "I've no doubt your gardener is a good fellow. I know mighty well he is or you wouldn't —— But that's only another reason for you not to ruin his life, or to let him ruin yours. It's the sheep and the goats. We may be the goats. I sometimes think we are and that simpler lives have all the best of it. But we were born and raised goats and we have to stay goats."

"But Tom isn't ——" Leslie's sharp white teeth bit the quiver out of her lip and she said no more.

The car swung down Atlantic Avenue to Hillwood. They passed under the elaborate railroad bridge while just overhead an electric train smashed through the night like slow lightning. They passed through Station Square, through an arch and into a spreading parkway where April moonlight fell softly on the red roofs of many Tudor houses. Alix lived in a group house not far from the square.

They sat in the car a moment. "I suppose," said Coles, "that you wouldn't like me to kiss you, Leslie. But I'll never give you up, except to another goat."

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"What's the Matter With You, Leslie? Join the Party"

LATHER

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

Right Then and There the Colonel Put On a Private Line of Cursing That Changed My Mind Completely About Him. There Was Sure Nothing Hay Wire About the Colonel's Line of Cursing

ME AND Slim pulled the Flyer out of San Luis a hour and forty minutes late on account of some hoghead on the south end gitting moved up to a passenger run before he learned the time card. I was mighty sore, as we never come in a minute late for the last fifty-eight runs.

"Never mind, Shorty," Slim says. "After we get limbered up I can kill most of it before we hit San José, and from there on we can pick up a easy fourteen minutes."

We had 8020, and she was the easiest hound I ever fired. Slim he turns a mighty dirty hub, and when morning come we was within nineteen minutes of schedule. What happens then, would you suppose, but a pie louse of a key pounder at San José pulls the red board on us for a ten-minute clearance on a pick-up rattler that we thought was six hours ahead of us.

"Got to let that bird go through," he said. "It's a U. S. Government troop train."

So every time Slim wissles himself a crossing I said what I thought about U. S. Government troop trains louder than the wissle. We mope along through them millionaire suburbs south of San Francisco on that fellow's tail, and thirty minutes to the bad. Slim didn't say nothing, but once at Menlo he waves a highball at a kid playing soldier with an American flag. When we sign the book in San Francisco, "Shorty, what do you think about this German war stuff?" Slim asked me.

I knew what was in his mind. "I'll ride the run with you as far as you keep the wheels rollin'," I tells him.

Old Slim smiled and we shook hands. We shuck our overalls and et breakfast, and then went over to the hotel where we lived. I'd taken me a bath and got a haircut and a shave. Old Slim'd taken himself a bath. We went to see the Old Man and got a clearance.

"You can serve your country better working here for the S. P. than in France," the Old Man said.

"Leave that for the home guards. They's always a overdose of them," Slim told him. "Me and Shorty is heading for the other terminal."

"Your jobs will be waiting for you when you come back, and God bless you," the Old Man said. "Bring back the Kaiser's scalp with you."

We promised to try, and then the Old Man asked us where we were going to enlist at. "We aim to sign on with whatever them soldiers are called that shoot rifles," I told him.

"You'd fit better into the engineer regiment that's being assembled," the Old Man told us. "They shoot too. The boss of that regiment telephoned the super yesterday that he needed some hoggers and a general assortment of old rails."

"That's us," Slim said. "Where can we see the superintendent of this engineers' outfit?"

We get running rights and land in front of a soldier in a uniform at a desk in a place near Jim Conroy's saloon on Market Street. A feller doing century duty out in front told us to see Corporal Pine, and there he was. I know all about the army now, but I didn't then, and I figgered from the looks of him that this Corporal Pine, who turned out to be a dirty dog if there ever was one, had a bigger job than the superintendent of the regiment, from the way he acted.

We signed a paper and a couple of dentists looked us over for flat feet and anything chronic. We took the oath, and then what should happen but this Corporal Pine comes to where me and Slim and about forty other men is herded in a room.

"All of you men will now take a bath," Corporal Pine told us.

"How do you git that way, big boy?" I sling back. "I had me a bath a hour ago."

I learned a lot about the army in the next three minutes. "Yessir, corporal," I said when he got through, and so me and Slim went over to a temporary barracks which had been a hotel or worse, on Mason Street, and had another bath.

Well, we et in a restaurant the next three days at U. S. Government expense, and I never had breakfast so early in my life since I signed off the Sacramento local run. The worst part of it was this Corporal Pine, who made you take a bath every morning like a lot of trained seals. He was a fiend for keeping you antiseptic on account of the germs.

Me and a fireman off the Santa Fe was organizing a grivience committee to lay a grivience about this daily-bath business before Corporal Pine, when what did some army superintendent do but make him a sargant. He had a pull with the colonel on account of being an old army man.

We rode the cushions north and there was two days we did not have baths; but first thing that happened after we got into camp at American Lake, Sargant Pine he came distributing regimental orders where a lieutenant takes each company down to the lake on schedule for a swim.

"That lets me out, because I can't swim," I told the corporal of my squad.

Slim he was company sargant by this time, and when he fell us in, "What's the matter, Shorty?" he says.

"I never learned to swim yet," I told him.

"That mox nix ous," he says, and you could see where army life had begun to eat into friendship. "Git a towel and a cake of soap and fall in."

"A cake of soap ain't big enough to float me. How big do you think a cake of soap is?" I told him.

"Fall in before I dead-end you into a hospital," Slim requested; so I fell in, but all I did every morning and evening when the bath call blew was to wade into the lake, as they cannot make a man swim when he cannot swim.

The worst thing about that water, it would get your skin all cold and then when mess call blew you would take your coffee cup and scald yourself as usual on your cold skin. It is funny how those coffee cups are made. They would be the best rat traps in the world if you could train the rat to pick it up, as he would then scald himself to death, or at least burn his mouth off, as the rim is the only part that stays hot after about a minute.

Well, if the war never done any more for the country than to train four million jugglers it did that much. Any man who got so he could handle both sides of his mess kit full of slum and bread pudding in the left hand and balance that coffee cup in his right hand without touching the hair trigger on it and scalding himself to death, could get his union card in any vaudevil act as a juggler. It is not a pleasant thing to have a scalded foot and come to order arms in the manuel of arms and bang it with the handle of your rifle.

We had the manuel of arms for a week and then they give us intrenching tools. I shown at this work, as before I began to fire these oil-burners on the West Coast, I kept them steaming on the Lakawana, where the more black diamonds you feed her the quicker you get a new shovel, so they made me corporal of my squad. That does not mean anything except your squad always form themself into a grivience committee every night and blame you for everything, and if your captain begins to belly-ache he always hands it to you, because you are superintendent of the squad. It is the worst job in the army, because if you are a good corporal you have to lick seven men to begin with.

After I got them licked things went a little smoother. You would fall in by squads in a company front to walk

(Continued on Page 52)

FISHER BODIES

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GENERAL MOTORS

BODY by FISHER

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down to the lake for a bath, after a young second lieutenant we had would give us right-face march instead of squads right, forward march, and then column us left a couple of times to get us headed in the direction of the lake. Well, that put us leading the company, instead of the long boys in Squad One, and as soon as we got to the lake it was a cinch to sidetrack into the woods, where you did not have to take a bath. You generally run back to camp after you took a bath, so it was a cinch for us to lay sidetracked for a little while and then come out yelling and running back to camp as if we were freezing to death.

A drill called "shelter half" ruined this. We had to fall in after we got our bath and march back for shelter-half drill, which means you take your half of a pup tent and try to find somebody who has a right or left-handed half which will fit it. They pull this pup-tent thing on us; and instead of running back to camp and gitting a cigarette before mess call, you had to march back and equip yourself with your shelter half and march out into a field and play ring around the Rosie until you find a man who had a left-handed half, supposing you had a right-handed half.

Finally there would be fifty or sixty men playing tag who could not find pardners. The lieutenant told them it would serve them right if they had to sleep out all night and catch treble pneumonia. So far we did not go through this drill with tent pegs. You would merely run around playing tag until you found your pardner, and stand there until the sargant showed you where the line of tents was going, and by that time mess call would of blew.

You could never get organized with a steady pardner, because they were always shifting men around from one company to another; depending on whether they were steam-shovel men, civil engineers, hoggers, rock drillers, or whatever else they were.

The main trouble was that one day a man would claim he was a logging-camp foreman when there was a lot of clerkial work to be done at company headquarters, and the next day, when this was over and they wanted some logging done in the line of wood for the cooks, he would claim he was a clerk in civil life.

It looked like we was never going to get out of there, but one morning there was two pieces of news. One of them was that Sargant Pine had got himself the job of quartermaster for the regiment, with running rights as a captain. You would think getting a commission would of made an officer and a gentleman out of the dirty dog, but it only seemed to make him worse, especially on antiseptic subjects. You would think the medical department would take care of things such as when to take a bath, but Captain Pine kept on being a fanatic on the subject.

The other news was that the regiment was going to move. I walked down to the yard office outside of camp and scooped me an earful of gossip. They were going to spot three drags of eight coaches and two baggage cars for us next day.

Old Captain Pine he issued an order where you had to use lots of soap and take sort of a special bath that night, as you would not get another bath for six days. We S. P. men said, "They are taking us over the Santa Fe from the looks of that time card," and the Santa Fe gang said, "There always has been a lot of soldiers on the S. P.," so there were several mix-ups that night, and I had to derail a brakeman from Albuquerque who got to shooting off his mouth about our motive power.

We finally ketch a highball and I would of enjoyed making the run, because everybody turned out to see us come through, running in three sections; except that right at the last minute when everybody was drawing new clothes from the quartermaster and scrapping his old clothes I threw away my pants, which were worn through in two vital spots, and told one of my squad to bring me another pair

Well, everybody in my squad threw their pants away except a couple of dog robbers we were training, and along come somebody policing up the camp and took the old pants and tobacco cans and one thing and another we were scrapping.

A bugle blew to fall in, but we could not fall in the way we were. The dog robbers of my squad came back, but instead of having six pairs of pants, they only had five; so there I set in the tent until somebody passed the word to Slim, and he come running over with a extra pair of his pants.

I told him where I would see him before I would get caught in a pair of pants like that. And he said, "All right, they will shoot you for a deserter;" so I take my knife and cut them off a couple of feet, but being good and mad that way I cut too much off so that the spirial leggings would not wrap up that high. Out I go finally when the whole regiment had begun to march except me.

A Santa Fe bird said, "Here comes Little Lord Fountleroy," but I give him a soak in the jaw, as we were marching in route step, and fell in.

Well, lack of pants ruined the run for me; as everybody could turn out and shake hands with folks and act mysterious about where they were going and where they had come from, according to orders, except I.

We finally get to a place called Lake Pippin, and the first thing old Captain Pine did, instead of unpacking his quartermaster's outfit and making an issue of pants, was to give an order to fall in for a swim in Lake Pippin. We did not mind it so much, as it was Saturday and we had been six days without a bath on the train. Well, you would stand on the edge of Lake Pippin, if you could not swim, and take off your clothes and walk in, and the first thing you know your foot would slip and it would get cut on bursted beer bottles; as where we were going to camp had been near a very popular summer resort, with beer, canoes, rowboats and pleasures of all kinds.

Nearly half of the regiment got its feet cut, and the next thing was to put up a hospital tent so these foxy birds could lay in and not drill or march or anything. I was not wounded deep enough in the foot to get marked bunk fatigue, and this was the first place I was ever painted with iodine and marked duty in the army. After that, no matter how sick you got, it looked like all they did was paint you with iodine and mark you duty, until it got to be a standing joke.

The next thing was to get something to eat; but instead of getting the stoves going, all we had was coffee and punk and canned salmon. One of those baggage cars was filled up with canned salmon.

We no sooner got our salmon and our punk and coffee than a bugle blew to fall in, as a thunderstorm had come up and the colonel was very anxious to keep us from getting wet. I had not fell in before the thunderstorm had hit us, and it was a humdinger.

A minute after that thunderstorm hit us my salmon was swimming around in my mess kit and sloshing its tail over the side as natural as life. I would have overtook it in spite of that, but my foot slipped, as the ground was getting awful slick with so many men marching around here and there on it; so when the salmon went over the high side I paid very little attention to it.

The main grivience was the way you began accidentally to pull the trigger on those coffee cups. It is wonderful how slick those aluminum coffee cups get when the rain hits them. All the rations a good many of us salvaged was the lump of punk, and you could almost drink it out of the palm of your hand on account of the way the rain had soaked it up.

When we had fell in, our lieutenant give an order about shelter halfs, and the old scrimmage begin. We got lined out in a field that was already sloppy with water, and no sooner would you find a man to go pardners with his shelter half than you said, "Left half," and he said, "Left half," and you both went looking around for some man with a right half.

By the time we got straightened out and everybody found a pardner the news spread that Captain Pine, who thought he was such a first-class hand for details, had forgot everything in the line of tent pegs.

By this time the ground was so soft you could shove your bayonet down into it a mile, and so me and my pardner got along fairly well; but about half the regiment had took to

(Continued on Page 55)

It Was 5:07 P. M. by That Time, and the Soap Issue Come Right When You Might Expect it to Interrupt Any Arrangements You Were Making to Take a Girl for a Walk

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the woods by that time and were hacking at some little narled oak trees with bayonets. By the time they chopped tent pegs out of those oak trees it was three-quarters of an hour, and no sooner had most of them laid down in their pup tents, where the water was a couple of inches deep, than they begun to itch, as somebody passed the word that the woods was full of poison oak.

This was nothing but a rumor, but everybody itched just the same until mess call blew again, and we fell in while a couple of regimental surgeons lectured about there being no poison oak in those woods. All that mess was consisted of more canned salmon and some coffee and punk.

As soon as we got rid of it everybody begin making little trenches around his pup tent so as to drain the water along to the next man's pup tent, but it hardly done any good, as the old fool, Captain Pine, had located the camp in a hollow that was now six inches deep with mud and water.

We was so tired that we went to sleep the minute we laid down, in spite of the water, but the next thing I knew a couple of buglers was gargling assembly and the evening rest was spoilt by what you might expect. The antiseptic old louse of a Captain Pine had issued an order saying we were so scummy with rain and mud that the regiment would take a bath before turning in for taps that night; so out we go in the rain and get into Lake Pippin to wash the rain and mud off of us, and then out we come into the rain and mud to wash Lake Pippin off of us.

As soon as I got back to the pup tent me and my pardner formed a grivience committee and decided to lay the matter before Slim first thing in the morning; but by that time Slim was too busy gitting us ready to hit the rattler again to pay any attention to us.

Sure enough, we ketch a highball out of that slough at eleven o'clock next morning. But just before we left, while the sun was shining bright as could be, old Pine made an issue of soap and corralled us into the lake again. I never seen such a fanatic for being antiseptic in my life.

That was the last dose of pup tents we got during the whole war, as they were a complete failure, because no matter how many brains the army had, there was not enough of them to think of issuing the right and left parts to the same regiment, let alone tent pegs.

"Well," a Santa Fe man asked me as we were rolling into Hoboken, "how is your foot?"

"It is pretty fair," I said.

"That is too bad," he said; "because if you could not walk you would join the tour with free transportation."

"What tour?" I asks him.

"The Patriots' Committee of New York is taking everybody who cannot walk for a tour around New York in automobiles, and later on wind up with a mess of swell grub at the Waldorf-Astoria. Ain't you seen the orders? Everybody that can walk hits the grit, and them that got their feet cut at Lake Pippin deadheads in automobiles. Nearly all of us Santa Fe outfit have our feet cut."

Well, this begun at one end of the car, and by the time the news got down to the far end, where there was nothing but privates and K. P.'s and dog robbers, we was ready to elect a grivience committee representing us S. P. men, as most of us were fully able to walk and could not see the reason why the Santa Fe gang ought to cop off the fast run.

Somebody hit me a lick in the jaw, and I did not stop to find out who it was, as there was plenty others for a man to head into. When us boys got through they was a lot better reason why several of those Santa Fe desert rats should ride around seeing New York instead of walking.

"I suppose they will be nothing but old gals at the banquet," somebody said, but the bird who brought the news in from the other end of the train heard it.

"Not on your life. There is a ladies' reception committee where every one of them is under twenty-five years of age. There are a lot of war-working gals from Santa Fe and Albuquerque going to meet us Santa Fe boys. Did you hear how large a ladies' exiluary California has turned out to dance with you birds?"

Nobody had heard any news at all about the California exiluary, but we inquired around a good deal when we got off the train at Hoboken. Some said there would be 250 and others said more than that, but about that time a bugler blew the assembly.

We fell in alongside the cars where we was resting, and got an order to pick up our packs. Slim he fell us in and the loot routstepped us out to the train shed and around the block into a long warehouse.

"At rest," he requested.

I seen the colonel and his two majors and some more men walking down at the far end of the shed. "I suppose they are rigging up about the automobiles and seeing New York and the banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria," a little dog robber in my squad said.

Old Captain Pine stepped up and saluted the colonel right then. "More likely they are framing up another bath for us," I thought, but did not say anything, as the assembly blew right at that minute and Slim fell us in.

We pick up our packs and walk down through the warehouse and out a door, and I was never so surprised in my life at seeing a boat. We went aboard the boat and went down three cellars lower than the fire boxes, to a place they call the hold.

"I'm mighty glad we are going to get a chance to sidetrack this baggage before we start seeing New York," the dog robber said. He set down his blue bag and his blanket roll and his gun, and my gun and my blanket roll, as I was a corporal and he had to carry part of the outfit.

"So am I." You have got to give those dog robbers a civil answer on account of them being nothing but poor devils without a chance in the world. I was going to talk kind to him some more, but Slim blew his wissle.

"Here's where we ramble out and see Broadway," the dog robber said.

"Highball for Broadway," I ordered my squad. "Go along and I'll be with you in a minute," I told them, as I was busy putting on a decent pair of pants that the dog robber had borrowed from a D Company man who was overloaded with government material, like all of the second battalion, as they were favorites with the colonel.

Us boys were in the first battalion, and by that time the battalions was opposed to each other, just like each company was opposed to every other company and every squad was opposed to every other squad. There was even very little brotherhood between squad members, except in some cases where you had knew him a long time working for the S. P. together, or you owed him money.

I got on my pants, and they fit good enough to see Broadway in and eat at the Waldorf, and so I starts for the gangway.

Well, I'm a son of a gun! I have hit the high side of a busted rail three times and I rode twenty-one miles in sixteen minutes on a string of flats when a drawbar pulled out, but I never was as surprised in any of them railroad incidents as I was when I stuck my head up out of the cellar of that boat and seen we had left the dock!

"What's all this wissling about?" I said to the corporal of the next squad when we had fell in. "What about seeing New York?"

"A orly just delivered a order from the adjutant making everybody fall in for a bath before medicinal inspection. You can soon take a farewell look at New York," he said.

A man might have knew then and there that the dirty dog of a Quartermaster, Captain Pine, had got himself promoted to be regimental adjutant on account of having a pull from being in the regular army. There was a good deal of cursing him in my squad. I joined in the best I could. We were going to organize a grivience committee to tell old Captain Pine, through military channels, that we had enlisted to die for our country on the battlefield and not by dissolving ourself taking baths, but before we got it organized there we were marching to the shower baths, and you cannot very well act as a grivience committee completely naked.

Just before you got to the bath there was a issue of salt-water soap which left a fine glaze on you like varnish; only you can take varnish off with turpentine or a blow torch, but this stuff stuck and had to be scraped off here and there in the worst places with a knife.

By the time I got the worst of it scraped off I went out on the rear platform of the boat and taken a last look at Liberty lightening the world; and it was about the last sight I seen for quite a while, as my stummick got very seasick and my last thoughts were: "Well, they will at least not have to bathe my corpse."

Me and quite a lot more was awful sick, but do you suppose Captain Pine would get sick? Not on your life. Finally we get on the road to recovery, going into a harbor, and somebody says, "Well, we're pulling into England at last." When we got so we could utilize our necks for language purposes we all hoped that Captain Pine had made the last supreme sacrifice. "He has been prancing around and was not sick a minute," the dog robber, who had been too busy to get sick, said.

"Are we pulling into France or England?" I asked him when I heard the boat wissling.

"Neither one, Shorty," the dog robber said. "We have hardly been outside of land, and are now only in Halifax harbor."

Well, if you can get as sick as I was and not die without going outside of land, what will the ocean be like? I was figgering what the ocean would be like when a bugle began blowing and I heard old Slim's wissle. I decided I would ignore it, but not a chance. That is the way they do to you in the army.

"Get up on your hind legs, Shorty. Fall in for bath drill," Slim said. Then he asked me, "Are you going to fall in or will I have to fall you in?" So I got up and decided I would get a leave of absence and ketch a train from Halifax if possible, but I had not been standing up over ten minutes when I began to feel more charitable about the army.

Here come some rowboats with men in them selling apples, cakes, pies, bananas and everything to eat. You would lower down a quarter and get a pie on the end of the rope. I lowered down a quarter and got a pie that must of been made some time ago, as it was spoilt. Two or three more S. P. men got spoilt pies, and we were forming a grivience committee to slam the pies back at the fellow in the boat when Slim said, "Hold the deal! You remember them dreen pipes what squirt out from the side of the boat?"

So we kept fishing this fellow that sold the stale pies back along the side of the boat until we had him spotted under a couple of six-inch dreen pipes that led out of the bathhouse, and while we were passing him down another quarter to keep him spotted, the dog robber went down and opened two dreen valves.

Both streams hit him fair enough, and like to sunk him and his pies. This little incident was so exciting while it was going on that the first thing you know you forgot all about the way your stummick had felt; and so by the time we got some drinking water loaded and was ready to leave, everybody was standing around in the fresh air and you did not notice how the boat rocked in the ocean any more than you would of noticed hitting a lot of low joints riding a string of flats.

It took us eleven days to get from there to England; but the more salt-water soap you would put on yourself to wash, the glazer your skin would get. It kept getting glazer and glazer, until by the time we got to the Irish coast of England it would of been impossible to go through the manuel of arms if the enamel had not cracked at your joints so you could bend them.

"What I need," I said to the dog robber, "is a regular bath." I felt like a wax dummy which we went to see later on in London, and as far as combing your hair, nobody could comb his hair.

After we waited five or six hours in the English warehouse where the boat lands, Slim blew his wissle and fell most of us in. The rest of the boys was gitting a few drinks, which they would hand you through the wall of the warehouse. After a while everybody got fell in, and somebody passed the word we was going out to a British barracks where everybody would get a good hot bath.

They taken us five or six miles in the hot sun. "I do not see the need of packing this gun to take a bath with," I told Slim, who was marching alongside of me, as we were in route step. So far old Captain Pine had not issued any ammo, as the British call ammonition, and so far we had mighty little use for it; but when they got us naked and marching into the good hot showers I would of gave a month's pay check with overtime for a shot at the bird who said it was good hot water.

The water was so cold it chipped the enamel off of you here and there. Holy suffering mackerel, but that water was cold! The only effect it had on us S. P. men was to make us thirsty; so when we got a chance we taken quite a few drinks.

"Cut it out," Slim said. "You birds will get yourself on the black list, and besides that you have to get to France tomorrow, and this man's army ain't hauling no deadheads."

The squad I was superintendent of had four or five bottles bought among them, which I had to take care of; and what do you suppose happens but a inspection is pulled off by regimental orders of the dirty dog of an adjutant, Captain Pine, which ketches me with five bottles of their whisky and three of my own.

I choose company punishment, so our captain took the whisky, and we did not see anything more of him and our lieutenants until evening the next day. There was six lieutenants in our company who had been mostly civil engineers and construction men, so they could sure handle their likker O. K.

The news was false about France, as they rode us acrost England over a mighty good roadbed with some good rolling stock. I would not care for one of those runs for half a dozen reasons, but you have got to hand it to them for the way they hit the ball. We must of touched sixty-five from the top side more than half the time.

They pull the red board on us at a stop called Saulsberry Plain. There was a Scotch band playing when we got into the place called Saulsberry Plain, and everybody was glad to see us. It is wonderful how those birds can handle their likker. "Cut it out," Slim said. He come herding us out of a place where we were affiliating with some English and Scotch railroad brotherhood men who had been fighting for two or three years. "Get yourselfs straightened out for the athletic meet tomorrow."

We had formed a regimental football team, baseball team and running and jumping outfits. The catcher of the baseball team and the shortstop was in my squad, so I put a tracer on each one of them, with strick orders they have to keep sober.

You never saw a place as flat in your life as Saulsberry Plain. As far as your eye could stretch there was nothing but tents and tents. We started living in six rows of tents; and it took a lot of them to handle the regiment, as only four men could get into each tent, which was made only for two. There was a hospital tent which was a hundred feet long and had two center poles that went up in the air like a church; and everybody who was sick or had his feet cut so bad from Lake Pippin that he was still unfit for duty lived in this hospital tent. It was pretty soft because you had an orly

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to bring you something to eat, and it was hard to get much to eat at that time.

The next morning about half of the regiment went down to a town where the athletic meet was going to be held. Everybody else was marked duty of some kind or on the sick list. It is wonderful how much duty they can find for you in the army.

We are not so good at the running and jumping stuff because our skins are too enameled for free action, on account of the salt-water soap old Pine issued. All we win is a tug o' war, out of sixteen events, and that will show you how stubborn we had got by that time. All it takes to win a tug o' war is to be stubborn.

The main event was the ball game. They do not know anything about baseball in England, but they was a navy team there from the U. S. Navy, and those birds were good. We would of done better, but our pitcher, Mike, could not get his arm limbered up on account of the enamel; so we were defeated by a score of about 58 to nothing.

A little while after the game was over Slim blew his wissle and fell us athletes in single file to march past eight or ten American and British officers. There was one pleasant officer who had whiskers, and as you got to him he shook hands with you and said, "Very well done; very well done, indeed," and then he would pin a little medal on you.

I'd taken no part in anything, except empiring two innings after a certain party in B company hit the Navy empire in the head with a bat during the fourth inning, but that mox nix ous, for the pleasant officer with whiskers shook my hand anyhow.

"Very good, my lad; very good, indeed," he said to me and pinned a medal on me. You could of derailed me with a cream puff when I found out that he was the King of England.

"Next time I wish they would put markers on these extras, so a man can tell what running rights they've got," I said to Slim that night while we were all talking about the king.

"I made the trip three times," Slim said, "and he give me a medal each time. I'm going to give my two extra ones to Mike, with a presentation speech. Nobody ever pitched as rotten baseball in the world as that bird did. And when the king gets through with this war I'm going to try and sign him to work for the Giants. He is needed more there than here."

The scheme did not work out, as Slim lost my medal and all three of his teaching a couple of British soldiers how to shoot craps. They did not know anything about the game, but with their luck and four bits I could be a millionaire in two hours if I could get John D. to fade me.

The crap game broke up by a bugler blowing assembly; and a fine time it was to blow assembly. Slim fell us in company front like it was going to be something important; but all it amounted to was that old Pine issues himself another order, just to show his strength, where we all have to take a bath again.

"From the looks of those clouds over there and the wind blowing this way," the dog robber said, "everybody is going to get a bath worse than the cloudburst at Lake Pippin."

Sure enough, before we had got halfway through marching naked under some outdoor shower baths, the wind come up and it got as dark as evening. I seen about twelve tents blow down, and we was then dismissed so as to anchor our tents. "Man and boy I've lived in England fifty-eight years," a British sargant who was staggering toward his camp told me, "and I have never seen a gale like this." I did not answer him, as I was facing the wind, and you could not talk.

It was a strange thing about no rain coming for quite a while, but all of a sudden the rain got to us, and inside of ten minutes Saulsberry Plain was Saulsberry Lake, and us mud larks was flopping around trying to get our stuff up out of the water so it would not get wet, except the top blankets.

A fat chance we had. Inside of ten minutes more the water was six inches deep, and just then somebody doing century duty shot off his gun. We figgered he was killing himself to get out of the army, but all he was trying to do is assemble a rescue squad to help get eighty-five or ninety of those bunk-fatigue experts out from under the hospital tent, which had collapsed on them. There they were, flopping around in a foot of water under more canvas than they is on a ship.

"It will serve them right," I said to the dog robber. "They have been soldiering long enough. I hope half of us drown. It will serve old Pine right for being so cuckoo on keeping us antiseptic."

A fine lot of mud larks fell in just as the sun went down. We were a lot wetter than Lake Pippin, because this time there was no high ground any place, and so we spend the night in six inches of water. You would stand up until you got too tired, and then you would squat for a while, and then go to sleep and fall over on some human face that only the mouth and nose was sticking above the water, and it would bite you.

Well, you would tell him, "Say, brother, how do you get that way?" and then he would stand up a while and you would go to sleep and he would fall on you.

Try to get past one of them guys on century duty so as to get out of camp is all I ask you. I got chased back four times. The only thing that made me feel O.K. was gitting an eyefull of Captain Pine and the colonel roosting like a couple of mud hens on top of the field desk and a couple of little trunks.

Finally I told the centry, "Go ahead and shoot, but if you miss I will sure get the drink of likker I am after." He lowered down his gun and said for the love of Mike to bring him a flask. I did not get back in time to bring him anything. A lot more came back with me and when we got in assembly was blowing.

"If that is that soapsuds fanatic making us take another bath, right now I am going to desert right out of the army," I told the dog robber, but it was nothing except fall in and get orders to pack up. A fat chance you had of packing up without using a dredge. I lost a comb and a small book that had some ladys' addresses in it I had met in the U. S., a full pound plug of chewing tobacco, my union card in the Brotherhood and a gold collar button that used to be my father's. Some day that ground will make mighty good mining territory, as there is no telling what you could find.

They give us a forward march after a while and there we go, without any breakfast, getting on board a train. There was certainly something wrong with the way things was managed in those days. We got on a train and rode for a little while till we come to a place where there was some coffee and punk and slum being cooked up on a dock.

Well, we laid around on the dock all day drying out. An army drying out certainly smells terrible when you mix it with all the aroma you get around a dock.

There was a lot of British officers looking at us, and our colonel was sneaking around like he was ashamed of you. You could not blame him much because we did not look in a military manner at that time by any means.

We had slum and tea for lunch, and about three o'clock they had another meal of slum and tea and punk, and then about six o'clock we had another meal just like the other two.

"Holy delicatessen," I said to Slim, "are they trying to kill us with kindness? What is the reason they are double-tripping on all this grub one day and then starving us to death the next minute and then gorging us like a fatted calve?"

"How come you pick on me for a complaint department, and since when did you get elected grivience committee?"

"That is all right about that," I told him. "I am so gummed up with the Saulsberry Plain mud that I cannot get the

(Continued on Page 58)

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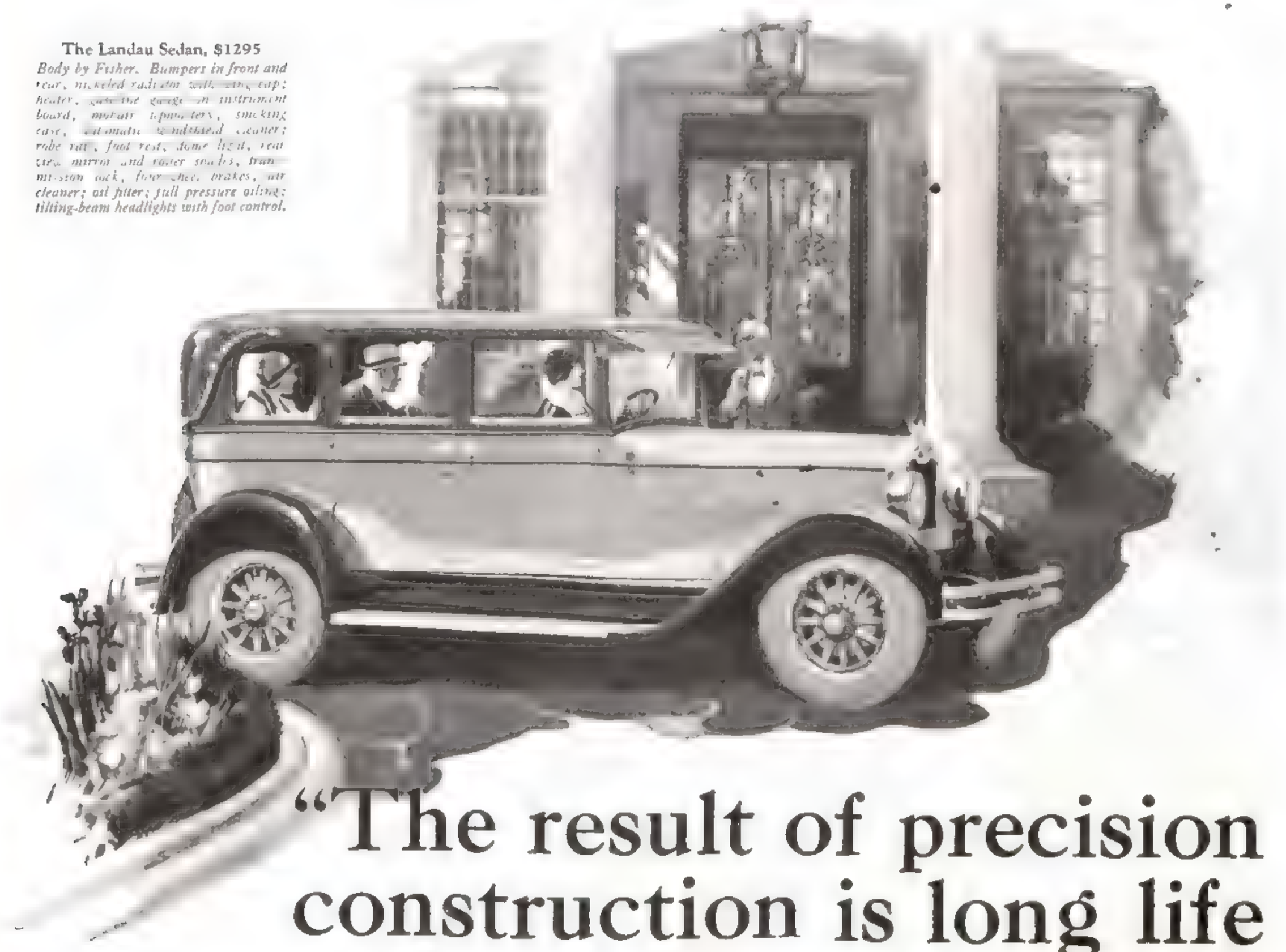

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So much has been said and written about the standards of accuracy to which the Greater Oakland Six is built that "Oakland super-precision" has become almost an everyday phrase . . . Owners, in discussing the car's flashing acceleration and buoyant smoothness . . . mechanics, when explaining the why of its infrequent repairs and adjustments . . . and even women, when exclaiming over Oakland's steadiness and steering ease—sooner or later use the words "super-precision", or others very similar. But we wonder, sometimes, if the users of that phrase really appreciate its profound significance. Do they know that in the manufacture of the Oakland engine alone, eighteen operations are held to limits of five ten-thousandths of an inch? That *thirty-three additional* operations cannot vary more than *three* ten-thousandths of an inch? And that three ten-thousandths of an inch is one-thirtieth the thickness of an average human hair? . . . Yet, after all, what if they do not know it? What if they do not even care that Oakland has invested millions for laboratories and equipment to make such accuracy possible for the first time in a car of Oakland's price? . . . All they are concerned with is results . . . the result of precision construction, which is long life and flawless operation . . . the result of rigidly controlled quality, which is lasting owner satisfaction . . . the result of enduring value, which is Oakland's enduring good will!

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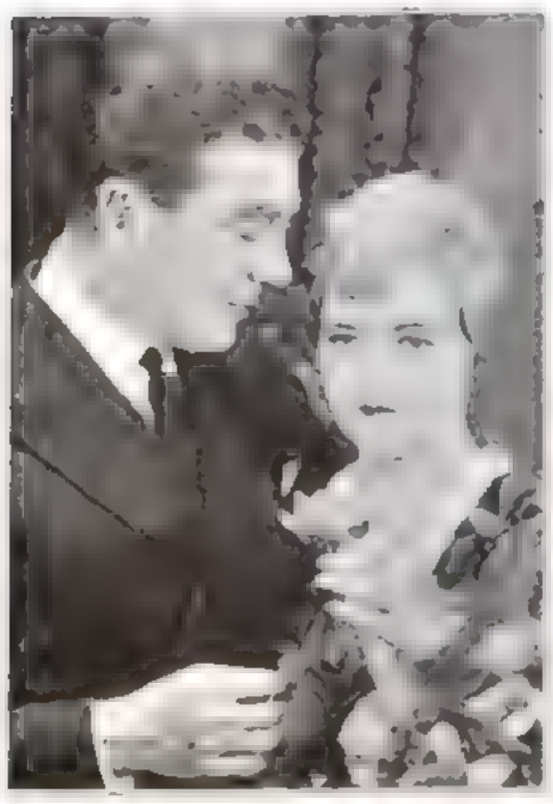

LAURA LA PLANTE and TOM MOORE
in "The Love Thrill"

"The Love Thrill" is the catchy title for LAURA LA PLANTE'S new comedy, and there are many who tell me it is one of the most delicious farces of the season. It has a very clever plot and in the hands of MISS LA PLANTE, assisted by TOM MOORE and BRYANT WASHBURN, the situations are splendidly developed.

Briefly, Joyce Bragdon, a beautiful young woman, is a member of an insurance firm about at the end of its string. Seeing poverty staring her in the face, she forces her way into the presence of a wealthy man to sell him insurance and poses as the widow of his best friend, an African explorer, supposed to be dead. All goes well until the supposed dead man appears on the scene. Then is when the fun begins.

The story was written by Millard Webb and Joseph Mitchell and was directed by Webb. I saw it twice and was unable to criticize it because the details were so capably handled. I'd like to have your opinion of it. Is this the kind of play in which you like to see MISS LA PLANTE?

The finishing touches are being given to ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin,"*** a Harry Pollard production. We will present it this coming season with the belief that the picture will be a revelation to America. Already we have invested more than $1,500,000.00 in it and still we are not through. You can imagine how elaborate it will be.

Please write me a list of five of your favorite stars—the ones you enjoy most—those whom you would like to see in Universal pictures. I will appreciate help of this kind, because I am free to admit that I "don't know it all." Anyway, it is my mission in life to please and entertain you, so I hope you will help me.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 56)

gravel out of my back teeth. Ain't they never going to give us a bath so we can get cleaned up?"

"Some of you birds are hard to please," Slim said, and he walked away.

I could see that the army discipline was gitting him at last, because he had begun to get sore if you spoke to him.

They did not give us a bath that night at all, instead of which they march us onto a very small boat which had been used for a horses' transport, and packed us in so thick there was three men under you if you were lucky enough to get on top.

Before morning come we got into a place and laid around till it got daylight.

"That is the French town of Larf," one of the loots said. I certainly was hoping we would get a bath in Larf; but would they give you a bath? Not on your life. They slam us into a pick-up drag that you would not even put a Chinese section crew into, and haul us three days without even giving us a chance to get out of the cars and stretch for more than five minutes at a time. As far as a bath went they seemed to be hauling us farther and farther from it all the time.

By the time we got to a town called Genicart, between the salt-water-soap glaze and the Saulsberry Plain mud and a new issue of heavy underwear which old Pine issued on account of the weather being so hot and thunderstormish, everybody was in a terrible physical condition. You could not even oil yourself down like they do elephants, when your skin begun to crack, because there was no oil.

We would of elected a grivience committee, only it would not of done any good, and besides that who could you lay the grivience before? The colonel did not do anything about anything, and his adjutant, the dirty dog of a Captain Pine, would probably take a positive delight in doing just the opposite you requested.

One of the lieutenants, who was also human and needed a bath as much as anybody else, told us, "Never mind, rabble, when we get into camp at Genicart you will find all the luxuries you have been used to, as it is an old camp with modern plumbing; Captain Pine has arranged all of that, and we have got the best camp in France."

The first thing we did after we unload off the train is eat, and it was the same old coffee and punk and salmon.

"That salmon is a mighty unlucky sign," the dog robber said. "Every time we have it there is a cloudburst."

"You are crazy in the head," I told him, as the sky was as clear as I ever saw it any place. But you can never tell about things in France.

A good many old Frogs and kids come down to rubber at us, but so far we did not understand much of the language. There was quite a lot of girls. The word "take a walk" is just like our word for promenade. A few of us who could learn foreign languages in a hurry got along O.K.

There was a terrible demand for rings, as they would not take a walk with you at first unless they had a ring. So the next thing you heard everybody was pounding silver two-franc pieces on the edge. You upset the rim of a two-franc piece and batter it down and dig the center out with your knife, and it makes a fair enough ring to give to a French girl when you wish to take her for a walk.

Right when we get these rings about half done somebody passed the word that old Captain Pine was making an issue of soap. Slim blew his wissle and fell us in. "March past and get your cake of soap," he told us. It was 5:07 P.M. by that time, and the soap issue come right when you might expect it to interrupt any arrangements you were making to take a girl for a walk.

After the soap was issued everybody waited around, sitting on his bedroll, hoping Slim would fall us in and march us to wherever these showers were; but after a while somebody spread a rumor there was no water in the camp we were going to. I taken very little stock in the rumor until I seen a water cart hauling a few gallons of water for the cookhouse. If you have to haul water it is a cinch it is dry country like where those Santa Fe birds come from.

The loot came marching out at 6:34 P.M., and Slim fell us in. We marched over to the old French barracks, which were only about two years old, and sling our stuff into bunks made of chicken wire. I never seen such a place in my life.

It was 7:54 P.M. before the cooks had any grub ready. You would think they would be able to boil coffee in less than four hours. We had punk and coffee and salmon again for supper.

The dog robber was more superstitious than ever.

"I know we will have a cloudburst like at Lake Pippin, on account of this salmon," he predicted.

The boy must of come from a long line of weather profits and fortune tellers, because before we got the rim of those rat traps cooled off enough to get them in your mouth so you could drink your coffee, a roll of thunder cut loose like twelve cars of dynamite transporting an extra gang of Greeks to the hereafter, and drops of rain bigger than two-franc pieces that we had been pounding into rings for the Madamsells begin to plunk down out of the sky. For once in his life it looked like old Pine had done something right, as everybody had his cake of soap.

It got dark like dousing a glim, but every five or ten seconds the lightening lit things up, and about the third flash all of the S. P. men had their clothes off, as they think faster than the Santa Fe gang, but inside of a minute everybody was out in that thunderstorm naked and lathering himself from head to foot.

Boy, it sure felt fine to get your skin loosened up after having it set on you like concrete for eighteen days. The rain water was perfectly pure and it lathered better than anything you ever saw. When the lightening would flash you would see twelve hundred naked men leaping around like a lot of Santy Clauses covered with lather.

Then we began running around instead of jumping up and down. The first time me and my squad passed headquarters shack where the colonel and old Pine was, I seen old Pine making a special issue of soap for the colonel.

"Of course a officer's skin is different from ours," I told the dog robber. "Look what he is handing him."

Old Pine was handing the colonel a fine big tube of shaving cream, which makes a rich, creamy lather.

Running that way in the rain washes a lot of lather off of you, so we kept lathering more and more soap on us and thoroughly enjoying it. On the second round past the colonel's shack I seen he was only human, as him and old Pine were out in the rain by that time, covered with rich, creamy lather such as shaving soap makes. The lightening would knock you blind after every crack, but all you would do is follow the leader.

Twelve hundred enlisted men and all the officers was either following the leader or lathering themselfs when the rain stopped. It stopped just like you would hit a fly with a sledge hammer, and left all the lather on you. There was no more rain. In five minutes there was no more clouds either, and it got almost daylight again. It seemed strange to see it getting light, but it was only about 8:15 P.M.

We did not think anything about those facts at that time, because the lather was beginning to dry into your scalp and onto your skin. All of us S. P. men made a rush for the cookhouse, but all the water you got amounted to nothing, as it had been used up for coffee.

I wrenched the soap out of my eyes with half a cup of coffee, and was standing there scraping lather off of myself with a table knife when who should come running up but old Pine.

"Bring three or four buckets of water over to the colonel's quarters!" he ordered in a military manner. Somebody who was scraping himself with a table knife outside of the cookhouse laughed like the ravings of John McCullough.

The cook saluted old Pine, who had a towel wrapped around him, but you could still tell he was an officer by the way he acted, and said "Sir, there is no water."

"Humph. What about drinking water?" said old Pine.

"Sir, the quartermaster has failed to arrange for drinking water in this camp," the cook said, and old Pine slunk out like a dog.

The next thing you heard was a lot of wissles. Slim tried to fall us in, but a fat chance he had, as everybody was heading for the river, which was only a mile downhill. Us S. P. boys led the stampede, as we had the soap out of our eyes and could see where we were going.

We got most of the lather off us before it had dried in very deep, and was on our way back to camp when we had to derail around a procession that was marching toward camp from the main part of Genicart, consisting of the mayor of the town, the city council, a good many little flower girls, some boys in white silk pants, and other people wearing plug hats, with maybe a hundred Frogs carrying torches.

"This is a fine fix we have got into," I said to the dog robber. "Tear that towel in two so I can have half of it."

"No matter how fine a mess we are into," the dog robber said, "it is worth it. Look up the road." I looked up the road and there, heading straight for the procession, come old Pine. He was leading the colonel to the river by the hand, as the colonel had not got the soap out of his eyes as yet.

The minute old Pine seen the procession he stopped and begun fidgeting around like a rabbit surrounded by twelve dogs. He said a few words to the colonel, who was naked except for a towel, and right then and there the colonel put on a private line of cursing that changed my mind completely about him. There was sure nothing hay wire about the colonel's line of cursing.

Old Pine saluted and did an about-face where you carry the right toe back to the heel of the left foot. He did this in a military manner, although naked, and then began leading the colonel back to camp at a trot.

A dog robber told my squad's dog robber that the colonel had to use his last bottle of American whisky to get the worst of the lather off himself with by the time the Frog honorary delegation got there.

You never saw anything finish up so pleasant, because everybody got detailed that night either to help get water for the cooks or else go down and fill canteens at the town water supply, and any detail like that gave you a chance to walk around with the Madamsells.

There was plenty of water in camp if old Pine had knew anything about arrangements and where to turn on the valve of the eight-inch main-supply line. It was a mighty good thing for us he did not know anything about what to do, because, taking him all in all, and considering not turning on the valve and giving the colonel the shaving soap, which is a lot worse lather for sticking than ordinary soap, and one thing and another, the colonel was fed up on him even if he was an old regular-army man and had a pull.

About 11:53 A.M. a dog robber around headquarters told my squad's dog robber the old joke, "While there is life there is soap," and they get to talking and then the headquarters dog robber sprang the big news. "Old Pine is being transferred back to the United States for duty, where there is millions of details to think about, and if you don't think about them it mox nix ous, like in the regular army."

When my squad's dog robber spread the news to me, "Come on down to that bar on the edge of town, boy," I told him, "and I will show you a new setting-up exercise with bokoo lather on top of them. I will set them up for you and the squad so we can all drink hearty to old Pine, and raus mit him!"

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REALSILK makes it possible for you to have the pristine loveliness as well as all of the practical advantages of FRESH silk in the hosiery you buy *direct from our Mills* . . . Time is given no chance to dim its wondrous beauty or rob it of its youthful vigor and strength.

For under Realsilk's novel plan of operation, only 13 days are required to speed the raw silk from the filatures in Japan to the great Mills at Indianapolis. In less than two weeks more this same silk can be manufactured into exquisite hosiery and delivered *direct to you.*

Just think! FRESH silk hosiery in all the newest styles and shades . . . seldom more than 24 days after the raw silk leaves Yokohama!

THE *FRESHER* THE SILK—
THE *BETTER* THE WEAR

It is a well-known fact that the *fresher* the silk which goes into your hosiery, the longer life your hosiery has ahead of it . . . the better service it will give.

Pure, strong, FRESH silk, like that from which Realsilk Gold Button Brand Hosiery is made, keeps that radiant, *new* look despite washings and wear. The colors remain clear and true even when the most delicate tints are employed. The young silk gives the stockings a clingy resilience that makes them fit with smooth, unwrinkled snugness . . . And they hold their shape!

In the light of this remarkable accomplishment, with its many exclusive advantages, it was inevitable that Realsilk should have become the world's largest manufacturer of silk hosiery and that its Representatives (who bring Realsilk Hosiery Service direct to the home) should find a welcome everywhere.

If you are not enjoying the advantages of our service just 'phone our local Branch Service Office, or drop a line to the Mills and we will have a Representative call on you whenever convenient.

REALSILK

Gold Button Brand

HOSIERY

and SUPER-SERVICE SOCKS

This gold button identifies the Bonded Realsilk Service Representative when he calls at your home or office.

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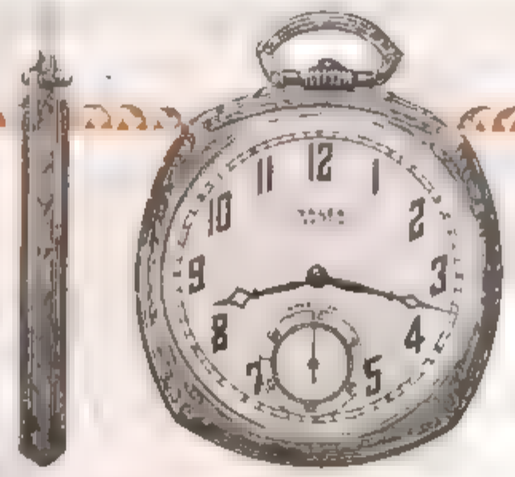
REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, U. S. A.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery and Makers of Fine Lingerie
250 BRANCH OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
Consult 'Phone Directory for Your Local Office

About the graduation gift

a few things that son or daughter would like to have you remember



The newest Gruen creation
Gruen Paris Square VeriThin, $60
17-jewel PRECISION *movement*
Other Gruen Pocket Watches, $500 to $25

WISELY, for the graduation gift you will select a good watch. That has always been the favored gift for graduation.

If it is a young man who is graduating, you will in all probability select a pocket watch as the more dignified timepiece and as giving the greater assurance of permanence.

If it is a young woman, you will of course consider a woman's natural taste for the dainty, not forgetting, however, the importance of durability.

In either case, you will give much thought to style, for the person who is to receive the watch is young.

And it is here that you may be somewhat perplexed. What is the style in watches?

For young men, the trend is decidedly away from the round watch.

Watches in other shapes have been steadily gaining in popularity ever since they first became possible by new methods of case making.

There is every likelihood, too, that they will continue in favor, for a watch that will always keep the same position in the pocket is scientifically correct.

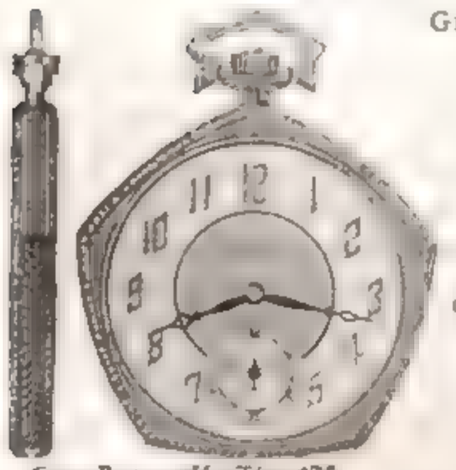
The woman's preference is for the rectangular wristlet. For maximum service from a watch in this shape, it should be of the Gruen Cartouche type of construction. That is, it should have an oblong movement, taking advantage of all possible space for greater size and strength of parts.

Representative of the present styles in fine timepieces are the Gruen Watches pictured here. They are, however, only a few selections from the great variety offered by the Gruen Guild, at a wide range of prices.

You can see them at any Gruen jeweler's, always a member of the Gruen Guild. His store—the best in your community—is marked by the Gruen Service emblem.

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD, TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A. CANADIAN BRANCH, TORONTO

Engaged in the art of fine watchmaking for more than half a century



Gruen Pentagon VeriThin, $75
17-jewel PRECISION *movement*
Other Pentagons, $500 to $100

Newest Gruen Cartouche
Solid gold, with smart leather strap, $42.50

GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

Copr. 1927, G. W. M. G.

Gold Case Factory and Service Workshops on Time Hill, Cincinnati, U.S.A., where the jeweler's watchmaker can secure standard duplicate parts promptly

GRUEN

You will see this emblem only on jewelry stores of character

PRECISION

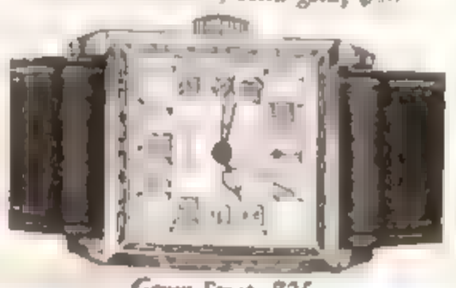
This GRUEN pledge mark is placed only upon watches of finer quality, accuracy and finish. Made only in the Precision workshop

Pay a little more and get the best

Look for the name PRECISION *on the dial*

Gruen Cartouche, $35

Gruen Cartouche, solid gold, $50



Gruen Strap, $35

Getting On in the World

He that Lives upon Hopes will Die Fasting
POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

The Children's Specialist

THERE is among many laymen an impression that the physician is graduated from his medical course and hospital training a finished product, qualified to solve and dismiss any problem that may arise in his profession. There is among many physicians an equally profound conviction that the doctor's course is never completed; that he learns daily, not only from fellow practitioners but from the patients themselves.

I, as a physician, am among the subscribers to the latter theory. And as a pediatrist—a specialist in children's diseases—I have, in applying that theory, followed a Biblical injunction and gone to the children for certain guidance which I could not find in books. From these small patients I have learned many things which indisputably helped me win what success I have achieved in my profession. Some of their teachings may have been trivial, but one, at least, was of profoundest importance. It was that I must win the confidence of the child—establish a comradely relationship—before I could hope greatly to aid him. Such an attitude is, of course, extremely helpful with all patients, but I have found it particularly necessary with the boy or girl who is so often taught to dread the doctor's visit by that harmful and unnecessary injunction: "Don't be afraid, the doctor isn't going to hurt you." Always that is an unfortunate thing to tell a child, for he seldom regards the doctor's visit as something to be feared until his suspicions are thus aroused.

I learned my big lesson the first week after graduation. I had obtained a minor place in an institution maintained to care for the sick children of the poor. One of my duties was to visit the wards early each morning, talk to the patients, note and report on the symptoms and condition of each. Generally I found the children listless and disinclined to talk, particularly on subjects concerning them personally—as most children are with strangers. This, of course, hampered me and did not help them. After several futile attempts to draw them out I solved the problem. Early one morning I appeared in the boys' ward with a newspaper in my hands. Then as I greeted the youngsters I announced the score of the preceding day's big-league ball game.

It happened that the city from which most of the children came had a particularly good team, fighting for first place. That team had won its game. Immediately after learning this the boys' eyes gleamed with interest. I was plied with questions. "Who scored the runs?" "Who was in the box?" "How did the percentage stand?" I answered, then noting their enthusiasm, read the account of the game from headlines down to play by innings. That finished, I made my usual rounds. Each boy was eager to talk with me. Each answered freely and without a trace of self-consciousness the questions I asked to determine his progress. Thereafter I always announced the score at my morning visit. A trivial and unprofessional step apparently, but when I left that institution to enter on my interneship in a metropolitan hospital, the physicians in charge spoke highly of my work and the patients themselves seemed honestly sorry to see me go. I had won their confidence and comradeship.

The lesson I learned from those charity patients stood me in excellent stead several years later, when, my interneship finished, I began private practice in my specialty. Of course the methods were changed in certain details. Today, for example, I know the name and the record of every high and preparatory school coach in my city; I know who are the captains and the stars of the football, baseball, basketball and track teams; I know their standings in the scholastic or academic leagues. Most boys and many girls of nine years or more know them, too, and nothing can establish an easier relationship between physician and child than an apparently casual conversation concerning the athletics of the school the young patient attends or hopes some day to enter.

With a younger child one cannot, of course, discuss athletics, but there are other methods of entering into an unforced discussion. Frequently I have walked into the sick chamber of a new patient with my stethoscope dangling from my pocket. As I talked to the mother or nurse I stood so the child saw it. Then when I observed that the instrument had arrested and held his interest, I turned to him and asked, quite casually, "Do you want to see how it works?"

Invariably he did, and thus a natural and a harmonious relationship was established as the stethoscope was used.

Often I address my youthful patient by his first name or nickname, but I never ask him for it. There are so many other ways of gaining that information. One is generally safe in calling 50 per cent of the boys, "Junior," and at least 25 per cent of the girls, "Sister." Even if the physician guesses wrong on this, no harm is done. The child, in correcting him, has started that casual conversation which is the desired approach.

As a matter of fact, the mother, and more particularly the grandmother, who, because she has raised or buried several children, feels she knows all there is to learn about their diseases, presents a much greater problem. I have often found it necessary to send such persons away.

Early in my work I learned that proper diet was perhaps the most necessary factor in the treatment of children. I learned, too, that many mothers, though willing to follow the doctor's directions, were woefully incapable of preparing the diet prescribed. Frankly, they did not know enough about cooking, and I had to teach them. To do this, I studied cooking myself. Probably I should fail utterly at preparing a seven-course dinner, but I yield to no chef in ability to prepare a meal that is at once simple, nourishing and corrective.

I have always observed yet another rule. That is to be deliberate yet certain in my sick-room speech and movements. The pediatrist should never appear astonished or at a loss. This is not a pose calculated to suggest infallibility, but a necessary attitude to avert apprehension and its consequent nervous reaction on the part of the patient.

There is always some immediate corrective measure which may be taken while the physician studies the salient facts of an emergency case. The doctor should take these because he thus creates immediately the impression that the situation is not unduly serious, and inspires the confidence which every patient feels when assured that his case is a recognized one for which there is a definite and traditional treatment.

If an overzealous parent or amateur nurse has given the wrong treatment before I am called, I never scold, nor even suggest the possibility of an error before the patient. I simply explain carefully what should be done, as I correct the mistake. And always I keep notes, not alone to help the child but to help me, for the search after knowledge in any specialty, particularly in a comparatively new one like mine, should never cease.

I have by no means completed my study of children's diseases. I never shall. My notes keep growing with every case I attend. I believe certain medical and public-health aspects make my specialty a distinct entity in the practice of medicine. Annually it is becoming a more important part of medical-school curricula and of hospital practice. The attitude of the pediatrist with reference to the conservation of infant life, the prevention of disease in infancy and childhood and the special study and applications of methods employed in treatment differ so widely from the treatment of the adult that he is fast becoming one of the most important of the specialists.

I have spoken of these things—my interest in my specialty, the psychological rather than the medical aspects of its practice, my hopes for its development—because I feel there exists a great need for future research in the field and for earnest young men to enter it.

Healthy hair is strong, free from dandruff

Only strong, clean looking hair is *healthy*

THERE are two ways of becoming bald. *Dandruff* is an actual scalp infection. Slowing down of circulation causes a gradual *thinning* of the hair. Either, if neglected, leads to baldness.

Whichever way you may be threatened with baldness you can check the trouble easily—even when well established—with this *simple* treatment:

EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp generously with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp. Move your scalp, not your fingers! Brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

This quick treatment invigorates scalp circulation so that hair is nourished to new growth. Also it destroys dandruff infection. The improved appearance of your hair after only a few days' treatment will astonish you!

Get Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store *today*. Each bottle bears the signature of Ed. Pinaud. Pinaud, Incorporated, 220 East 21st Street, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.

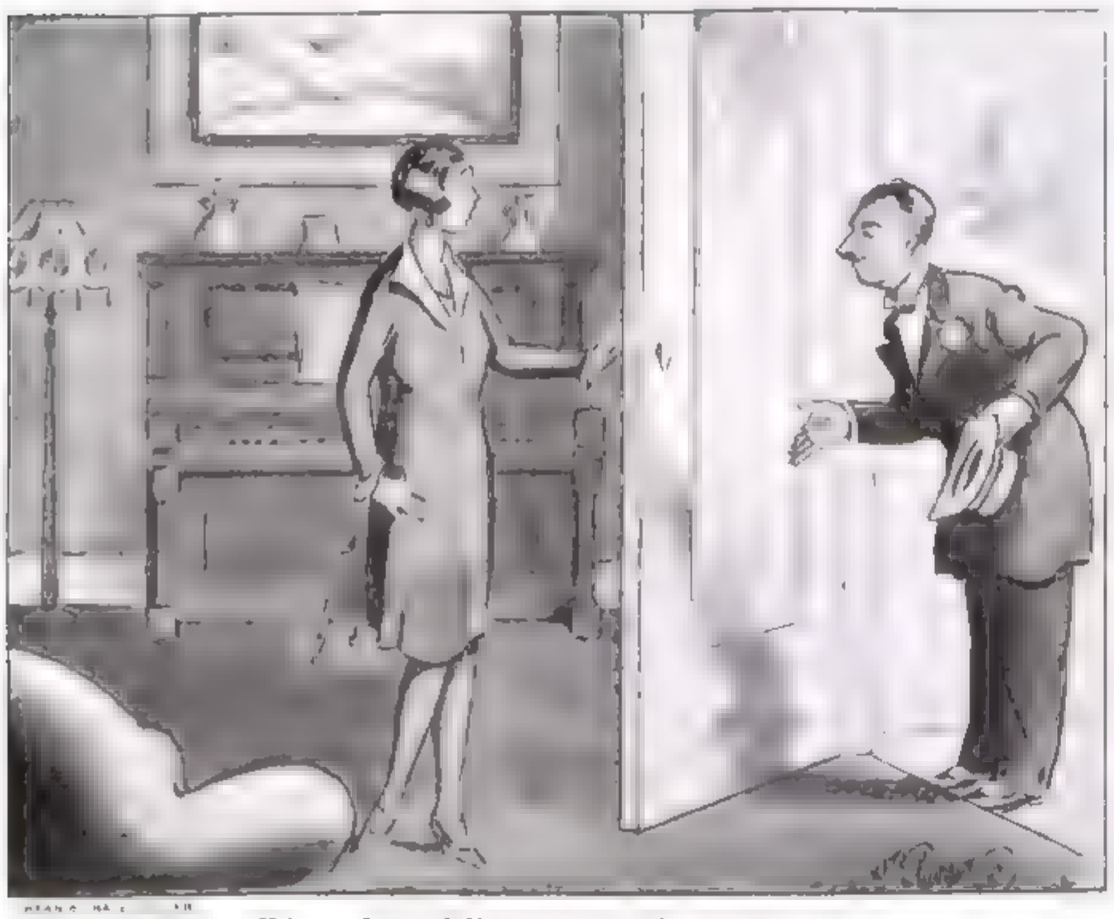
PINAUD'S
Eau de Quinine

CARTOON AND COMEDY

1800 Mother: "Mustn't Show Your Ankles, Love"

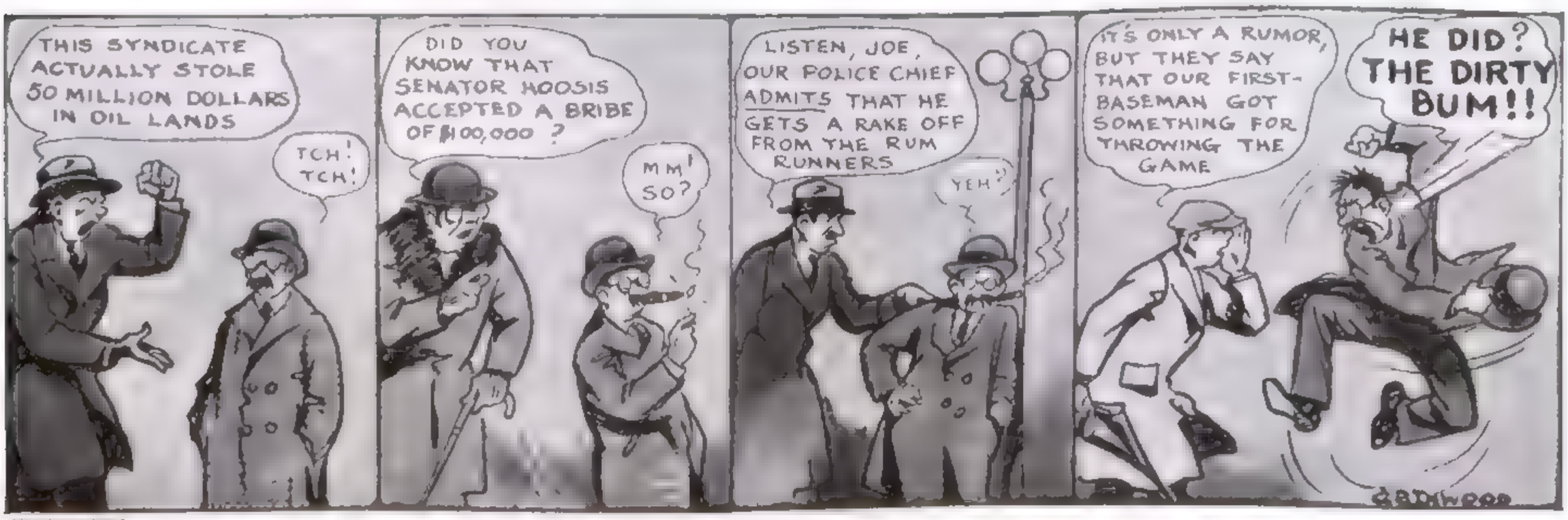
1927 Mother: "You Shouldn't Exhibit Your Bloomers"

ONWARD AND UPWARD

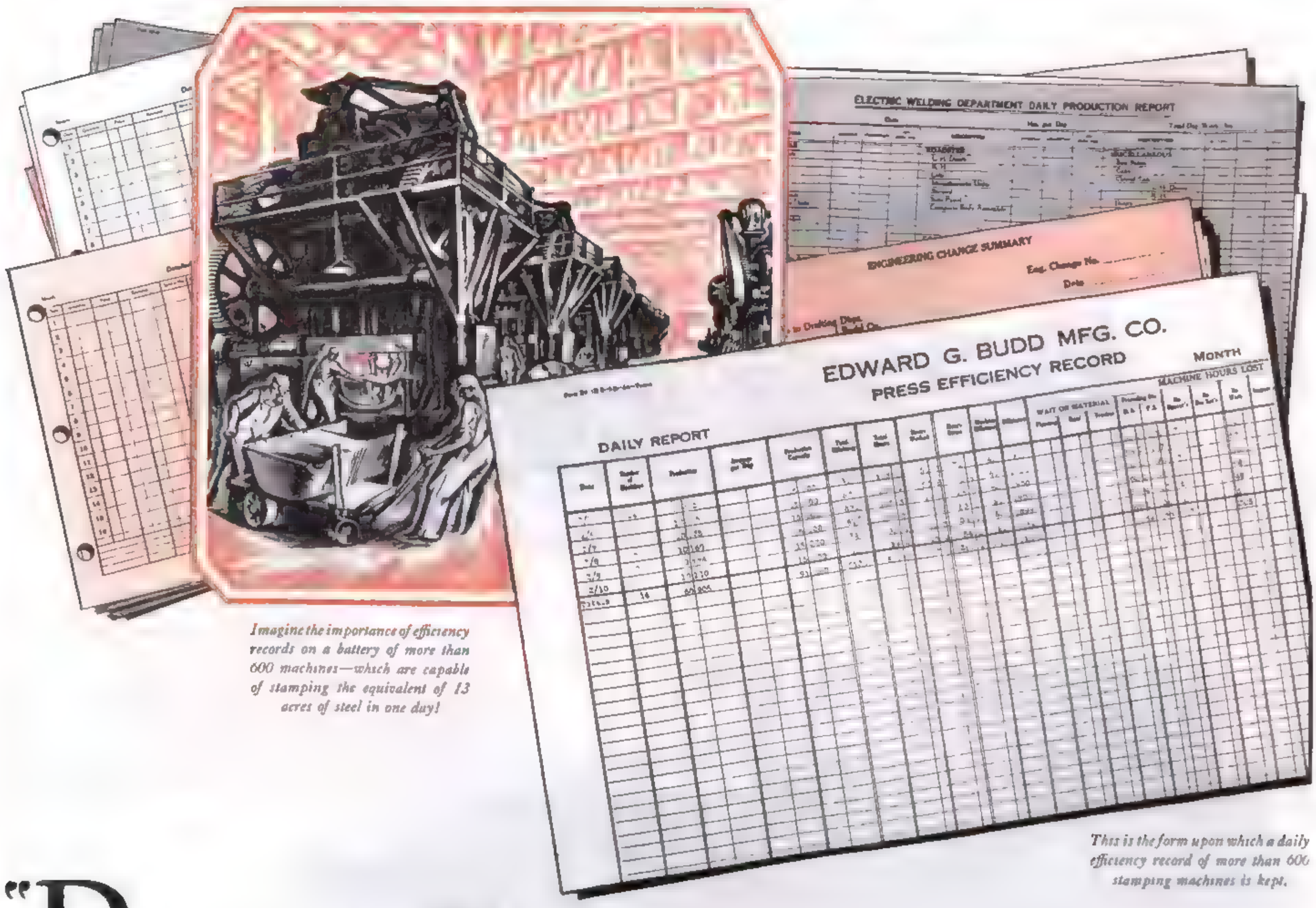


Lady: "Come In and Have a Chair"
Installment Collector: "No, Thanks, I'll Take the Piano"

"D'ya Know Where I Can Buy a Loaf of Bread?"


THIS SYNDICATE ACTUALLY STOLE 50 MILLION DOLLARS IN OIL LANDS
TCH! TCH!
DID YOU KNOW THAT SENATOR HOOSIS ACCEPTED A BRIBE OF $100,000 ?
MM! SO?
LISTEN, JOE, OUR POLICE CHIEF ADMITS THAT HE GETS A RAKE OFF FROM THE RUM RUNNERS
YEH?
IT'S ONLY A RUMOR, BUT THEY SAY THAT OUR FIRST-BASEMAN GOT SOMETHING FOR THROWING THE GAME
HE DID? THE DIRTY BUM!!
GRIN WOOD

Vox Populi



Imagine the importance of efficiency records on a battery of more than 600 machines—which are capable of stamping the equivalent of 13 acres of steel in one day!

This is the form upon which a daily efficiency record of more than 600 stamping machines is kept.

"Printed Forms show instantly the efficiency of our production," *says the* Edward G. Budd Mfg. Co.

EVERY morning, a sheet of paper containing vital figures is placed upon the desk of the Works Manager of the Edward G. Budd Mfg. Co., makers of all-steel automobile bodies.

This sheet of paper is a printed form called the Press Efficiency Record, reproduced above. It shows quickly the exact operating efficiency of more than 600 stamping machines, which are capable of stamping the equivalent of thirteen acres of steel formed into body parts in a single day.

Printed forms keep an accurate watch on production. They keep it speeded up. They give a quick and complete picture of various operations and departments of a business—no matter how complex that business may be. Printed forms fix responsibility. They prevent misunderstandings, arguments, loss of time, needless errors and general "looseness" in the operation of big business.

Labor cost sheets, estimate sheets, shipping and accounting records, assembly schedules, payrolls, invoices, material detail sheets, production reports, engineering changes—are a few of the printed forms that contribute to the marvelous efficiency of the Edward G. Budd Mfg. Co. And for these printed forms Hammermill Bond is used extensively.

More and more business concerns are standardizing on Hammermill Bond for their printed forms. There are five good reasons why: First, this standard bond paper has just the right surface for pen, pencil, typewriter, carbon, or printing. Then, it is available in twelve colors and white so that forms for different jobs or departments can be identified by color. Next, Hammermill Bond is uniform in quality. Also, it is sufficiently strong to stand rough usage. Finally, its reasonable price makes it a genuine economy.

You can get Hammermill Bond from your printer whenever you want it. He knows it, uses it, likes it—because it gives satisfactory results and makes satisfied customers.

This Working Kit will help you

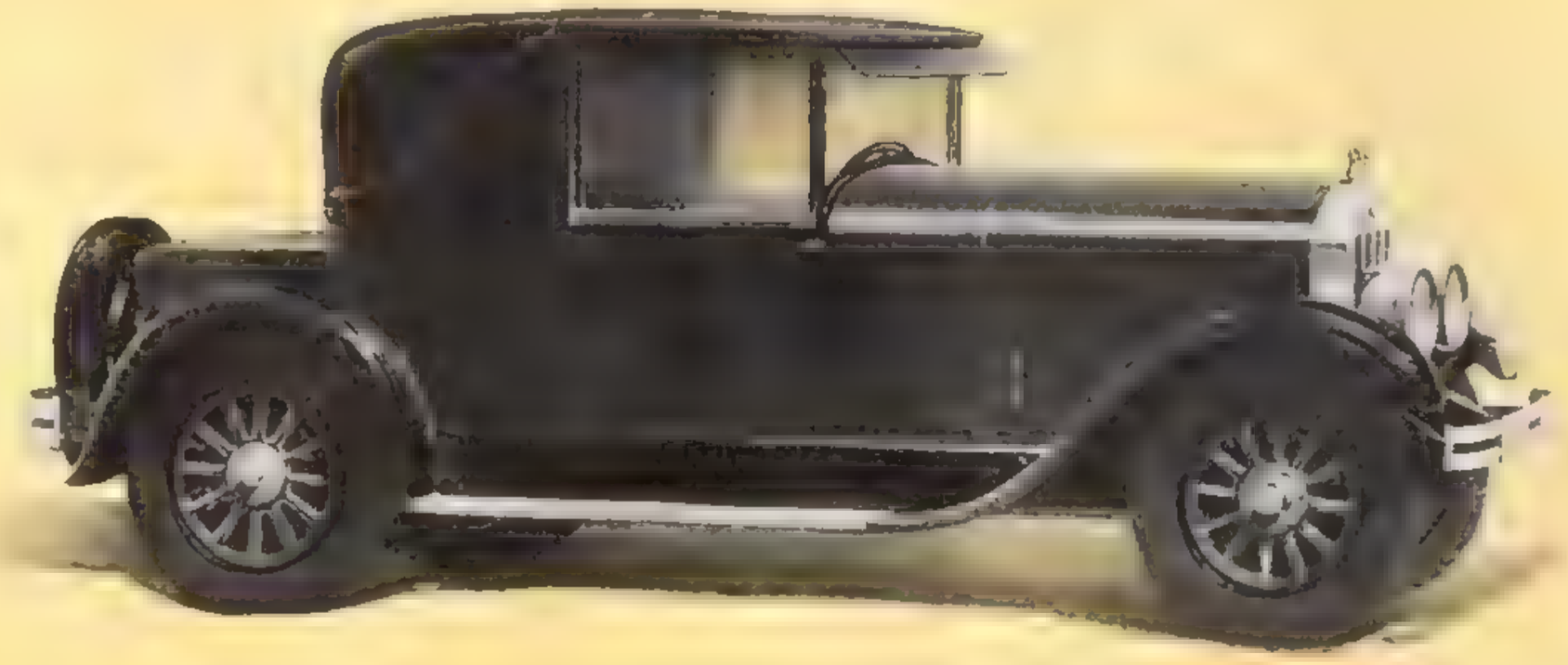
Dictate a note now and ask for our Working Kit of printed forms with samples of Hammermill Bond in all colors. It will be mailed to you without charge. Please write for it on your business letterhead. Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pennsylvania.

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

Ask any stationer for National Loose Leaf Ledger Sheets and Business Forms made of Hammermill Ledger. Hammermill Ledger is made in the same mill as Hammermill Bond and with the same high standard of quality and uniformity.

THE 25th ANNIVERSARY FRANKLIN



THE COUPÉ

THE SPORT SEDAN

The High Spot in Eventful 1927

THE value of a quarter-century of quality prestige was never more apparent than since the announcement of new power and speed in the 25th Anniversary Franklin. Sales have steadily advanced over 1926.

People have had no mistrust of power in connection with quality—no misgivings about speed with the best road-holding car made.

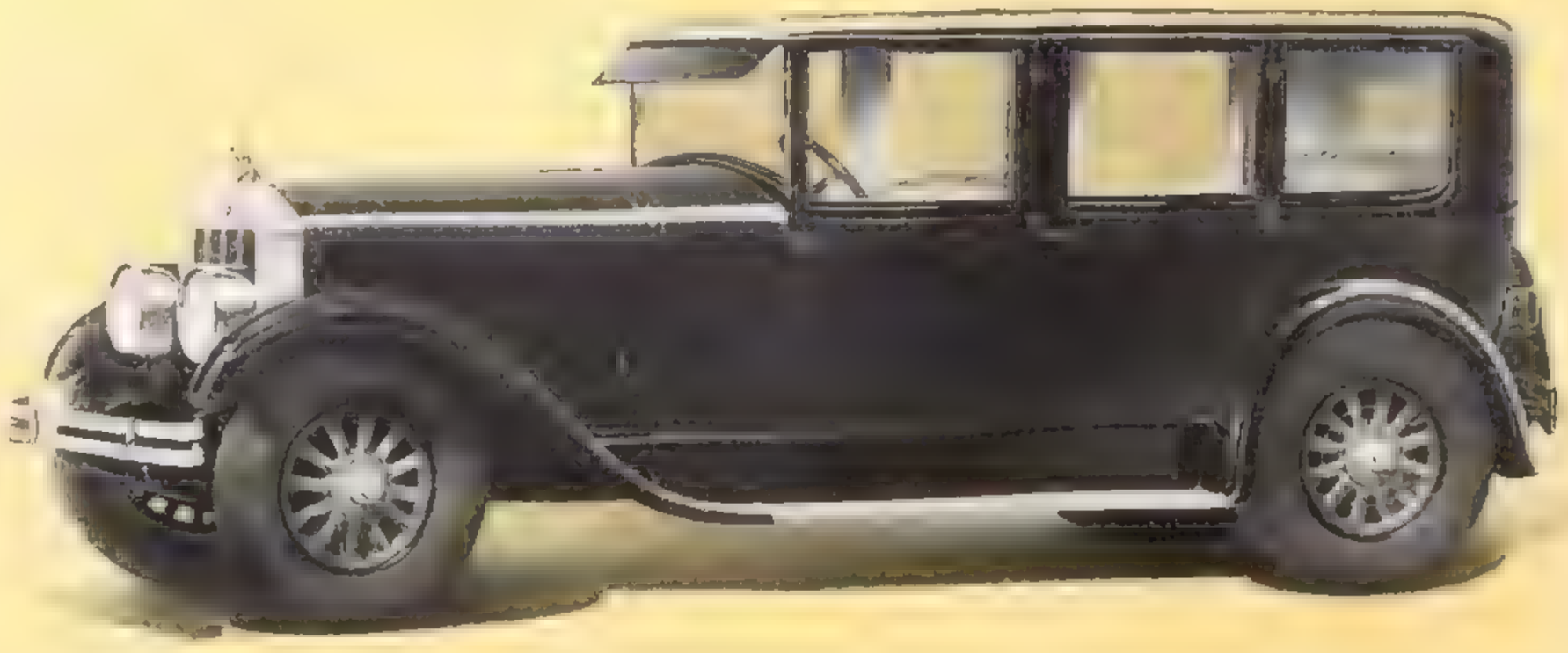
And they rightly felt that new power in the Franklin would be accompanied by an entirely original development—smoothness at all speeds, as free from vibration or sound at 50 and up as at 20. Combining power and smoothness in a way that takes nothing from the life of the car is not only new but vital.

This habit of doing things a little better than is competitively necessary accounts largely for Franklin's reputation as the best-planned and best-built car there is.

Even in making Franklin the fastest car over the road, none of its traditional comfort, easy handling, safety and freedom from routine care has been lost—these still remain supreme.

It is the only car that never has any cooling troubles. The adoption of Franklin's air-cooling principle by airplanes accounts for their increasing world-wide successes. Witness Byrd's North Pole flight and Cobham's over the African desert. Franklin air-cooling is years ahead of the industry in power reliability.

THE ROOMIEST 5-PASSENGER SEDAN MADE



THE SEDAN

THE VICTORIA

Specializing in closed cars for every need or desire, Franklin offers an unequaled line of the most modern types. These include the Tandem Sport, only 65 inches high, America's lowest closed car; and the Convertible Coupé, first successful open-and-closed personal car.

Each of the four shown here also has advantages exclusively Franklin. The Sedan offers the roomiest 5-passenger body built. The Coupé gives you an exceptionally low-slung, new-day personal car. The Victoria features extra-wide doors and an unusually commodious interior. And the Sport Sedan combines town car privacy with touring practicality and sedan intimacy.

All are offered at the most favorable prices in Franklin's 25-year history of rigid and uncompromising quality. Representative of today's scale is the popular Coupé—first Franklin closed car priced below $2500. Throughout the entire Franklin line, prices are lower than Franklin style and quality might suggest.

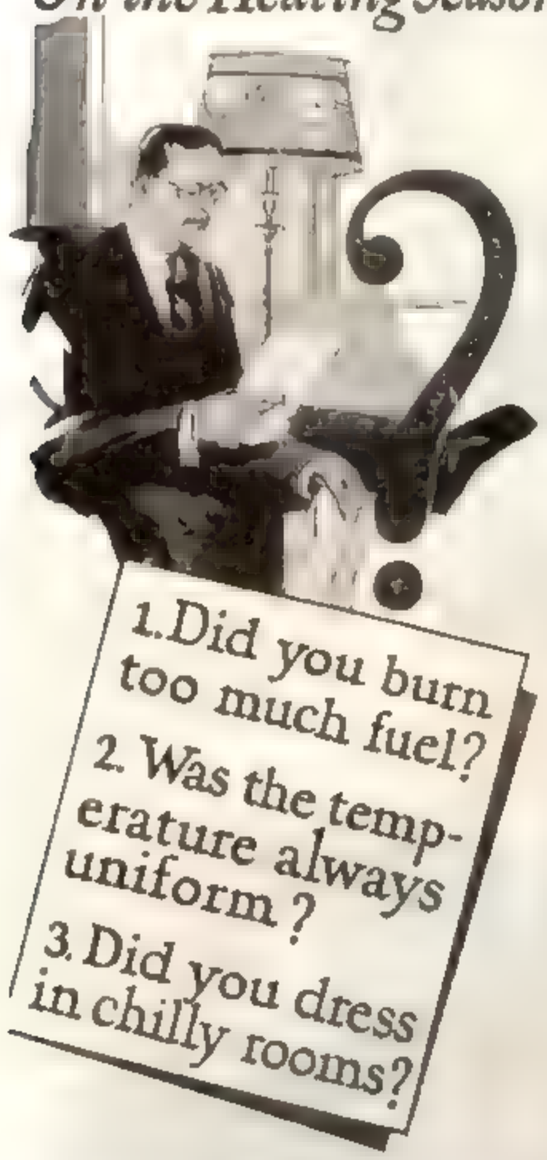
All this makes one thing sure. Before buying any car today, it will pay you to get *all* the facts about the Franklin, the high spot of eventful 1927.

All prices include full equipment and are quoted F. O. B. Syracuse, N. Y. Inquire about the 25th Anniversary Easy Ownership Plan.

Air-Cooled

FRANKLIN

Now Check Up Results — *On the Heating Season*



If the heating plant in your home was manually regulated last winter, it consumed an excessive amount of fuel.

The temperature varied widely, whereas the Minneapolis Heat Regulator would have kept it constantly uniform.

Someone had to arise early every morning to fix the fire, or the rooms were uncomfortable until late in the morning.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR for COAL—GAS—OIL

would have started up the fire automatically and provided warm rooms to dress in.

Save money on fuel, heat your home comfortably, eliminate work and worry next winter by installing the Minneapolis.

Now is a good time to have it installed. Any branch office or dealer can sell you the Minneapolis on convenient payments.

Mail the coupon.

MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR CO.
Established 1885
2803 Fourth Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me your free booklet, "The Proper Operation of the Home Heating Plant," and full information on the subject of automatic heat control. I have checked the kind of fuel I am now using or have under consideration.

Coal☐ Oil☐ Gas☐ Coke☐ District Steam☐

Name.....

Address.....

LETTERS FROM FRATERNITY

EDITOR'S NOTE—The letters which follow were written by A. L. McCorrison of Searsmont, Maine, to Ben Ames Williams. Except for the elimination of some personal matters, and except for condensations here and there, they have not been edited.

SEARSMONT, Apr. 15, 1923.

DEAR BEN: The weather is still cold and backward; there is much snow yet in the open land, and in the woods—too much to do any work. The ice in the pond shows no signs of breaking up, though there is but little frost in the ground. We've had no warm weather yet.

Quite early this A.M. I went down in the woods, and to the river, looking after the boat. It was cold and windy on the upland, but sheltered and warm under the hill. While on my way home, at the head of the run, on the southwest side of the woods where the old sugarhouse used to be, I sat down and filled the pipe.

Forty-five years ago—1878—I spent a week or ten days here helping make maple sugar and syrup. In those days the annual supply of sugar was always made on this farm. But, all that's now left of the old sugarhouse is the foundation stones and a few broken bricks. Then there was a heavy growth of hard and softwood, oak, hemlock, beech and maple.

Now nearly all is open spaces that was then deep shadowy woods. As I sat there smoking, I closed my eyes and my thoughts went back to those far-off days.

Again I could see the clouds of smoke rolling out through the tree tops, and hear the crackling fire, and boiling sap in the pans and kettles, and father's ax resounding off in the woods, and Ed's, and Mame's happy laughter as they gathered the sap and fetched the wood. I open my eyes; what a change. I felt like crying out—Father! Ed! Mame! But no answer would have come back to me.

Now the oak and hemlock are all gone, and most of the rock maple; only here and there a tree that we used to tap in that long ago. But the brook at the head of the run still flows on, as it always does in early springtime. A gray and a red squirrel were running in the trees; robins, juncos, sparrows and bluebirds were everywhere, on the ground and in the air. Only the sun, the river, and the hills remain the same. All else has changed.

Slowly I arose to my feet and emptied the ashes from the pipe. Ashes? Yes, that's the word—ashes.

MONDAY, Apr. 16 8:30 A.M.

Four or five inches of damp snow fell last night and this A.M. Sun shining now. Have just swept away the snow in front of the door and put down a pail of chaff. It is comical to see the "dear" little birds fight. One little sparrow just got a piece of Johnny bread the dogs had left, and it was amusing to see him struggle to swallow it.

I don't expect to get many trout before the first of May. The season must be late owing to so much snow now remaining in the woods. Though a few warm days this time of year makes a great change. I have often caught trout under a bank covered with ice

I expect H. soon. He says he's going to try those "damned trout in the meadow once more."

Sarah joins me with best wishes to you and yours.

Sincerely,
B. Mc.

SEARSMONT, ME., May 13, 1923.

DEAR BEN: I know you must be wondering why I do not send a picture of trout. Well, I made the picture yesterday, but gave it to a fisherman who caught some of them.

Wednesday, late in afternoon, we went up to Ring's. And P. got a dozen good ones in back of the cemetery below the bridge. H. and I went upstream and only got a few small ones. It commenced to rain about half-past 6 o'clock and we came home.

Friday we went to the Sheepscot—took G. and went via Montville Center. And got a good catch that was worth looking at. We got between 60 to 70. Quite a number 9 and 10 inches.

I won't go into details—but I got 8 in the first hole I got a strike in, a little ways below Silvester's Mill, at the head of the stream, straight down from White's Corner just below Hog Back Mountain. Just below Quigg's Mill I got one and lost two whoppers. We found the trout all in quick water, not a strike in the still water. But later on, Oh, my! There'll surely be something doing in the big holes. I was surprised at the amount of trout in the upper Sheepscot. It was equal to 35 years ago.

G. was greatly excited, and said, "Sheepscot for me, hereafter."

Yesterday was cloudy in A.M., but H. and I had work to do, so P. took G. and again went to Sheepscot. And here is something comical, as well as fisherman's luck. They got only a baker's dozen of small trout. The day was ideal, overcast and rainy, but not enough to raise the water. And didn't poor G. get roasted at the P. O. last night. He got one a little more than 6 inches long. Not only that! But in their excitement they missed the turn of the road, at left, after crossing the stream at Silvester's Mill, and drove straight ahead for miles over the hills of Freedom till they came to a mill with a stream running north.

We saw several huge moose tracks the day before. We also saw a fox and several partridges, and numerous tracks of deer, raccoon, mink musquash and woodcock. And best of all, I am sure that our plant of fry last year cost me a handful of bait. The quick shallows at Silvester's Mill and below Peavey's was alive with trout about 4 inches long.

The Ruffingham meadow is flowed to the point of bushes and only a few trout have been caught there yet. About the first of June will be time for them there. But I am anxious to go to the Sheepscot again. But probably will not go till H. comes back, which he expects to do about the 22d.

The season for farming is more than usually late. There are many banks of snow yet to be seen on the Montville hills.

I predict good sport on the brooks this season. Sarah joins me with best wishes to you and family.

Sincerely,
BERT McC.

SUNDAY, Dec. 2, 1923.

DEAR BEN: Just a word in excuse for a very inferior lot of apples I am sending you by express—prepaid. The long tedious drouth of last summer hurt the quality of apples. And the drouth is not broken yet.

The hunting season for most game closed Friday. As there was no snow, only three deer were killed in town. G. shot a great horned owl Friday. It was eating a large gray squirrel when G. hit it with a 32 high power plum center. Its spread of wing was 64 inches. Sade has the wings under flatirons, also the tail of the squirrel—for souvenirs. And the feet and head are on the window sill by the sink. He was a fearful-looking bird

I went to Belfast last night; had eight teeth filled. Many wild geese passed over here last week. A few lit in Greer Bog, Quanty and Moody ponds. But not within shotgun range.

Sincerely,
BERT.

SEARSMONT, Jan. 6, 1924.

DEAR BEN: Your letter of Dec. 17th was rec'd. And I've been writing more or less to you ever since, but the stuff is now out of date.

Until the first of Jan.—and it's not bad winter weather now—we've had the pleasantest weather I ever saw for time of year; though there's a foot or more of snow, it's not drifted, and autos were on the road yesterday.

Quanty pond closed about a week ago. And when the snow came it was not considered safe, as there was only 2 or 3 inches of ice. But the snow has settled the ice and water has flowed on top, so that it will now be time to go fishing.

J. S. has a bushel of live bait in a spring down in the Burgess woods. G. and I will try the pickerel at the first opportunity.

I put 10 hives of bees in cellar yesterday. G. helped me. Some of them were about all we could carry. I put 9 hives in the 17th of Dec.

Am doing chores and hauling wood in hopes to get a year's supply ahead once more, before I pass on.

All is as usual at the P. O. The usual crowd meet there every night and discuss the questions of the day. But their ranks are growing thinner as the years move on. There's but 2 or 3 today, where there was a dozen 30 years ago. Within a radius of about 3 miles from the P. O. there are 53 abandoned farms that were inhabited 25 or 30 years ago. Some of them the best farms in town.

In 1859 the population of S. was about 17 hundred; today it's less than 6 hundred. In 1859 a moose was not thought of; today there's a moose yard less than a mile from the P. O. Yet this is a progressive age. But not for the country towns; they certainly are going back. The site of most of the red schoolhouses of 50 years ago are now but a brier patch. Yet men went out from these schools whose voices were heard, in the halls of Congress. Ministers, judges, lawyers, professors, and so on. And one man would teach a hundred of them, and knock down and drag out half a dozen a day if necessary. But last winter in our village school—where one man used to teach a hundred—there was but 27 pupils and it required three teachers, under existing laws, to teach them. I guess the cards must be stacked against the country.

Excuse this hastily written letter. Sarah joins me with best wishes to you and yours.

Sincerely,
BERT Mc.

(Continued on Page 68)

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

Announcing an entirely *new* Nash model

The SPECIAL Six *Cabriolet*

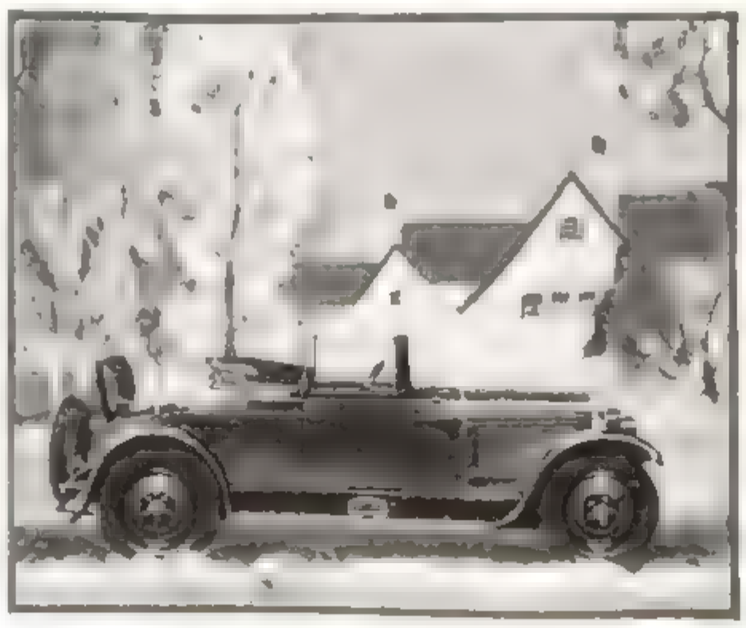
with Rumble Seat $1290 f. o. b factory

Now Nash has created a new Special Six model possessing the individuality and utility of a roadster or coupe and quickly convertible into an attractive enclosed car or a smart open model.

Richly finished in a colorful maroon body tone with gleaming black fenders and running gear, this new Cabriolet is rendered even more distinctive with its Burbank top and shining nickeled coach bars.

The top is instantly and easily adjustable and may be raised as shown above or lowered as pictured below. And the generously large rumble seat is available for two added passengers with the top up or down.

Nash has selected genuine leather of choice quality for the driving seat upholstery and also for the big rumble seat.

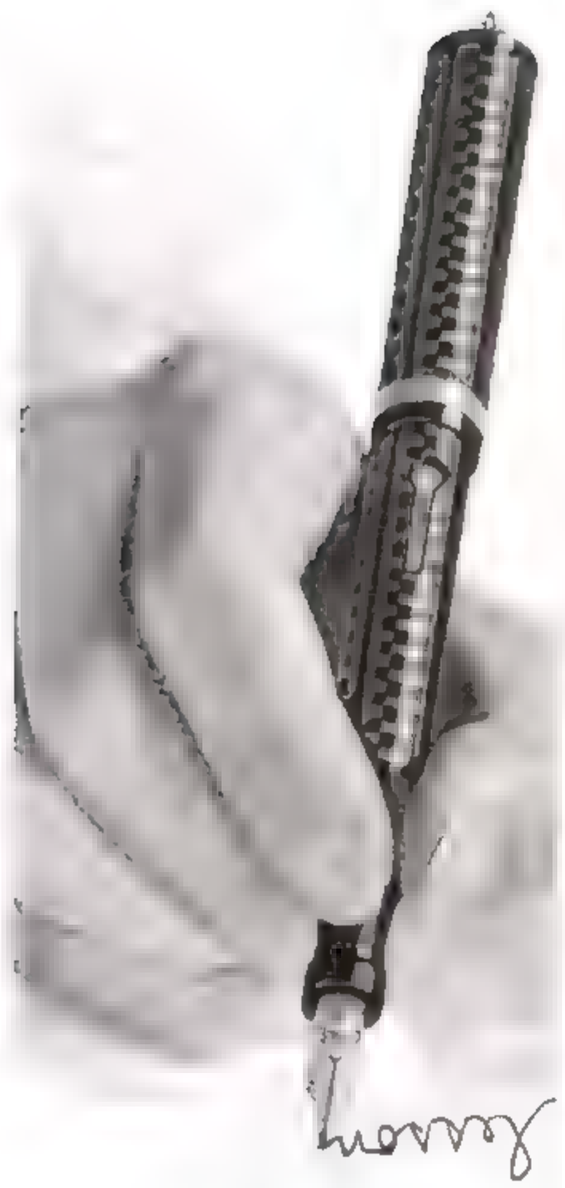


The wide glass windows may be lowered or raised with the top up or down. The steering wheel is of real walnut and the beautiful inlaid instrument panel is of walnut finish.

The spacious compartment, with opening on the right, is provided for the accommodation of luggage or parcels.

This car is powered with the great Nash 7-bearing motor—*the world's smoothest type*—as are all other Nash models. It has Gabriel Snubbers at front. And 4-wheel brakes and 5 disc wheels are included in the price which has been set at so moderate a figure as to constitute a remarkable attraction in itself.

The Nash line comprises 26 models and the price range is from $865 to $2090 f. o. b. factory.



THE next time you are near a fountain pen counter ask to see and try the new Conklin "Three-fifty"—a fine Conklin pen made in the popular colors, Azure Blue and Red, and which, as its name implies, is sold at the sensible price of three dollars and a half. Another splendid value is the well known Conklin Student's Special, in black, handsomely chased, gold mounted, for $3.50. There is a Conklin at a fair price to suit every need, every taste, every purse. All colors, all models.

The Conklin Pen Company
TOLEDO, OHIO
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Conklin
Pens Pencils Sets

(Continued from Page 66)

THURSDAY, JAN. 10, 1924.

DEAR BEN: Just a line to thank you for the picture rec'd last night. I'm staying under cover for a few days with a cold; doing the chores, that's all.

The background of the picture is fine—and suggestive of trout brooks—and will always, to me, bring to mind the many happy hours I have spent there. Hours and days, in years past, when my only regret was that I had no congenial friend to share the pleasure. Now, Ben, if possible, I would like to have you come here early in May—say, by the 10th. Early spring is the time that trout fishing has a thrill all its own. Then the upper brooks are full of trout, grass and leaves do not bother, and the odor of the woods and sounds that one hears there is different from any other season.

I am sending two separate packages for the boys' museum. The outer wings, talons, skull, scalp and the tail of the gray squirrel that the great horned owl was eating when P. shot it with a high-powered rifle, a hundred yards away.

G. called here yesterday and had a wonderful tale to tell about moose tracks out back of his house. He went out after rabbits, but did not stay long on account of moose

G. declares they are dangerous; it may be he is right.

Sarah joins me with best regards to you and yours. Sincerely,

BERT MC.

FEB. 17TH, 1924, SUNDAY EVE.

WELL, BEN: Two months ago tonight I commenced to write the happenings of the day in Fraternity, but when I wrote you last, thought it too silly to send you. But as time moved on, kept adding a little more from day to day, and now have decided to send it, and beg pardon for troubling you. But Joshua accumulated wealth by using twisted papers to light his pipe.

Fine winter weather, so far this month. But just a little too cold for fishing.

I was down under the hill by the river this afternoon. The crust will hold me in open land, but in the woods the snow is about a foot deep, and the crust makes hard walking.

I went up the river on the ice, looking for footprints, and saw many mink, otter, weasel, rabbit, fox, squirrel, and many of partridge.

I flushed one partridge—pointed my finger, said, "Bang, dead bird." J. B. has a crew cutting the lumber on the Coombs place, is going to move the mill down from the pond, and set it up just above my line fence, near the river.

If I get a bushel of fish the next warm day, you will hear from me.

With best regards to you and yours,

Sincerely,

BERT MC.

MONDAY, DEC. 17, 1923.

A light fall of snow early last evening. All clear at 9 o'clock. Just enough to make an imprint of the tracks of great and small; to me, an ideal day to cruise the woods, not to shoot, but just to see what's been happening through the night.

I saw the tracks of a large and a small fox near by the recently buried carcass of a cow, also rabbit, squirrel, weasel, hedgehog, partridge, and several of shrew mice, and numerous old tracks of moose. What a contrast between the track of a shrew mouse and a bull moose.

Since the 20th of November the weather has been like Sept., and today the ice will not hold. I had to walk along the borders of the wet places.

The past few weeks has been fine woodcock weather. W. P., who has a line of fox traps up the west side of Quanty pond, told me that Friday—the 14th—he saw a large flock of wild geese, and the next day, Sat., while tending his traps, he saw a lot of ducks in Richard's Cove and out in the pond below Sheep Island. Probably whistlers or coots.

TUES., DEC. 18TH.

Cold and windy tonight. Quanty is still open. I hope the wind will go down so the pond can close up. J. S. has a bushel of live bait. I want to go fishing.

DEC. 19TH.

Coldest of the season; F. told me it was 5 below at the store this A.M. Quanty is lightly coated, except between the islands, which is always the last place in the pond to close. A draft of air from the Montville hills or possibly a slight current. At any rate, between the islands is a place to avoid when the pond first closes with ice. Some 40 or more years ago a sad tragedy happened there one Christmas Day. The season, like the present, had been warm and open. The pond closed a few days before Christmas, and on that day two brothers, only sons by the name of Adams, left their home near Belmont Corner, and went down across Fox Bog to Wood Island cove, skating.

The day was warm and pleasant. A man named Greer, from his dooryard a mile away, stood watching the boys as they skated out past the point of Wood Island, and saw them both disappear through the ice in the channel halfway to Sheep Island. Of course they were beyond all help. A few hours later they were pulled up with grappling irons in 25 feet of water.

The father and mother were broken-hearted, and soon after sold their farm and left the country.

DEC. 20TH.

Very pleasant. Worked in woods today.

DEC. 21ST.

Still fine weather, with warm southerly winds. Much open water in the pond.

SAT. DEC. 22ND.

Packed King apples today on walk in front of house; the day was like April.

SUN. DEC. 23.

Finished the Kings today—8 bbls. Snowing and raining tonight. Very warm.

MON. DEC. 24.

G. B. came after the apples before daylight.

CHRISTMAS.

3 inches of damp snow this A.M., but clear and pleasant today. G. and wife took dinner with Sarah and I today. G. and I went down under the hill near the river and practiced with rifle and revolver. Honors about even he won with revolver and I with rifle.

In evening he and I played cribbage till 10 o'clock while Mrs. P. and Sarah swapped the gossip of the town.

DEC. 26TH.

Unusually pleasant today. Sun bright and warm, water dripping from the eaves. Reck & Frenchy are off making their morning calls.

10:30 A.M., 27TH.

Helped Sarah do the washing, then spent the day battening up the barn for the cold weather that is sure to come.

DEC. 28TH.

Rec'd check for 8 bbls. King apples, Grade unclassified—sold in Boston for $3.50 per bbl. Net $1.80.

8.30 P.M. About a foot of damp snow fell today. The weather has moderated and may rain before morning. Quanty pond isn't considered safe.

DEC. 29TH.

They are cutting some of the old pines at Quanty pond. Those trees were casting shadows one hundred and seventy years ago—1754—when an Indian by name Araxes was disputing the hunting privileges of Quantabacook pond with a white man by name John Robertson. And the commanding officer at Fort Pownal, now Fort Point, Stockton, decided in favor of the Indian. If I remember right, this took place in March, 1754. And Robertson's letters, printed on birch bark and carried by the Indian to Fort Pownal, are now in the archives at Washington, D. C. And now these ancient pines, the last of their race, that have weathered the storms of centuries, must be laid low. Spared by General Knox a hundred and thirty years ago, and carefully guarded by all the passing generations till the death of Geo. Quimby. Tradition has it that the pines was the ancient camping ground of the Indians. And for that reason, and because many of the trees were scarred near the ground, they have been left uncut for many years. I have a piece of broken flint found on the shore in front of the pines, which is without doubt a relic of some Indian artist that may have plied his trade there ages ago, which proves to me that tradition is right. And very likely John Robertson's birch-bark letters were written there.

JANUARY 15, 1924.

Still mild pleasant weather. R. F. and R. M. came pickerel fishing today. Drove out with car. Fished at foot of pond, got 9—6 large ones—a good mess. Only 10 inches of ice, had a fine time, but quite cold in afternoon. Do not expect them again till Feb. Then if they can catch a trout, won't have to put it back.

JAN. 17TH.

Rained last night, snow in road all gone, very warm and pleasant. Have just been down in the cellar and changed water in tub of bait.

Ben, if this open winter continues through Feb., can't you come down a few days for the pickerel fishing? I would like to have you on the pond some day when fish are biting. A day such as we often see when 3 or 4 men get 40 or 50 fish in an afternoon. If you could be here on such a day, you could make the man who loves fishing turn green with envy. If you could have seen R. F. last Tuesday, so cold we had to break ice away from lines every 10 minutes, yet at a tip-up he would forget his 75 years and run like a boy. And I believe it did him good—that he was better for it.

G. has just put his horse in the barn. Now for a game of cribbage.

10:05 P.M.

I won 5 of 7 games. But G. is still several games ahead in a series.

Sarah is now in a desperate struggle, playing a game of solitaire. We keep late hours these long winter nights.

Very quiet at the P. O. tonight. S. is driving the flivver, and told me there's no snow in Union. As I came round the house tonight, could hear the roar of the river both south and west. It seems like April. The brooks are wide and no frost in the ground. Yours,

BERT MCC.

SEARSMONT, June 7, 1924.

DEAR BEN: Trusting that all is well with you, thought perhaps a word about the fishing would be of interest. Owing to continual rain, the waters are still high, and no large catches have yet been made, though G. got eighteen yesterday in Ring Brook, which is the best he has done, and he goes there most every day. The gates are still closed at the dam and the meadow is flowed nearly to the point of bushes.

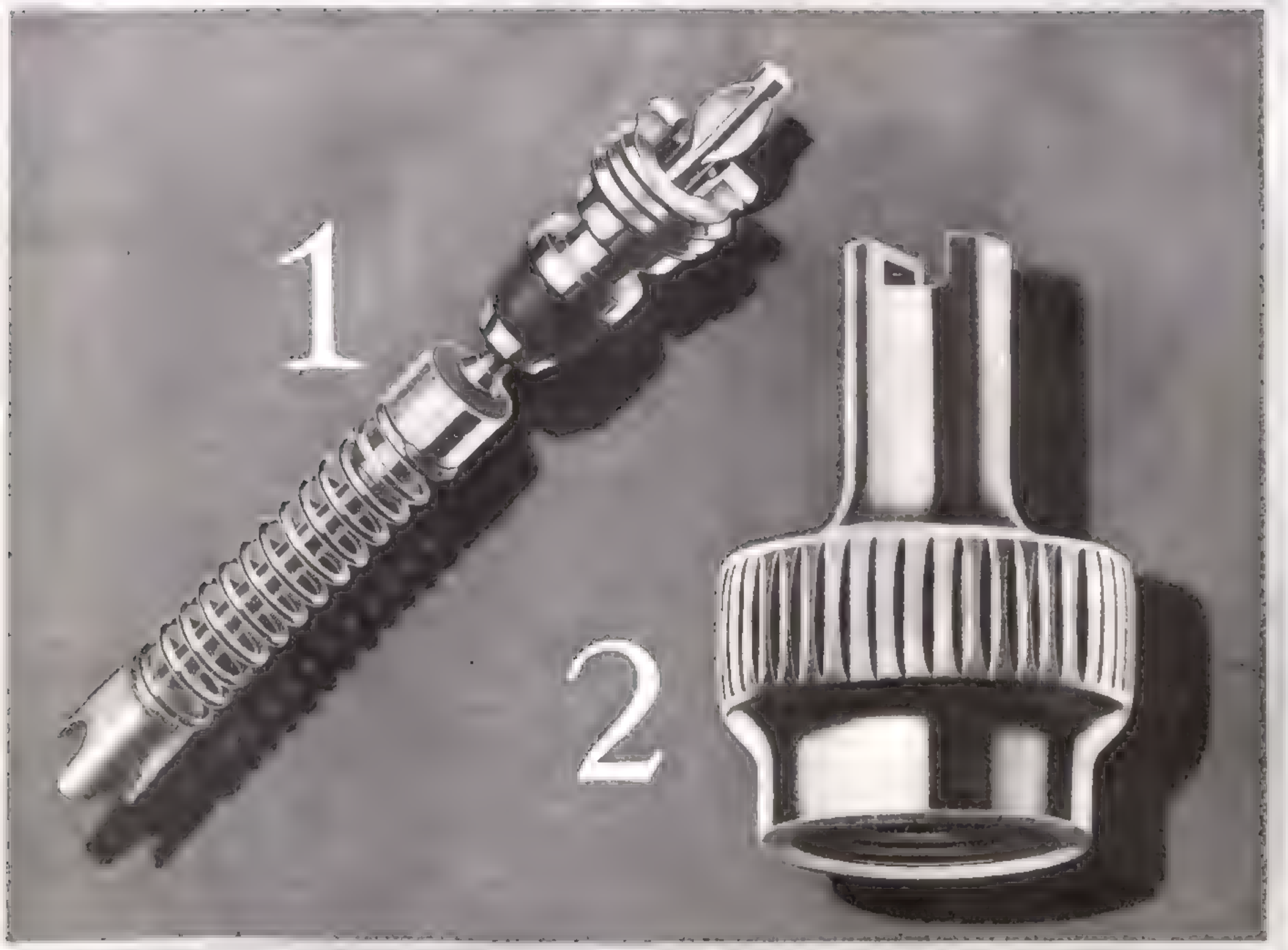
G. gave me six last night that were very good; two were 9 inches in length.

The river was very high today. I went down river in boat about 8 o'clock. I thought of your father today as I pushed the boat down the river. It was calm under the hill, and the river was like a mirror. I also saw the big turtle. If you ever own the farm under hill and cruise the river, you will sometime see it. I first saw it more than 30 years ago.

S. sends love to you all.

Sincerely,

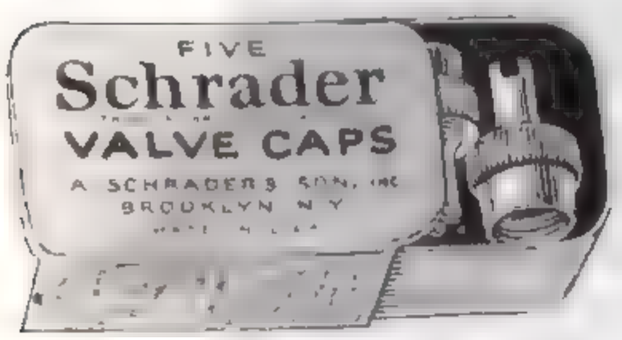
BERT.



DO TWO THINGS~

and seal the air at mouth of tire valve

Five in the red metal box cost but 10c



Five in the red metal box cost but 10c

1 See that a genuine Schrader Valve Inside, in good condition, is in every tire valve. This wonderful little valve inside is equally dependable for holding air in either balloon or high pressure tires.

2 Screw a Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap tightly by hand on every tire valve. Then you know it is on. This valve cap keeps dirt from damaging the valve inside and *is guaranteed air-tight up to 250 lbs.*

Keep a spare box of Schrader Valve Insides and No. 880 Valve Caps in your car. They cost so little that you can easily afford to insure continued satisfactory service by renewing them at least once a year. Schrader products are sold by over 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

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MOTOR car comfort rises on an ascending scale until it reaches completion and perfection in the Cadillac. ✣ Cadillac without compromise or distraction strikes straight for the highest ideal of comfort that can be embodied in a motor car. ✣ It caters to that rapidly growing group which long ago wearied of compromise—which sees no reason why comfort in a motor car should not be absolute and continuous and positive, as in the Cadillac. ✣ The Cadillac owner escapes every day a thousand vexations of spirit and body—rolls along restfully in an environment of ease and luxury which spell complete content. ✣ Other markets are for other manufacturers—Cadillac holds fast to the clear cut picture it has always held of men and women of a particular type, who want to forget their car and themselves in the utter reliability and restfulness of its running and riding. ✣ The Cadillac owner has long since learned that in buying these peculiar and special Cadillac enjoyments he has made the soundest investment and insured himself the richest returns which money can buy in motoring. And Cadillac in turn has been granted a practical monopoly in its own fine field.

NEW 90 DEGREE

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Priced from $2995 to $9000 f. o. b. Detroit

CLOSE-UPS

(Continued from Page 35)

as I have a very good ingénue part for her in Anita Stewart's next picture."

"But my daughter is already cast for another Van Dyke Brooke picture," said Peg

"No, no, I am not referring to Norma. I mean the youngster with the two yellow plaits down her back and the big brown laughing eyes—the one who has been playing extra parts now and then."

Seven different girls were tried out for this particular rôle, but Ince insisted that he wanted Constance. She was promoted from the usual two dollars and a half to five dollars a day, and this engagement with Ralph netted her one hundred and ten dollars—the largest amount of money she had ever earned in a lump sum. It was characteristic of Connie that she turned the hundred over to Peg and bought a second-hand phonograph with the ten.

Encouraged by this fortune, Dutch wanted to leave school forever, and bemoaned the fact that she was not on the regular pay roll.

She constantly begged me to take her to see Mr. Blackton and get her a permanent job, but I hated to ask favors for the family and hesitated to place myself in the position of being refused. Peg, however, thought of a plan to assist Constance without antagonizing me.

Putting One Over

"Norma, dear," she said, "J. Stuart Blackton sent for Constance this morning and the child is bashful about going to see him alone. Will you please take her with you today?"

Of course Mr. Blackton had not really sent for her at all, but I fell into the trap of Peg's maternal cunning, and leading Dutch by the hand, walked boldly into the private office.

"Well, here she is," I said as Mr. Blackton glanced up from the desk littered with papers. He ran his hand through his hair and looked distraught, though he smiled cordially.

"Um-m-m. Yes, yes, what is it, my dear?"

"You sent for her," I reminded him.

"Did I?" said Mr. Blackton, "Oh, yes, yes, of course—about ——"

"The stock company," I prompted.

"Indeed, yes; how would you like to have your sister join us?"

Constance, perceiving that the bewildered executive, covering what he feared was a lapse of memory, made this offer on the spur of the moment, let out a loud chuckle. She immediately had visions of relating the story to Peg when we got home. I gave her a dagger look, which silenced her. However, everything passed off all right, as Mr. Blackton thought the mirth was occasioned by her delight at getting a job. He started Dutch at thirty dollars a week, which was an awful blow to my pride, since I had begun in stock for twenty-five.

Constance's initial part was in The Maid from Sweden, a two-reel comedy directed by Lee Beggs, in which she appeared in the title rôle. This was followed by another of Beggs' pictures—Our Fairy Play—where she again played leading woman, with Billy Quirk, Josie Sadler, Charles Brown and James Lackaye, a brother of Wilton Lackaye of stage fame. Her third picture—The Moonstone of Fez—gave her quite a thrill, since she was cast opposite Maurice Costello, with whom she played, also, in The Mysterious Lodger. Besides Lee Beggs and Ralph Ince, some of her other directors were George Baker, Lionel Belmore, Jay Williams and Cortlandt Van Duesen. Most of her one and two reel comedies were with William A. Quirk, one of the best-known comedians of his time. With Bill and Anita Stewart, Constance made her first three-part picture—Uncle Bill—directed by Ralph Ince. It was quite customary to use Quirk's familiar diminutive name in the main title of his comedies—Billy's Wager, Our Glorious Billy, Bill, the Bear Tamer are a few that come to mind. But our Glorious Billy, alas, is no more.

The first time that Van Dyke Brooke cast Constance in a picture with me was in October, 1914, in The Peacemaker. I was given the lead, Brooke, Costello and Constance had the other rôles, but my sister and I played together very rarely, as our type of work was radically different even in those days.

Although Constance's bent was for comedy right from the start, she could now easily play emotional rôles if she cared to branch out. After her East is West of three years ago—the Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer play—which gave her an opportunity to depict a more serious type of character than her accustomed virtuous vamps or naughty naïves, many exhibitors wrote to suggest that they would like to see her play such and such a rôle in straight dramas.

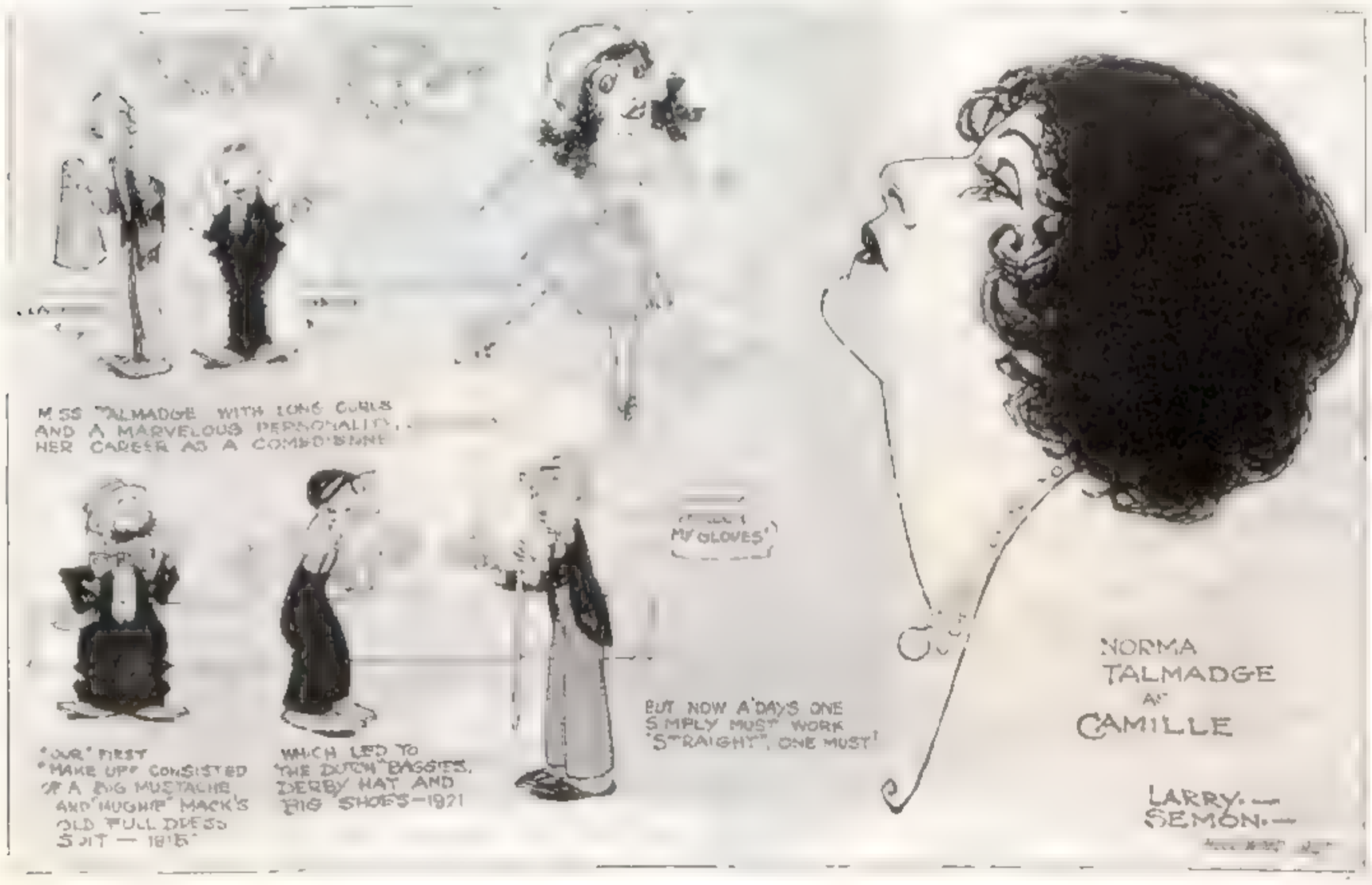
"Why don't you?" I asked.

"Because there are twenty actresses who can make an audience cry to one who can make them laugh," replied Dutch. "Also, because being serious or sad would mean hard work, whereas being funny is just being natural for me. It suits my temperament to be joyous, gay, amusing and flirtatious, naughty but nice, slightly risqué, vastly provocative. Then, too, in comedy work one is in a sense more creative. No matter how witty the author's story, no matter how clever the director or how frequent the rehearsals, in the last analysis it is up to the comedian or comédienne to put in the final sprightly touches as he or she goes along on the picture. The best gags or bits of comedy business are almost always inspirational—the little things that are not visualized weeks ahead but that occur to us as we enact a scene. What seems funny on paper is often deadly dull in actual performance. How to brighten up a situation by a meaning glance, the trick of a flip gesture, the mugging of the face without having to think about looking as beautiful as you can, but only as expressive as possible of the thought or idea one is trying to put over—this being on your toes every second is what intrigues me about comedy."

Cast for a Corpse

Like Voltaire, Constance looks upon solemnity as a disease. But for all her carefree manner, my sister works very hard She must not only be extraordinarily alert and peppy herself, but she must inject this same happy spirit into her surrounding players—"jazz it up" is the expression the picture folk use for livening up the action or quickening the tempo. Comedy pictures require fast, snappy action, and tempo is to the comedian what temperament is to the emotional player.

Unlike Constance, who found her *métier* from the very beginning of her engagement with the stock company, Mabel Normand, another of the best of the women screen-comedy players, was at first always cast for pathetic parts rather than comedy rôles Mabel was forever dying. She was a very beautiful youngster, with soft dark hair and large soulful eyes, but so thin that she


MISS TALMADGE WITH LONG CURLS AND A MARVELOUS PERSONALITY, HER CAREER AS A COMEDIENNE
"OUR" FIRST "MAKE UP" CONSISTED OF A BIG MUSTACHE AND "HUGHIE" MACK'S OLD "FULL DRESS SUIT — 1815"
WHICH LED TO THE DUTCH "BAGGIES," DERBY HAT AND BIG SHOES—1921
BUT NOW A'DAYS ONE SIMPLY MUST WORK "STRAIGHT", ONE MUST!
NORMA TALMADGE AS CAMILLE
LARRY.— SEMON.—

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Equip with AJAX *Hi-Speed* Balloons.

Step on the accelerator.

Give her all the gas she'll take.

Then as the speedometer mounts notice how the car drives—

Easy to handle!

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Comfort!

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Those are the results AJAX Balloon Balance, Balloon Contour and Balloon Design give.

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"Made Expressly for" a particular car means that the size and type of AJAX Hi-Speed Balloons for that car have been determined only after the most careful study and analysis of the important factors that cause tire wear—speed, pick-up, length of wheelbase, size of wheels, character of brakes and weight of car.

fitted naturally into invalid rôles or parts requiring much pathos. Mabel, who had posed for Harrison Fisher, Hamilton King, Charles Dana Gibson, Leyendecker and James Montgomery Flagg for a dollar an afternoon after school hours, was a shy, reserved, unhappy child, and poorer than a church mouse. She lived on Staten Island and had to get up at 5:30 in the morning, take a street car to the ferry, ride to Brooklyn Bridge and then get a Coney Island train to the Flatbush studio to start work at 8 A.M. This forty-cent carfare a day was a serious matter to Mabel, who never thought then that the time would come when she would loll back in the comfortably cushioned seat of a big car with a neat M. N. on the door.

Mabel, who was starved for affection, once flung both her arms around me and exclaimed: "I think you are the most wonderful girl in the world. I will lend you my books." There are no uncut pages in the volumes that line the walls of Mabel Normand's Beverly Hills living room. She loves reading better than anything in the world except music, and it may surprise her fan friends to know that she is the author of many lovely poems. It was because she was always running around the studio with a book under her arm, looking for a quiet corner in which to read, that I invited her to share my dressing room. Before that she dressed with twenty or thirty others in a big general room for the extras.

But Mabel did not remain an extra long. Her personality early made itself felt, and she soon found her way into comedy pictures. I can see her now in Betty Becomes a Maid, with Flora Finch, John Bunny and Leo Delaney. The finis showed Leo and Mabel kissing each other across a kitchen table through a big hunk of pretzel-shaped dough. It was a great disappointment to me when my little friend left Vitagraph. Alice Joyce, who was then with the Kalem Company, sent Mabel to see Griffith at the Biograph studio. Without stopping to read Alice's letter of introduction, D. W. engaged her on sight to play with Mary Pickford, Henry B. Walthall, Blanche Sweet and others.

Some time later Mack Sennett, an ex-associate of David Wark Griffith, offered Normand—Griffith always called her by the surname—one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week to go to California.

The demand for comedy was growing constantly, and our company felt the need of meeting the competition of rival organizations. J. Stuart Blackton and A. E. Smith looked over all their players with a view to developing and exploiting someone to compete with Keystone and Sennett comedies, as John Bunny's contract had expired. They even tried out Antonio Moreno and Edith Storey in slapstick, and Jewell Hunt, Mr. Blackton's sister-in-law, was considered as having the makings of a comédienne. But there was a young chap at the studio writing comedies and learning how to direct them whose name was Lawrence Semon. Larry's advent into the motion-picture industry was similar to that of J. Stuart Blackton's, as Semon, too, was a cartoonist on New York newspapers.

The son of theatrical parents, Semon played child parts on the stage with his father, Zera Semon, and at the age of fourteen, if you please, had directed musical comedies and staged an entire show for his dad. Larry was also an accomplished magician and tumbler in vaudeville.

When Zera Semon lay on his deathbed, thoughtfully taking stock of his life experiences as he stared at the white ceiling, the veteran actor decided that the stage was too uncertain a proposition and the financial returns too meager for his gifted son. He wanted his boy to become either a cartoonist or a watchmaker, an occupation which at that time was considered very artistic and remunerative. Larry, complying with his father's last request, chose to

(Continued on Page 74)

Small-bubble lather... *weakens wiry beards*

Its tiny, water-laden bubbles penetrate to base of whiskers and soak them soft

THE secret of a good lather is in the size of its bubbles. This *"small-bubble"* lather gets right down to the beard-base, carries water where blade meets hair. In Colgate lather, the bubbles are smaller, as shown in the lather pictures below.

How "small-bubble" lather works. The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

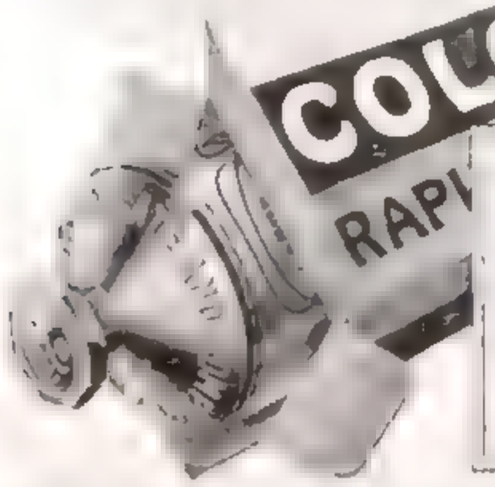
ORDINARY LATHER
This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold out, instead of water, against whiskers

COLGATE LATHER
This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

FREE—A WEEK'S SHAVES

Try this unique "small-bubble" lather at our expense. The coupon below will bring a generous trial-size tube—free.

EXTRA DIVIDEND! We will also include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that *keeps* your face looking freshly shaved all day long.

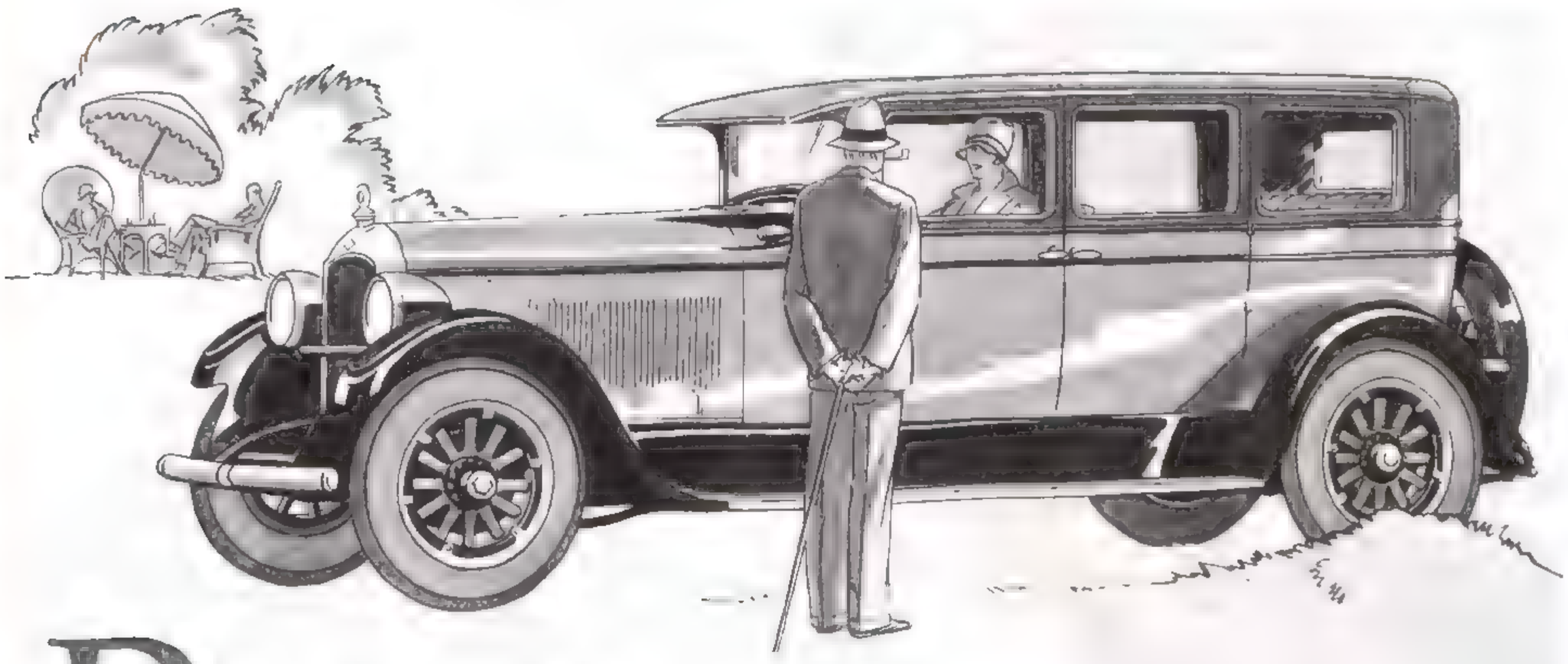


Colgate & Co.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 500-E, 581 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. Also sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men.
Name
Address
City State

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

The Veranda of Norma's New Hollywood Home, Where Tea is Served Afternoons and Frequent Dances are Given on Warm Summer Evenings



PAIGE *presents the greatest advance since balloon tires and four-wheel brakes . . . an "8"—with* Two High Speeds!

OUT of the laboratories and off the race tracks comes an unending stream of automotive improvements day after day.

Another ounce is taken from the weight of a crankshaft—another mile wrested from a gallon of gasoline—another improvement added to carburetor or clutch.

But only once in a blue moon comes an improvement so wholly new, so completely revolutionary, that it is instantly destined to change the whole trend of motor car design and immeasurably raise all the accepted standards of motor car performance.

Balloon tires were such an improvement. Paige-Hydraulic *four-wheel* brakes were another. And now Paige brings on the third—TWO HIGH SPEEDS!

You can no more grasp the full brilliance of this modern engineering achievement, without actually experiencing it, than you could appreciate the greater buoyancy of balloon tires or the greater safety of four-wheel brakes.

Here's a hint of what to expect:

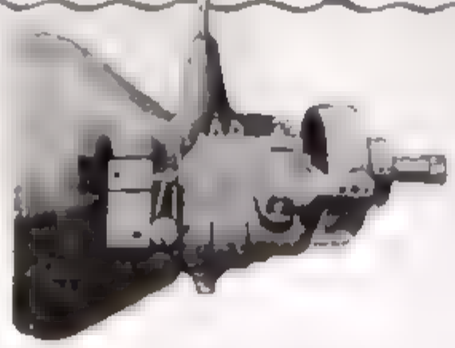
At 70 miles per hour, the engine in the great new Paige "8" actually revolves no faster than do the engines in other cars going "50". Thus all consciousness of roar or vibration at high speeds is ended.

Moreover, because your engine runs *much slower* while your car travels *much faster*—it uses much less gasoline, the savings approximating 30% over ordinary highs. The engine thus lasts longer—years longer, requiring less attention, less frequent lubrication.

All this and more in fourth speed. But drop into third (and you can make the change smoothly and silently at almost any speed!) and yours to command is a burst of acceleration unbelievable—sweeping you ahead of the traffic line instantly, or up over the steepest hills with uncanny ease.

We believe this automobile to be the *finest performing* automobile in the world. But you'll never know how revolutionary its brilliant performance is until you accept our invitation to drive it.

Just one thing more—brief, for your eyes will tell you all when you see it—this magnificent Paige "8" is built in six body types, and the coachwork of each is faultlessly fashioned, exquisitely finished and appointed. It is a car that will add new renown to the coveted Paige distinction of being THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA.



The brilliant and unparalleled performance of this new Paige "8" is due, in large measure, to the exclusive Warner Hi-Flex transmission providing 4 forward speeds. Like most truly great inventions, this new transmission is extremely simple in design and operation. Your Paige dealer will gladly explain its many superior advantages.

(800)

(Continued from Page 72)

become a newspaper artist, and journeyed to New York, where his unique cartoons won him considerable reputation. In time Mr. Blackton made him an offer to reproduce some of his series of drawings on the screen and Larry, still holding his newspaper job, began writing comedies, all the while studying the camera and directorial methods

The Harder They Fall

The Vitagraph Company made an arrangement to produce a weekly topical. Then Larry Semon wrote six one-reel stories founded on his drawings. Hughie Mack, Kate Price and Templar Saxe were in the first cast. In one of these pictures, just for fun, Larry himself played a minor part—that of a butler—and did it so well that the Vitagraph executives called him into the office and told him to turn out a yarn immediately in which he was to play the featured rôle. In the rush of writing the story and other preparations, the day before the picture was scheduled to begin Larry found that he had no costume to wear.

In addition to a walrus mustache or long whiskers, the mark of comedy in those days was a pair of loose baggy trousers. From a piece of old black fur the prospective comedian contrived a mustache à la Chester Conklin, Ford Sterling, Charles Murray and Wallace Beery. The latter at that time had not become a heavy, but was making slapstick comedies under Mack Sennett's direction.

Then Larry borrowed a pair of pants from Hugh McGowan, known as Hughie Mack. Hugh, weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds, was so big and fat that his trousers reached up under the armpits on Semon, completely enveloping him.

Speaking of Hughie Mack reminds me of the time he was playing in Fatty's Sweetheart, the sweetheart being Lucille Lee Stewart. Hugh, as Fatty, had a bit of business in the branches of a tree during a storm. When the weight of his huge person struck the topmost limb, Mack and several branches came tumbling down in a heap, just escaping crushing Lucille underneath, who thought the tree had suddenly been struck by lightning.

In his very first picture Larry Semon introduced the thrills which are so prominent today in comedy. He hung suspended in midair from the wire of a telegraph pole, then jumped into an automobile. In his next production he was told to continue with the baggy trousers, but to lay off the moth-eaten mustache. That was the beginning of clean-shaven comedians.

I remember Larry with a sketch pad and half a dozen sticks of charcoal always at hand in one of the voluminous pockets of his gathered pants. He loved to go from set to set and sketch the various players for his own amusement. A cartoon he made of me in 1915, shortly before he was transferred to Vitagraph's West Coast studio, is still one of my treasured possessions.

While Semon was gaining fame in slapstick comedies, Sidney Drew and Lucille McVey—Mrs. Sidney Drew—were amusing the world with domestic comedies of everyday married life

Getting the Screen Urge

Lucille had been out on the Chautauqua Circuit. Afterward she went into vaudeville with Sidney Drew in a sketch called Billy's Tombstone. While they were playing in San Francisco in 1913, Broncho Billy Anderson, whose real name, Max Aronson, had been converted into Gilbert M. Anderson and then changed again by his public to Broncho Billy, invited them to visit his studios some thirty-odd miles away, at Niles, California. There, sometimes directed by George L. Sargent, who joined the Vitagraph staff years later, Anderson was making some of the three hundred and seventy-five one-reel Westerns which he turned out during his highly profitable screen career.

Notwithstanding the crudity of Broncho Billy's studio—where flat painted sets were used, so that a log cabin on one side of a canvas could be turned around to reveal a sheriff's office on the other—Sidney was so enthused that he "got the urge" right away. Nothing would do but he must needs have a test of himself made. As he seemed to photograph very well, but was hardly a type for Wild West dramas, Anderson sent him on his way East with a letter of introduction to Blackton and Smith. When Sidney became an actor and director at Vitagraph, he brought his son, S. Rankin Drew, along, and his former

(Continued on Page 76)

Summer rains
turn streets and roads
into deadly skidways
Last summer skidding cars killed 41 and caused 1297 accidents in one state alone. (And there are 48 states in the Union—think of what thia means in skidding accidents during every summer rain!) Many of those hurt were innocent pedestrians—in no way to blame for the skids which could have been prevented by WEED Chains.
When it rains put on chains—"there can be no compromise with safety." Genuine WEED Chains can be had wherever quality auto accessories are sold. Easy to identify by red connecting hooks, gray galvanized side chains and brass-plated cross chains with the name WEED stamped on every hook.
AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.
Bridgeport, Connecticut
In Canada Dominion Chain Co., Limited
Niagara Falls, Ontario
Makers of WEED Bumpers and
WEED Levelizers
WET RUBBER slips
WEED CHAINS grip

Magistrate—"Wretch, for What Reason Did You Give Your Wife Such a Terrible Beating?" Prisoner—"Your Honor, for Ten Years I've Put Up With Her Constant Nagging. Never Said a Word When She Spent More Than I Earn, Not Once Objected to Delicatessen Meals, and Kept My Temper When She Threw the China at Me—But Last Night She Refused to Tie My Dress Tie!"

(*Above*), R. F. KNOX, *Airplane pilot*

(*At right*), *James Guiney and one of his sisters, at their home, San José, Calif*

"Day by day my whole system was being poisoned"

"SOME SIX YEARS AGO *I became an air mail pilot, covering the route between New Orleans and Pilot Town.*

"*Sitting in my plane for long hours, irregular meals, the constant strain of the work—all these things finally brought on constipation and heartburn.*

"*My system seemed to be literally poisoned.*

"*This condition continued for four years—was a constant handicap to me in my work.*

"*It continued in fact until I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast. I began by taking two cakes a day and in three weeks' time my system began to function regularly. After six weeks I failed to experience any more heartburn. Today I consider Yeast as a part of my daily food. I sincerely believe it has done wonders for me.*"

R. F. KNOX, FORT WAYNE, IND.

THERE is nothing mysterious about Fleischmann's Yeast—unlike medicines, yeast is simply a living plant, a fresh, corrective food.

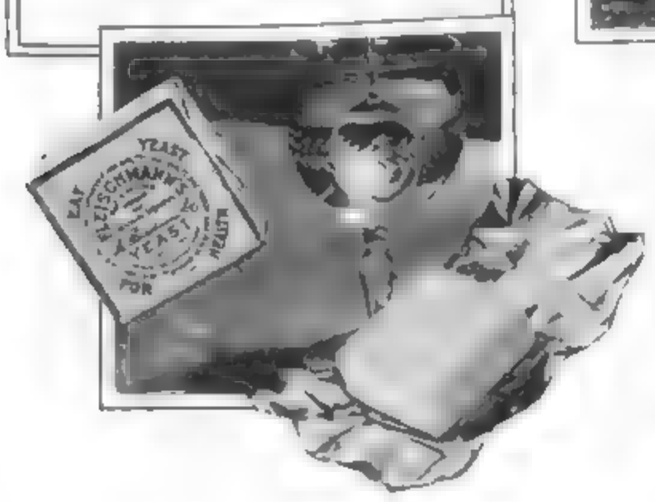
To keep well the digestive tract must be kept *clean* and *active*. That is exactly what yeast does. It tends to counteract intestinal putrefaction, preventing the absorption of dangerous toxins by the body. It stimulates the sluggish muscles of elimination, gradually bringing complete release from constipation.

Start today to eat your way back to health, to rid yourself of constipation and its attendant ills—indigestion, pimples and boils, and that constant feeling of weariness.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-36, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

This Easy, Natural Way to feel yourself again

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one before each meal: just plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve it in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous purgatives will gradually become unnecessary.



"FOR FIVE MONTHS last year my seven-year-old son was so sick I didn't know what to do. Indigestion—terrible intestinal pains—frequent nausea. He suffered misery—looked so sallow and pale. And worst of all, nothing seemed to help. One day my grocer said to me, 'Why don't you give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial?' It could not possibly hurt, I thought, so I told him he could deliver two Yeast cakes every day along with the other groceries. Jimmy began taking them right away and in two weeks' time he was showing an improvement. His food began to digest. Soon his stomach gave him no more pain. He has got back his white skin and rosy cheeks. Today he is a healthy, robust boy."

MRS. JOHN GUINEY, San José, Calif.

MME. DOROTHY JARDON, *prima donna mezzo soprano of the Chicago Opera Company*

"THE DARK SIDE of operatic and concert work is the constant wear and tear on one's complexion. Long train trips, changes in food—all had their damaging effect. Loss of color and that sallow look became most alarming. I was panic stricken. At this period a relative suggested Yeast. I ate it and my digestion showed improvement—and naturally this was reflected in my face. My old energy returned. Now, when that sallow look threatens I use Fleischmann's Yeast."

DOROTHY JARDON, New York City.

It makes

A New Man of you

Now a new Swiss food-drink . . . that gives you *instant* Pep and Energy when you're low

Make this 3-day test

Whenever you feel "all in" from lack of sleep, a restless night, a hard day, or the usual afternoon "let-down"—take this new "pick-up" drink.

It is a natural way that modern science now offers, to keep you "at par" right through the day and the evening's social activities. A way that picks you up almost instantly. Both mentally and physically.

It is the delicious new Swiss food-drink called Ovaltine. Contains no drugs. No artificial stimulants. A quick building-up beverage. Successful business men everywhere now drink Ovaltine. At home and at soda fountains. It rejuvenates. A 3-day test will prove it.

How this natural way overcomes "let downs"

Nine times out of ten, mental and physical "let-downs" are due to overstrained nerves or digestive unrest—or both.

Delicious Ovaltine instantly overcomes this trouble. This is why:

First—it combines in easily digested form certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Second—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods you eat. Thus, soon after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and other foods into rich, red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Energy returns. Your mind clears and your body responds. *That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.*

20,000 doctors recommend

You will like the flavor of Ovaltine. Unlike any drink you have ever tasted. In use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies.

More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a quick "Pick-up" beverage, but because of its special dietetic properties they also recommend it for restless sleep, nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

A 3-day test

Drink a cup or glass of Ovaltine whenever you feel low or nervously tired. See how quickly it picks you up. There is a new zest to your work—to all your daily activities.

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents.

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

©1927, T.W.Co.

"I took Ovaltine for nervousness. I have found it puts more pep into a person and makes him better and stronger."
Chas. C. Schroth, Rochester, N. Y.

obtained results desired. I am sure it is wonderfully good for me—also in taste."
J. Rector Weaver
Knoxville, Tenn.

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. 157
17 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.
Name
Street
City
One package to a person.

Send for 3-day test

(Continued from Page 74)

leading woman, Lucille McVey, was also a member of the stock company. When Sidney and Lucille were married I attended their wedding, as one of their closest friends. Their marriage was an exceptionally happy one—an outstanding refutation of the theory that two persons in the same line of work seldom get along. Mr. and Mrs. Drew collaborated in writing most of their own pictures.

How well I remember young S. Rankin Drew, who alternated between acting and directing. He played with me in Janet of the Chorus and other stories. Rankin was a fine, upstanding lad, who met with a tragic death in a crashing plane when an aviator in the World War. His father passed, also, a few years later, and Lucille, his stepmother, followed about two years ago. How sad to think that this talented family, who contributed so much joy to the entertainment-loving world, now all belong to the past.

Still another Vitagraph comedian was little chubby-faced Wally Van, always referred to at the studio as "Cutie," but registered on the flyleaf of his mother's Bible as Wallace Van Nostrand. Wally was a rich man's son, who entered amateur dramatics and directed college plays largely for the fun of it.

As the three Vitagraph chiefs grew increasingly prosperous J. Stuart Blackton became interested in high-powered speed boats and other sea craft. He was elected commodore of the Atlantic Yacht Club and there formed a friendship with young Van Nostrand. Wally enjoyed the reputation of being a motor and racing expert. He was an experienced mechanician also, but became secretary to the commodore and thereby eventually found himself identified with the motion-picture industry.

The Wally Van comedies were very popular and the dapper light-comedy dude made a particular appeal to the flappers of his day. He is still connected with the motion-picture profession, being affiliated with producers of independent comedies made in and around New York City.

War and Propaganda

With so many new players and directors being constantly enrolled at the Flatbush studio, money began literally to pour into the coffers of the three partners who began with a simple apparatus that was a camera in the daytime and by a few twists and turns became a projection machine at night. Production costs and salaries were low and profits were high. Commodore Blackton built himself a veritable marble palace in Brooklyn and bought expensive yachts. A. E. Smith invested in a huge estate at Babylon, Long Island; practical Pop Rock salted his away in safe bonds. All three changed their modest runabouts for the latest models in limousines. Assuredly those were the days of the glory that was Vitagraph's.

With studios operating in both the East and West, and James and Clara Young and Maurice Costello making occasional pictures abroad, the stock company increased to more than two hundred players and twenty-odd directors. Though only six or seven units could work at a time inside the studio buildings, several others were grinding simultaneously on locations. The negatives accumulated so fast that there was not space enough in the storeroom to save them all indefinitely, and hundreds of reels were burned after a picture had been released for some time and was considered too old to have any further value. Reissues were of course unknown. Today every negative and at least one print of every picture made is not only stored in fireproof vaults but is heavily insured.

While there were so many companies working at once, some of the players who were not in any particular unit would report to a different director every morning and frequently appear in two or three pictures in a single day. Hal Wilson, for instance, known to everyone on the lot as "Old Reliable," figured in about nine different releases a week. Hal was an excellent dramatic man, having been on the stage for twenty years under Charles Frohman, A. H. Woods and H. V. Donnelly management. He came to Vitagraph long before my time, at the end of his season with Clara Bloodgood in The Girl With the Green Eyes. Perhaps the reason Hal never rose to stellar rôles was because he was such a versatile actor that everybody wanted him. He was certainly in demand, and any part that suggested the possibility of being difficult to act was assigned to old reliable Hal Wilson.

In my last year at Vitagraph we began making occasional three-reelers. A Daughter's Strange Inheritance, in February, 1915, was the first three-part story I ever played, and in July of the same year I again had a three-reeler entitled The Criminal, with Maurice Costello. All my 1915 pictures were directed by Van Dyke Brooke, with the exception of The Battle Cry of Peace. This was the first big feature film I ever made. It was released in nine reels and for the first time my name went up in electric lights.

Previous to The Battle Cry of Peace, Vitagraph had produced their first seven-reel photoplay, Hall Caine's The Christian, with Edith Storey and Earle Williams. It ran at the Manhattan Opera House in New York City, and up to 1914 was acclaimed in England as well as in the States as the biggest production in the history of the screen. Then there followed the first five-reel society drama from a popular stage success of the current time—My Official Wife—in which Clara Kimball Young, opposite Earle Williams, permanently established herself as a star under James Young's direction. This picture marked a new epoch in photoplay making, as it was the first screen production of a successful stage play. Harry Morey and Eulalie Jensen were also in the cast. There had been one five-reel picture presented by Vitagraph as far back as 1908, entitled The Life of Moses, but My Official Wife was the forerunner of the modern society drama.

The Battle Cry of Peace was the initial war picture and also marked the first use of the screen for propaganda. It aroused America to the need of national preparedness and created a tremendous sensation, paving the way for many superproductions which followed. This story, based upon Hudson Maxim's Defenseless America, was written as well as supervised by Commodore Blackton and "Vitagraphed," as the programs read, by Wilfrid North. It was more than a year in the making, and necessitated the use of more than a thousand actors and supernumeraries. I was featured with Charles Richman, while others in the cast were Rogers Lytton, Julia Swayne Gordon, James Morrison and Eulalie Jensen. Constance, too, played a bit.

The Window of the World

After the release of The Battle Cry of Peace, Commodore Blackton received numerous letters from important people all over the country commenting on this feature photoplay. One of the most highly prized came from Theodore Roosevelt, and read as follows:

Oyster Bay, L. I.
August 27, 1915.

My dear Mr. Blackton: I wrote you on August 6, as soon as I got back from the West, but owing to a mix-up in the Metropolitan office I find the letter was never sent. I am very sorry. I heard much of The Battle Cry of Peace up at the Plattsburg Camp, and I know you have received General Wood's suggestions about it. You are doing a really great work and, as an American, I congratulate and thank you. General Wood was saying he wished you would come up for a couple of weeks to the next Business Men's Camp, which begins on September 8. I wish you would too, I think you would like it. It does everyone good. It is simply astounding to see the character of the men who are there. With best wishes.

Sincerely,
(Signed) Theodore Roosevelt.

(Continued on Page 78)

The WOLVERINE *is here!*

The Newest American Car

By One of the Oldest American Builders

FOUR months ago, the Reo Motor Car Company announced the Reo Flying Cloud. Its instant acceptance by the public has been one of the outstanding features of an otherwise colorless automobile season.

Now the Reo Motor Car Company announces the Wolverine. Named for the strongest animal of its size in all the world, the Wolverine—substantially lower in price and somewhat smaller in size than the Reo Flying Cloud—will bring to an even wider field of motorists that honesty of construction and sureness of performance for which Reo automobiles have always been known.

The Wolverine is small enough for easy handling and low operating costs—but no power nor brawn nor beauty was sacrificed in making it smaller.

It's *fast*—fast on the getaway, fast on the open road and quick to stop.

Both its performance and its appearance will be a delight to those who, in the past, have looked in vain for something decidedly superior in a moderate priced automobile.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY · *Lansing, Michigan*

Powerful

6 cylinders, 3 1/8-inch bore by 4-inch stroke

Smooth

7-bearing crankshaft—rubber mounted motor, 4-point suspension—single disc, easy-action clutch

Easy Handling

114-inch wheelbase—cam and lever steering, twenty-foot turning radius—semi-automatic spark control

Safe

4-wheel, hydraulic, velvet-stop brakes, the most modern, smoothest, surest brake in existence—rugged construction at all vital points—6-inch pressed steel frame

Comfortable

Full balloon tires—more than 80% of its length in springs—soft, resilient upholstery

Convenient

Automatic windshield wiper—parking brake—electric gasoline gauge on dash—Tilt-Ray double filament headlights—pressure gun chassis lubrication

Complete

Thermostatic heat control—black enamel, nickel mounted, steel trunk—bumpers, front and rear—steering post lock—locking type tire carrier—cowl lights, dome light, indirect dashboard illumination

The WOLVERINE

Your health demands that you heed this medical verdict:

"Nujol trains the system to act naturally but thoroughly"

It is the advice of hundreds of physicians interviewed all over the United States. Won't you heed it, and act upon it at once?

WHETHER you suffer from chronic constipation or only occasional stasis you will find that Nujol gives lasting relief. That is why so many physicians prescribe its use. Follow their advice and enjoy the comfort of regular and thorough elimination.

During a recent country-wide investigation concerning the best treatment for constipation eight doctors out of ten advised the Nujol type of treatment. Why? Because

1. Nujol is not habit-forming
2. It's a more natural method
3. A lubricant is better than a laxative
4. Nujol does not cause distress
5. It is non-irritating
6. Nujol gives lasting relief

Nujol may be taken at any time by any person. "It is the most natural aid to normal activity of the intestines," said one physician. It contains no drugs, no medicine. Its action is mechanical. It merely softens and lubricates the waste matter in the intestines so that elimination is regular, natural and thorough.

Thousands of mothers, realizing the dangers of constipation during childhood, give their children Nujol regularly. It not only relieves, but prevents constipation. Nujol quickly and harmlessly establishes the priceless habit of intestinal regularity at this important period of life.

Nujol appeals to the medical men because it is a simple, scientific and safe remedy for constipation no matter how severe the case may be. It is gentle in its action and pleasant to take.

Get a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today. Doctors advise it for constipation whether chronic or temporary.

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR CONSTIPATION

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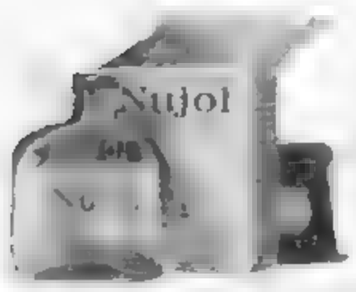


Accept This TRIAL Offer

NUJOL LABORATORIES, Room No. 827-J, 26 Broadway, New York City
(In Canada, Address Nujol, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.)

Send me 4-day trial bottle of Nujol, the drugless remover of hidden constipation. Enclosed is 10 cents to pay shipping costs. Send also 24-page, illustrated booklet, "Outwitting Constipation." (For booklet alone, draw a line through 10 cents above, and send no money.)

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 76)

This epoch-making photoplay, heralded by the press as Blackton's masterpiece, did a tremendous amount of good in assisting in recruiting. It was shown at the first de luxe picture theater ever opened. Blackton had leased the Criterion Theater at Broadway and Forty-fourth Street, New York City, and changed the name to the Vitagraph Theater. A fifty-thousand-dollar pipe organ was installed and for the first time an augmented symphony orchestra was devoted to a cinema exhibition. The martial music was scored and arranged by one Hugo Riesenfeld, who was later to become the managing director of some of the most important theaters on Broadway, and whose musical treatment of the motion picture is one of the outstanding contributions to cinematic art.

The panorama of the Vitagraph stage revealed a broad window through which could be seen a view of New York Bay and the Statue of Liberty. Then a draped silk curtain was drawn while the screen was being set behind it and lights were gradually dimmed down until the foreword of the story was flashed. This was the beginning of artistic presentation and was prophetically called by Commodore Blackton on the Vitagraph program, "The Window of the World."

All the elaborate prologues and expensive mountings of modern motion-picture presentations date from the opening night of the Vitagraph Theater. It is interesting to recall that the mayor and other city officials, distinguished representatives of the Army and Navy, of the church and state, the leaders of society and the professional world were in the invited audience. At first people gasped at the idea of paying a dollar to see an improved form of motion-picture entertainment, when only five or six years earlier they had witnessed pictures at nickelodeons. But they soon agreed that pictures had changed since the five-and-ten-cent days, and apparently found The Battle Cry of Peace worth the price of admission, as the new venture proved a tremendous success.

The once-despised movie at the store theater was at last elevated to a place beside the legitimate drama. The Vitagraph Theater was discontinued only because of the unexpected loss of the lease on the building. A year later the Strand opened in New York; then followed specially built motion-picture theaters throughout the country.

It was at the Vitagraph Theater that Smith and Blackton introduced one-act pantomine sketches during the program. Clara Kimball Young, Maurice Costello, John Bunny, Flora Finch and many of the other stock-company players, including myself, took part in these little silent dramas. A curtain would be dropped to denote lapse of time. These pantomimes, introducing the various Vitagraphers in the flesh, became exceedingly popular.

The Motion Picture Trust

A few months earlier in the same year that Vitagraph gave The Battle Cry of Peace and the first high-class motion-picture theater to the public, D. W. Griffith formed the Epoch Film Corporation to exploit The Clansman independently as a road show. Thomas Dixon, author of The Clansman, after witnessing Griffith's great masterpiece, suggested the change of title—The Birth of a Nation. This picture was shown in New York at the Knickerbocker Theater, and Forty-second Street presented the unheard-of spectacle of men and women standing in a long, untiring line to purchase seats days in advance for a moving picture at regular theater prices—two dollars being charged for the best seats. The cast included many names that have since become world famous. Among them were Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish, Henry B. Walthall, the late Robert Harron, Elmer Clifton, Joseph Henabery—who played Abraham Lincoln—Mary Alden, Sam deGrasse, and Donald Crisp—now a director.

The year 1915 saw another important development in film history, in the organization of the Motion Picture Board of Trade, of which Commodore Blackton became president. Enterprising producers were beginning to realize the need of an organized body to promote the artistic and commercial welfare of picture production. President Woodrow Wilson attended the first dinner arranged by the Motion Picture Board of Trade, and his presence was regarded as official recognition of the industry.

Five years previously a similar dinner had been tendered to Thomas A. Edison on his birthday, December 19, 1910, by the Motion Picture Patents Company—often called the Motion Picture Trust—organized in 1908, composed of the Edison, Biograph and Vitagraph Companies of greater New York; the Kalem Company, of Fort Lee, New Jersey; Melies and Lubin, of Philadelphia; Selig, of Los Angeles; Essanay, of Chicago—a combination of the initials S. and A.; S. standing for George K. Spoor, A. for Broncho Billy Anderson—and Pathé Frères, of Paris.

These various companies were affiliated and known as The General Film Company, each concern having its separate release, but all tied together and operating under the subconcern, or Motion Picture Patents Company, which controlled the majority of patents then in use in photographing, developing, printing and projecting films. It was almost impossible to show a picture without utilizing at least two or three of the group of licensed studios, which rented film only to licensed exchanges, who in turn agreed to deal only with theaters using licensed projection machines. A tax of two dollars a week was exacted as a royalty from every theater showing the General Film pictures.

In a Pillar of Flame

The producers who rebelled and refused to belong to this group, such as P. A. Powers, Carl Laemmle, Thanhouser and others, were known as independents. The trademark "Imp" was derived from the first letters of the words "Independent Motion Pictures."

Great battles arose between the two factions and hectic days followed, involving lawsuits, injunctions and various court proceedings.

My last year at Vitagraph came near being my last year of life. We were making a picture called A Pillar of Flame, in which I played opposite Harry Morey. I wore a thin party dress, with an evening wrap over it. There was a scene in which I was to be enveloped in flames, and they sprinkled a circle of lycopodium—a certain powder used in picture studios for fire scenes—around me. The rehearsals went off very successfully, but when the camera began to grind and Van Dyke Brooke was giving a dozen and one orders in every direction, something went wrong and the flames crept too near. In less than the twinkling of an eye my thin chiffon skirts were in flames. Everyone screamed. I was probably more frightened than ever before in my life, but instinctively I wrapped my evening coat closely about me and rolled around and around on the floor, smothering the flames before any of the company standing about could reach me.

A. E. Smith paid me a very great compliment in saying that I had trained myself to think quickly in my work and that this habit of thought and self-reliance was responsible for the sane way in which I had conducted myself in this crisis. Most of the lookers-on were too panicky to move and stood rooted to the floor as the flames crept around me.

From the beginning of the Vitagraph studio old-fashioned fire drills had been a part of the program. Great buckets of water stood ready for emergency, and each player was given a number and assigned to a definite place, so that the buckets could be passed from hand to hand. We were

(Continued on Page 80)

FACTS
about used car allowances

Most new car sales now involve the trading-in of a buyer's used car. More and more people are asking: "Why should my used car seem to have several values? . . . Why should dealers in different makes of cars offer me allowances differing materially? . . . Does the largest allowance offered mean the best deal for me?"

Here are basic facts:

1 Your used car has seemingly different values because competitive dealers are bidding to sell you a new car.

2 Your used car has only one fundamental basis of value: what the dealer who accepts it in trade can get for it in the used car market.

3 The largest trade-in allowance which is offered on your used car is not necessarily the best deal for you. Sometimes it is; but sometimes it is not.

4 An excessive allowance may mean that you are paying an excessive price for the new car in comparison with its real value.

5 Judge the merits of the new car in comparison with its price, including all delivery and finance charges. *Then* weigh any difference in allowance offered on your used car.

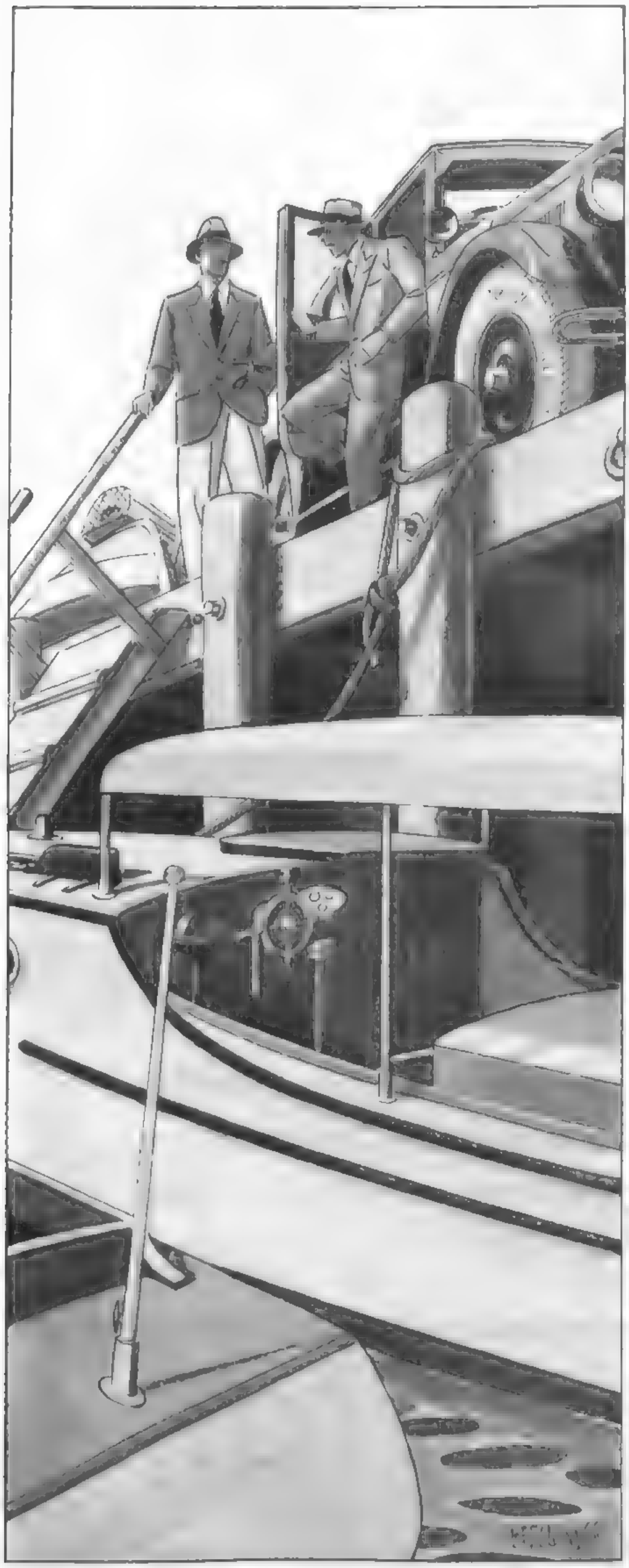
When you are ready to trade-in your present car, remember that after all you are making a *purchase* and not a *sale*. You are buying a *new* car and simply applying your present car as a credit toward the purchase price of a new car.

GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · OAKLAND · BUICK · LASALLE
CADILLAC · GMC TRUCKS · YELLOW CABS AND COACHES

FRIGIDAIRE—The Electric Refrigerator



"—and another advantage of a boat over a car is that you never have tire trouble."

"That's no advantage if you use Kelly-Springfield tires on your car."

(Continued from Page 78)

each appointed to an exit. A sonorous gong would occasionally ring through the studio and all work would be stopped on the second while we hurried to our places. But as so often happens in the case of a real emergency, everybody forgot all about the drill when my skirts caught fire. The property men began beating out the lycopodium encircling me, with chairs, cushions, draperies and what not, torn hurriedly from the set.

By the beginning of 1915 my salary had been increased to two hundred dollars a week, but after The Battle Cry of Peace I was at last a star and was raised to two hundred and fifty. Then offers began to come in from rival companies. A new organization called The National Pictures Company—one of the many that commenced to spring up overnight—offered me four hundred a week to go to California. The money was too great a temptation to refuse and little knowing what grief lay ahead of us, Fred and Peg urged me to accept. Vitagraph did not want me to go and later offered the same salary to remain, but I had already given my word to the National. As we did not want to leave Constance behind, she decided to take her chances on the Coast, too, and notified the executives with an air of importance that she was leaving a week from Saturday. Great was her come-down when Victor Smith, a brother of A. E., who acted as studio manager, replied, "You need not wait until then—you may leave today."

I was torn between the excitement of the coming new adventures in Hollywood and my regrets at leaving the old Flatbush studio where I had spent five of the happiest years of my life. Even in that short period our pictures had grown from split reels to three reels in length, with occasional full-length features. New stages had been added, lighting had been improved, crude amateurish five-dollar stories were giving way to the output of trained writers magazine stories and books were finding their way to the screen. Improvements of every description had been invented for cameras and projection machines. Out of chaos had come the beginning of technic. Many of the old vaudeville houses which had originally utilized moving pictures as a chaser to create an exodus of the seated audience, were being turned into photoplay theaters. The magic screen, which had been the signal for exit, was fast becoming the chief attraction. Films were no longer projected upside down, with slides announcing One Minute Please flashed at the audience while the projector was being adjusted or the reels rewound. Other old familiar slides, such as Gentlemen (?) are Requested Not to Expectorate on the Floor, and Kindly Refrain From Throwing Your Peanut Shucks in the Aisle, had also passed into oblivion.

What a change from the days when the three partners, Messrs. Smith, Blackton and Rock, had built their first barnlike studio on the deserted outskirts of Brooklyn, where, way back before the Civil War, formerly had stood the old village of Greenfield, to which slaves were smuggled through the underground-railway system. In the original deed drawn up between the Vitagraph trio and Wilhelmena Lotte, who owned the ground, was a clause stating that Miss Lotte reserved the right to drive her cows to pasture through the Vitagraph premises.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Miss Talmadge. The next will appear in an early issue

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 40)

Before you pay out any money, be sure
To write us concerning our f. o. b. prices!
Use the coupon attached, and we'll send to you FREE
A sample consignment in various meters;
When you try one, we know you will gladly agree
To walk miles for another—each sale means repeaters.

Don't wait till tomorrow, but write us TODAY!
You are cheating yourself by delay that is needless;
Our ballads at breakfast will make you feel gay;
They are good for the thoughtful, and fine for the heedless.
You can read while you shave, and your razor will seem
To cut through the bristles more blithely and sweetly;
Our odes are unequaled, our lyrics supreme;
Without them, life's joys will escape you completely.

Eventually—don't put it off—why not now?
With millions of others, be claiming enjoyment;
We show you the way, if you're wondering how
To have something to say, or find better employment.
Ask the man who has read us, if still you're in doubt;
Comparison gives us no dread; we invite it;
We test every stanza before it's sent out,
And if better stuff ever is written we'll write it.

—S. E. Kiser.

Kalamazoo and You

A Song

OH, SOME people tell
Of Wilmington, Del.,
As a place they are anxious to be.
While others will sigh
For Louisville, Ky.,
And others for Meddybemps, Me.
And some have a yen
For Ooltewah, Tenn.
But I say pooh-pooh and pish-pish;
For there's not anywhere
A town to compare
With a certain fair city in Mich

CHORUS

In the city of Kalamazoo—mazoo!
There's a heart that is beating for you.
And perhaps there are more,
Maybe ten or a score,
But the others aren't nearly so true.
In the city of Kalamazoo—mazoo,
There's a neat little cottage for two,
Which I'll furnish complete
With a Grand Rapids suite
And a car from Detroit that's brand-new.
Oh, this song is dead easy to do,
It's a cinch to keep riming in "oo,"
And that's why I choose
To be singing to youse
Of the City of Kalamazoo!

—Berton Braley.

To a Business Girl

AT SIX o'clock, when other men go home,
I think of you.
I wonder if, at six o'clock, when all the work is through,
You dream a dream of six o'clock and firelight too?

At six when some more lucky man walks through a little gate
To where a gingham-aproned wife is wondering if he's late,
And kissing him with flour-smudged cheeks because she just can't wait

At six o'clock I think of you! I longed to speak before,
But now, within a month or two—I really can't wait more—
Please, won't you stand at six o'clock and meet me at our door?

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

THE CLIFF DWELLERS

THE pressure of population in our largest cities pushes up columns of steel and stone—twenty, forty, fifty stories high. As streets become congested and distances sprawl out into miles, that same crowd-pressure extends a network of thoroughfares beneath the ground and straddles the pavements with elevated trains. Markets are concentrated. Here is a cubby-hole in the wall that pays a king's ransom in rent. There is a corner worth a million dollars because of the jostling thousands that swirl by its door. And when you consider that our ten largest cities hold a full *seventh* of the entire population of the United States, the force of this pressure becomes understandable.

What a market for a manufacturer is presented in each of these big cities! . . . Millions of potential customers gathered together on a fraction of land. . . . An inexhaustible demand that can absorb the output of a chain of factories without a ripple. . . . Wholesale and retail distribution centered in accessible points. . . . A territory that requires the minimum of expense for salesmen. . . . A concentrated market for luxuries, for quality merchandise, for Paris frocks and winter fruit. . . . A voracious appetite for the necessities. . . . And in addition to supplying its own citizens, each of our larger cities is the capital of a surrounding trade area, enormous in its extent, insatiable in its demands.

It is not particularly difficult to penetrate this market. There are definite ways to capitalize the smartness of the big town, to turn its flair for the unusual to account. Sparkling ideas and fresh viewpoints are not only valuable, but indispensable. For it is in these cities that distinguished advertising, thoroughly modern in theme and treatment, becomes necessary to reach the pocketbooks of our most sophisticated public.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Yellowstone's greatest thrill

the CODY ROAD

included in your Burlington *ticket without extra cost*

Two Weeks is Ample Time for this Great Low-cost Vacation

DON'T MISS the thrilling 90-mile motor ride over this famous mountain highway through the Buffalo Bill country.

"You don't see Yellowstone Park if you don't see the Cody Road," say all who have taken this memorable trip.

It costs nothing extra. Your Burlington ticket takes you *in Gardiner Gateway—out the Cody Road*, or vice versa.

Your Burlington ticket also takes you to Scenic Colorado, *without extra cost.* The Black Hills of South Dakota and the Big Horn Mountains are on the way—reached by short side trips. A side trip from Denver to Colorado Springs free for the asking.

See Glacier National Park on the same tour. Only $4.75 extra rail cost. Only Burlington Service makes possible this wonderful combination tour at this price.

The Burlington has the only through trains from Chicago to the Cody, Gardiner and Bozeman Gateways to Yellowstone; the only through Pullmans between the Cody Gateway of Yellowstone and Denver, and between Yellowstone and Glacier

This wonderful vacation will cost you no more in time or money than an ordinary vacation near home. Special summer rates, effective June 1, make the cost surprisingly low.

Burlington Escorted Tours

Here is a new, carefree way to see the Rockies—with a Burlington Escorted Tour party. Definite cost covering all necessary expenses. Everything planned in advance. Travel expert with each party. Ask for Tours Book.

If you are going to the Pacific Northwest this summer, you can easily arrange a visit to Yellowstone on the way. Ask the Burlington Travel Bureau to help you plan your trip.

Burlington Route

The Most Popular Route to the Rockies

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547 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your free illustrated book about Yellowstone vacations.

Name ..

Address ..

☐ Mark an X here if you wish the book on Burlington Escorted Tours

IN PRAISE OF FOLLY

(Continued from Page 49)

"You're a pretty nice goat." She gave him a peck of a kiss which landed on his chin and they both laughed. "Good night, Coles."

"Oh, I'm coming back for you about eleven," he said. "You won't want to stay. I'll run out toward Westbury to see the Potters and drop by for you on the way back."

Leslie thought about that while she waited for someone to answer her ring. Coles Fraser had no business saying she wouldn't want to stay at her own sister's house. It angered her because she knew he was probably right. She hadn't enjoyed her visits to Alix very much. Alix had changed.

But Alix had had the courage to marry that Freddie McCord in spite of them all, and now she had a baby boy and was happy and leading her own life. Alix was the one person who would know how she felt about Tom.

Alix herself opened the door. "Leslie! You darling! Anyone with you?"

Yes, Alix had changed. She'd done some terrible thing to her hair, or something. She was only four years older than Leslie, but she looked a hard thirty-two, Alix did. "You look tired, Alix dear."

Alix made a little grimace. "Maid's day out. I'm cook, nurse, housemaid, butler and lady of the house—if you can call it that—all in one. Come upstairs and leave your things. Going to spend the night, aren't you? Don't make any noise. If the baby wakes again, I'll—scream."

Downstairs again in the rather cramped living room she said with apparent carelessness, "Wasn't that Coles Fraser you drove out with? I don't suppose he wanted to come in. I'd rather like to see Coles, or any of—those people."

"I wouldn't let him come in," said Leslie. "I've something to tell you, sis. I wanted to be alone with you and—by the way, where is Freddie?"

Alix laughed. "Oh, the young married gang is over at the Hortons' having a few drinks. Freddie and I were playing Russian bank as long as either of us could stand it; and then he went out to join the party. I was too tired. And now little darling Leslie comes out with the grand news." She squeezed Leslie's hand. "I'm so glad. Don't make a mistake. He's just the man for you. Of course mother and daddy are pleased?"

Leslie shook her head. "No, they're not, Alix. You're the only one who will back me up. I've always loved you for facing it out about Freddie. It's the real thing, sis, love." Leslie was star-eyed again. "I'm going to marry Tom Cooper."

"What! Tom Cooper? That boy out at —— Leslie, you're mad. Yes, I was mad too. Look at me." She spread her hands in a gesture. "And you expected me to back you up?" The pale amazement in Leslie's face did not deter Alix. "It's all right for me to take the consequences. I haven't complained. But I'll tell you enough to keep you from such a fatal—from Tom Cooper. I'd do anything ——"

A hammering on the door and voices interrupted her. "Good," said Alix. "I'm glad. Here's Freddie back with the gang. I'm so glad."

Leslie's next hour and a half was an impression of wreckage, the stages of disarrangement and distortion a small living room could undergo at the hands, and the feet, of Alix's young married gang. She was trying to think about what Alix had said, to realize it. But she couldn't. She had to laugh and be gay for Alix's sake and spend an effort to keep the flushed face of one of the young husbands a distance from her own. All their faces were flushed and their voices loud, talking over the din of the piano. Glasses made little wet rings on the mantel and the end tables by the divan. A lamp shade was knocked crooked, a rug was thrown back. Six of them were crushed together on the divan, arms about one another's shoulders, heads thrown back, careless of their clothes.

Freddie, going unsteadily back and forth from the pantry for cracked ice and glasses and more supplies, finally desisted from pouring harsh cocktails down her throat. "What's the matter with you, Leslie? Join the party." Underneath its flush, Freddie's face seemed drawn. He was worried about something and trying to keep it out of his mind. No, now that she noticed, all of those young men had the same subtle, half-hidden expression in their eyes. They couldn't all be worried, and the girls, tired. Their voices were not soft, and they laughed and gestured and danced with abandon. But when Leslie looked at each face she saw weariness.

A thin wail from the floor above sent Alix hurrying up the stairs. It came over Leslie like a smothering cloud what Alix had meant, what Alix had been through, how Alix's love match had turned out. Alix had been the life of the party, singing louder than any, more abandoned; her anecdote had a rougher edge. If the clamor had subsided, it had been Alix who whooped it up again, as if she would drown herself in the vulgarity of it all.

Leslie shook off a restraining hand and dashed up the stairs after her sister. Alix was in the baby's darkened room, kneeling beside the bed, with her hand soothing back to sleep the disturbed little form in the blankets. Her face when she turned to Leslie was streaming with tears.

"Alix!"

"Well, how did you like the party?" Alix's try for a laugh was a sob. Both of them were weeping now with their arms about each other. "We've got to know somebody," said Alix. "We can't live alone. Those are our friends. We're deep in debt and can't get decent maids and—we've got to have some fun!"

"Alix, I'll tell father."

"Don't you dare," said Alix. "I'd die." She looked down at the baby. "His name's Barton Overbrook McCord, Leslie. Isn't that a joke? Oh, don't make a mistake. Stick to your own kind. Go down to the corner and get a taxi. Go home. I don't want you here tonight, Leslie."

Leslie escaped out the front door before Freddie and the others realized her intention. She kept her tear-stained face averted and paid no attention to Freddie's shouts.

"All right. If you're so high hat ——" She heard that much.

Outside, the moonlight was still beautiful upon the dark gabled roofs. She started running toward the corner, but someone caught her by the arm.

"Leslie, wait!" It was Coles Fraser. He led her back to the car parked at the curb. "What's all this about, Leslie? Bad as that? I saw you run out that door. Now stop crying. What happened?"

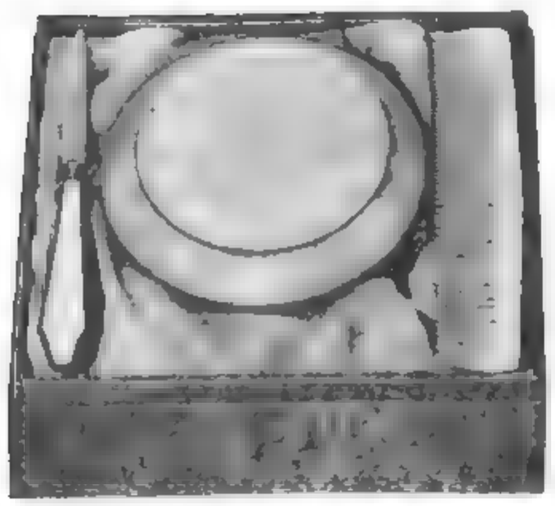
Before they reached Queens Boulevard Leslie asked him to stop. "I give up, Coles. I could stand daddy and you. But I'd counted on Alix. What time is it? Because I want you to drive me to Roslyn, Coles. The housekeeper's there and the place is open. I must see Tom and tell him I can't go through with it. I must tell him at once. I can't carry that on my heart. Please. We can get there by twelve and you'll be back in New York soon after one. Is it too big a favor?"

The housekeeper preceded him through the huge dark rooms, switching on the lights. "Yes, I'll spend the night. Mrs. Overbrook will be out tomorrow, because there is some sort of lawn fête, a spring party, at the Philmore estate in the evening. In honor of some English people, I believe. Yes, I'll stay here now." They were in a smaller room, a sort of study, for there was a large desk in it. Through a broad window came the fresh-earth fragrance of a garden in late

(Continued on Page 84)

Special Pyralin Sale

May 6th to 14th



The New "Tap-Pact" Set

Special Price $5.00 Regular Price $7.50

This attractive set consists of the "Tap-Pact" with nail file and comb. The "Tap-Pact" is a new patented powder container with special device which releases powder as required.

Pyralin 3-Piece "Mayflower" Dressing Set in "Priscilla" Embroidery Box

Special Price $16.00 Regular Price $19.50

Two gifts for the price of one. A three-piece toilet set of genuine Pyralin—in your favorite color, consisting of hair brush, comb and mirror . . . and, in place of the usual container, a beautiful embroidery box lined in striking figured satin and fitted with useful accessories. Both the set and the box will be used for years.

New sets of Pyralin Toiletware

at special prices

HERE is an opportunity to secure a genuine Pyralin set at a price unusually low.

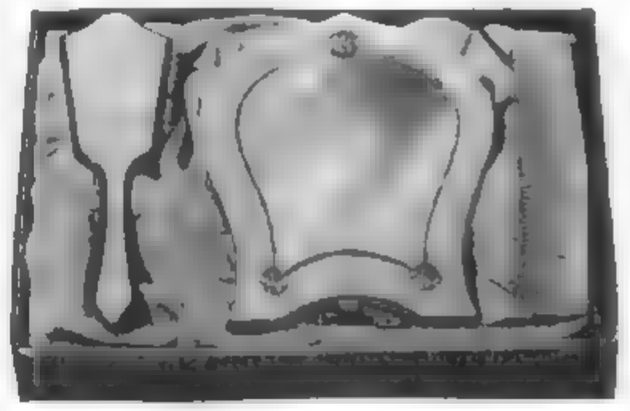
These special sets, illustrated on this page, feature America's most popular toiletware pattern, "Mayflower" Pyralin—in lustrous, delicate pearl on amber effects in all of the popular pastel shades. All are new, exquisite . . . and exceedingly smart.

What splendid gifts for graduation, weddings, birthdays and other anniversaries! And how attractive for your own boudoir!

This sale is being featured by *the leading stores in your city.* Stop in at your favorite store and examine these special sets. Only then can you realize what unusual bargains they are.

Remember—After the special sale is over, regular prices will be in effect. Stocks are limited—so make your selections early.

DU PONT VISCOLOID CO., INC.
330 Fifth Avenue New York City



The New "Make-Up" Set

Special Price $9.50 Regular Price $13.50

Hair brush, comb and the novel "Make-Up" Mirror with easel back, the new type of mirror that is now so popular with the artists of the stage and screen

Pyralin 10-Piece "Mayflower" Dressing Set in "Dolly Varden" Sewing Chest

Special Price $29.50 Regular Price $37.50

Again, two purchases for the price of one. . . a ten-piece toilet set of genuine Pyralin in your favorite color—brush, comb, mirror, puff box, "Tap-Pact," nail file, nail polisher, cuticle knife, shoe horn and shoe hook . . . in beautiful sewing chest lined with padded satin, useful for many years to come.

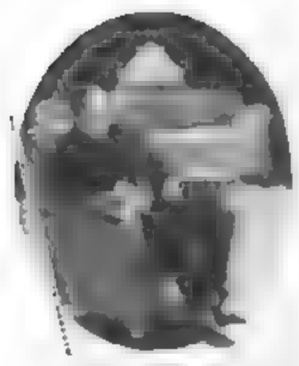
DU PONT

Pyralin

Toilet ware

Look for the name—
The Safeguard of Quality

"The World's EASIEST Easy Chair"



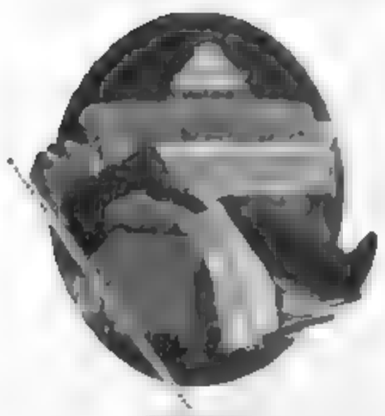
CONVERSING
A beautiful, restful, inviting chair for every formal use. Stylish and distinctive.

READING
Touch hidden pull-ring or button—and recline. Back locks firmly at any desired point.

The CHAIR that INVITES YOU

to Recline... Relax... Rest

WHAT an irresistible invitation to sit down—to recline, relax and rest. This Royal Easy Chair offers you comfort you never knew existed in a chair—in addition to the beauty of line and design you expect in fine furniture . . . . Just sit in a Royal once and give yourself up completely to the exclusive, hidden comfort features that make this the "World's Easiest Easy Chair." Lean back as far as you like—stretch out at full length if you desire. All without effort and without getting out of the chair. Just pull the concealed ring or push the button and lean back. With all its comfort and *feeling* of "bigness," a Royal is just like any other fine chair in appearance—and it takes up no more room . . . The Side Chair shown here (No. 0368 with disappearing leg-rest) is but one of many beautiful styles. Royal Easy Chairs are sold singly or in suites—with the famous Royal Easy Bed-Davenport which has a full-width box-spring guest bed that does not fold and can not sag. If you don't know the Royal dealer nearest you, write us We'll send you his name and also our FREE style book, "Royal Comfort."



DOZING
Back fully reclined and disappearing leg-rest utilized for complete relaxation.

ROYAL EASY CHAIR COMPANY, *Sturgis, Michigan*
Royal Easy Chairs are Sold Singly or in Bed-Davenport Suites by 5000 Furniture Dealers

Royal Easy Chairs
"PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES"

(Continued from Page 82)

April. "Now will you kindly send word to the garden house for me? Leave word for him to see me here as soon as he returns from the village."

Barton Overbrook sat at the desk and lighted a fresh cigar. Behind him on the wall an otherwise gloomy portrait of an older Overbrook was brightened somewhat by the healthy color and Van Dyke of his period. It was a proper background. "This young man must be made to realize."

He was still sitting there when something after 10 30 the gardener appeared in the doorway, seeming somehow to have grown in his employer's sight. But he was tall enough without that, and the weather brown of his face and the streaks of sun red in his blond hair gave an added impression of strength. Barton Overbrook might well have given heed to that, and to the ruggedness of chin and calm gray gaze too. The fellow had not even deigned to dress particularly, he wore his customary white shirt and gray Norfolk jacket.

"You wish to talk to me about Leslie, of course, Mr. Overbrook."

"Yes. Please sit down, Cooper." It was embarrassing at the moment that Leslie's choice occurred to her father as not entirely without reason. Surely he was not going to be forced to argue against his own feeling as well. But that was absurd—an Overbrook marry a hired man! And yet—well, physically at least, he could see them. But that was nothing. "In order not to have an advantage, Cooper, I'll begin by discharging you from my service." He observed the young man's casual nod. "And then I must tell you that I will never permit—that I object absolutely to your attentions to my daughter, Leslie."

Tom Cooper did not change his expression. "On what grounds, Mr. Overbrook?"

"Grounds?" Barton Overbrook leaned forward. "Don't you know that the Overbrooks have been famous in New York for eighty-five years? Who are you?"

"I?" The young man smiled. "I am Tom Cooper, from Iowa. Nearly three hundred years ago Governor Winthrop, of Connecticut Colony, sent two captains against the Pequot Indians. One of them was also Tom Cooper. I seem to date you, Mr. Overbrook. For three hundred years the Coopers have been gentlemen in any narrow sense—soldiers, doctors, preachers, every man of them."

Barton Overbrook was flushed. "Coopers? I never heard of Coopers ——"

"Nor I of Overbrooks, sir. I had to come to New York. You will have to go to New London, Connecticut, or to Iowa. Dr. Amos Cooper, my father, is known to every Iowan within seventy-five miles of him. Your point is not well taken, sir."

At the core of his anger Barton Overbrook had an uncomfortable feeling that Tom Cooper was right. It was a Western viewpoint, a new angle.

"All right, Cooper. To please you I'll leave the point. I'll be brutally materialistic. It's manner of life that counts luxury, money. We've had it. Leslie's had it. You haven't. That's frank enough. You're different because you've lived differently, you as a simple workman, she as a princess of the blood. She must marry her own sort."

"I'm glad you brought that up, Mr. Overbrook." The young man seemed almost to be appealing, as though defending himself against an antagonist whom he did not want to wound. "It gives me a chance to confess. I'm not an ordinary gardener. I took this place because your garden offered better and greater variety of roses than any other I could find, and I was experimenting with a rose spray. I've spent more for chemicals than you've paid me, but I've perfected my spray, cheaper by half than the other stuff I've been using and twice as effective against mildew, rose bug, green and black aphis. The formula, if properly marketed, is worth a fortune. I have also developed fruit sprays."

"It's commendable, Cooper." Mr. Barton Overbrook smiled pleasantly. "But you're self-made, or making. You're not our kind. It won't do ——"

"Won't it?" When Tom Cooper stood up he loomed above the desk. "Mr. Overbrook, I've learned to be fond of you. I know what you and Leslie are to each other. I'd hoped I might win you tonight rather than offend you, and I've explained that I'm a gentleman and have prospects of success. That's enough. Now I'll tell you that I worship Leslie. I did not know such a feeling was in the human breast. I'm going to have her. I'm good enough for Leslie or I would not ask for her. She loves me. That's what you're up against, sir. You can't beat it."

Barton Overbrook flushed. It was not anger this time. In a way, it was enthusiasm. Once again this evening he sat in the warm, giddy presence of love—young love, first love. With Leslie it was beautiful and mysterious. Here it was almost magnificent. He held back his last attack for an instant of appreciation, a fascination which had never left him since the dark eyes and the lilt of Peggy O'Hara had gone from him forever. Ah, well, now as then, it was the same—brief joy, long unhappiness.

"Beat it, Cooper? Of course I can't beat it—if you will let her stoop to you."

It was several minutes before Tom Cooper made any reply to that. He was thinking and the gradual sag of his figure told how truly the stroke had hit. Finally he shook himself erect again.

"I assure you, sir," he said, "that neither Leslie nor any woman will ever stoop to me. Leslie and I have never discussed that. I took it for granted, when I placed at her feet all that I am and have or hope to have and she accepted it, that my total, my everything, equaled her everything. I want no sacrifice. I'll add to the woman I love or I won't have her. If Leslie has any such idea—but I'll have to hear it from Leslie, Mr. Overbrook."

"You won't, Cooper. She cares for you and she won't tell you. But make no mistake. Leslie knows what you will cost her."

Tom Cooper's answer was immediate. "Then I give her back her worthless promise, sir. You may take it to her." At the door he turned again. "I congratulate you upon your accomplishment. I shall be away by the first train."

Barton Overbrook remained in his study. A smile hovered upon his lips, but it was not a smile of satisfaction. There was no satisfaction in smashing an illusion, even though you knew it was an illusion, even though the end was always unhappiness, disaster. He wondered what sort of perverse purpose it was which made the Tom Coopers of the world and the Leslie Overbrooks fall in love when that love was doomed either to frustration or a sordid end. Of course his own action in the affair was unequivocal. He was Leslie's father. What good having lived if not to be able to show his children the way? And he knew the way because on a time he, too, had felt the fire die out of his heart. He had been rewarded with a place of honor, a wife whom he had never failed, children whom he adored, reasonable happiness. It was idle to sit there and dream and conjecture what might have been if—if Peggy O'Hara had not gone home.

A half hour passed. Barton Overbrook stood up as though clearing his mind of a preoccupation. Yes, it was idle to conjecture what might have been. There was a glow in his cheek and he felt worn. He must have been more excited by the interview than he thought. He felt uneasy about that Cooper boy too. Maybe Cooper would need a little capital to put his rose spray on the market. It wouldn't hurt to suggest it.

He went into the hall and back through the door which opened into his garden. Often he went into his garden at night. There was a white stone bench at the edge of a moon shadow, and a sun dial, and the new leaves of the rose bushes were all dusted with silver. Beyond the back gate was the sharp gable of the tiny garden house

(Continued on Page 86)

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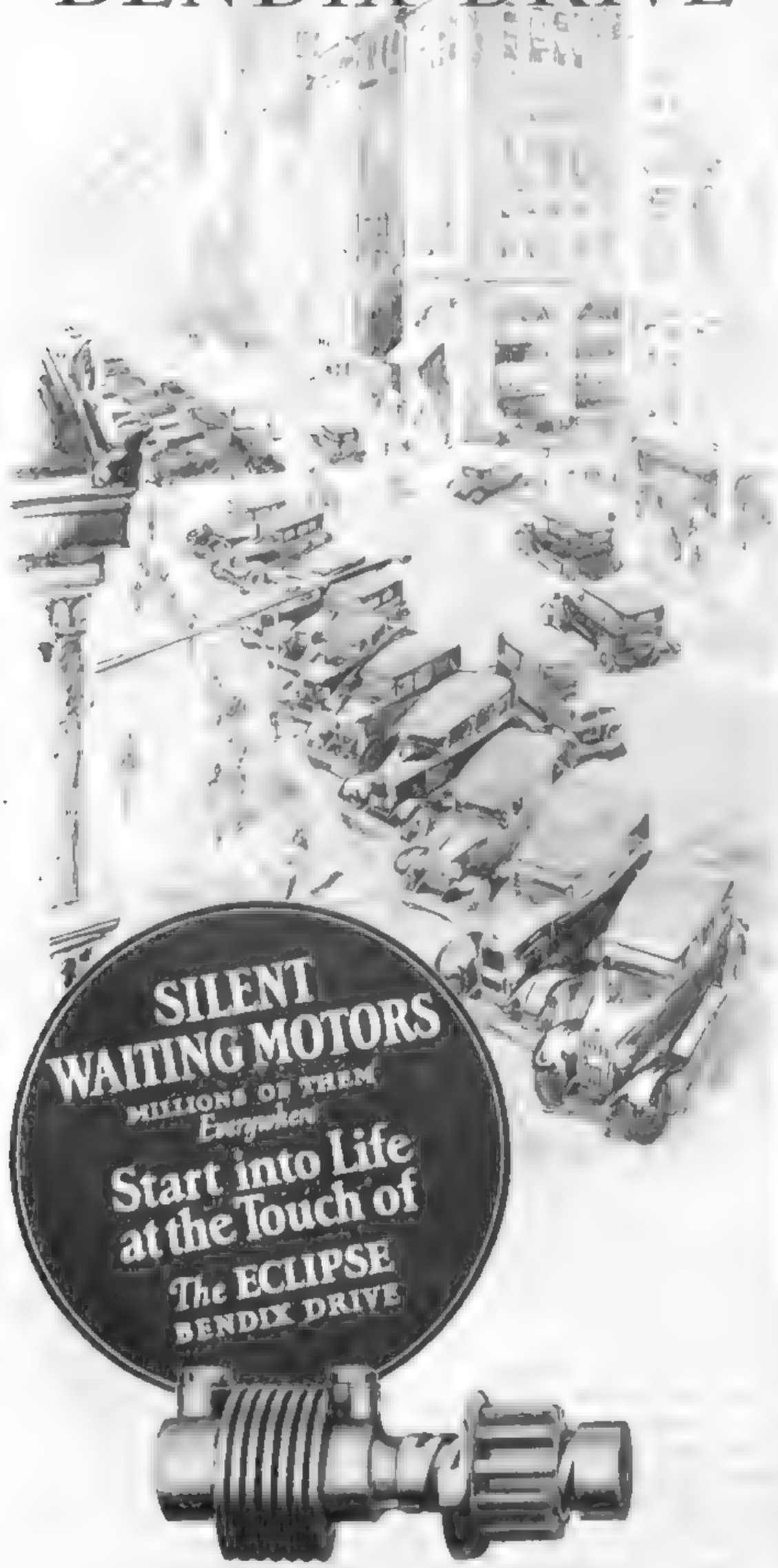

"The Mechanical Hand that Cranks Your Car"

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, Elmira, N. Y.

Eclipse Machine Company, Hoboken, N. J. Eclipse Machine Company, Ltd. Walkerville, Ont.

Continued from Page 84

where Cooper lived. He moved slowly toward it along the path and pushed open the gate.

Then, alert, he drew back into the shadow. Only a few steps away, standing on the stone flagging before the door of the garden house, was Leslie. He recognized at once her little close-drawn hat and the attitude of her young figure as she reached up to knock at the door. Her face, when she half turned, seemed very pale, or else it was the moon.

After a moment Tom Cooper stood beside her, his hands in his coat pockets. "What are you doing here, Leslie?"

Her father wanted to reach out from his place in the shadow and help her. She couldn't raise her eyes to Cooper. But she did. Leslie had courage. "I came out from New York tonight to tell you, Tom. I couldn't shirk it. I couldn't bear to have you thinking I was worth it all. I can't go through with it, Tom."

"Yes, I know," he said. "Your father told me."

"What? Tonight? He came out here and told you? Daddy couldn't have done me such a trick."

Tom Cooper smiled. "He would probably do much more than that for you, Leslie. But I'm glad you came yourself. It will make things a little easier to remember. Don't—now don't cry, Leslie." He seemed to keep his hands in his pockets only with effort when she swayed and leaned toward him. "Don't feel badly. It's for the best, I suppose. Of course I couldn't go through with it either, now."

Leslie straightened up and tried to smile. "It's been sweet, Tom, and now it's good-by."

"Yes, I'm leaving in the morning."

She turned away and then lingered. "Perhaps you would be willing to kiss me good-by, Tom."

Barton Overbrook hurried back through the garden. It had been too much to see their sudden hunger for each other in each other's arms; Leslie sobbing openly, a probable tear in the Cooper boy's eye. Certainly there were tears in his own eyes. What an odd chance that he shouldn't be spared even the sight of that final wrench apart! It was enough to know that human experience denies nature without having to be witness to the fact. It struck him as a sort of sacrilege that before long Leslie would be wedded to Coles Fraser and that she would be reasonably happy all her life.

At the door into the house he almost glanced back to see if it was over. He might have been wiser if he had. He might have had the gift of second-sight.

Mr. and Mrs. Barton Overbrook strolled across the broad lawn of the Philmore estate. Colored lanterns hung everywhere in the trees, a warm, exotic pattern in the thin, pale night. On both sides of the lawn screened orchestras, half muted, threaded melodies into the gently stirring air. Down below, many searchlights played upon a sort of natural amphitheater where just clad dancers leaped and postured. But the Overbrooks were not watching. They were thinking of other things and talking in low tones.

"It was the only thing to do, Barton, I tell you. Isn't it bad enough to have Alix wasted? Leslie will get over this in six months. You overemphasize it. She seemed perfectly natural all day and would have come with us tonight if she'd known Coles was to be here. Perhaps we'd better take him home with us."

"No," he said, "not yet. We'll have to take Leslie away."

His wife shook his arm impatiently. "Nonsense. You'll just make something romantic out of it all. Now forget it and take me to meet this Lord and Lady Creeve. Frankly, I'm curious, not for her beauty and wit. That's common enough. But she also has a reputation for costumes."

On the way they met Coles Fraser. He was as excited as Coles Fraser ever became. "May I speak to you a moment, Mrs. Overbrook? Pardon me, sir. It's important."

"What, Coles? Do go on, Barton. I'll come along with Coles."

Leonard Philmore took his arm. "Let me present you, Barton. I'm enjoying this. She's a winner. Lord Creeve is inside, but she's all that counts with me anyway."

They approached some wicker chairs. A group of people had just moved on, and then he was bowing and murmuring some conventional phrase.

Laughter answered him, like the laughter one never forgets. "But still Peggy to you, dear."

During that moment of his astonishment they looked into each other's eyes. There was only a moment. Others were coming. Was it fancy or did the smile die on her lips for one brief instant of tremor and then light up again?

"Have you been happy all these years, Barton Overbrook? That is the important thing."

"As happy," he said, "as a man deserves to be who has thrown away the most precious thing in life." He let fall her hand and made way.

His wife came hurrying, holding Coles Fraser's hand. "Barton! Quick! That fool girl is running away with her gardener boy tonight. Tell him, Coles."

"It's a breach of confidence, sir. But I think it should be stopped. Leslie told me over the telephone this afternoon."

Mrs. Overbrook was wringing her hands. "Oh, Barton, hurry. So this is the way you fixed everything. Now you get back there and stop it. Leslie will pay attention to you. Find the chauffeur. I'd never get over it, Barton."

Barton Overbrook left the car and the chauffeur under the porte-cochère and hurried around the driveway toward the garden. An old battered car, hired in the village probably, stood in the drive. So they hadn't got away.

From the garden he heard laughter, like that other laughter—Leslie. He crossed the drive and peered over the low wall. There was the pair of them.

Those two, surrounded by the last of their bags, ready for flight, endangering their whole plan lest a single kiss should be missed.

"My Tom. Let me go now, Tom. I must go back in the house. I forgot something. Please let me go, Tom. I'll be right back."

Barton Overbrook wept there by the wall. Then he went and stood beside the car which was waiting for them in the driveway. After a moment he took two little black books from his pocket and began writing in them hurriedly with a gold pen which Leslie had given him once—a memorandum and a check. The check was drawn to Leslie Overbrook Cooper for ten thousand dollars. Well, he could worry about that tomorrow.

The memorandum said: "Dear children, here is my gift, in praise of folly." He rolled the two together and tried their bags until he found one open, her overnight case. He put the slips of paper into that.

Around front, half hidden on the veranda he waited until that wreck of a car clattered down the drive. Then he turned and entered the house. Slowly, his mind elsewhere, he made his way to his study and sat again at the desk. But he wasn't comfortable. Something was wrong or out of place. Finally he discovered what it was. A small, silver-framed photograph of himself, which Leslie had insisted upon keeping there, was missing.

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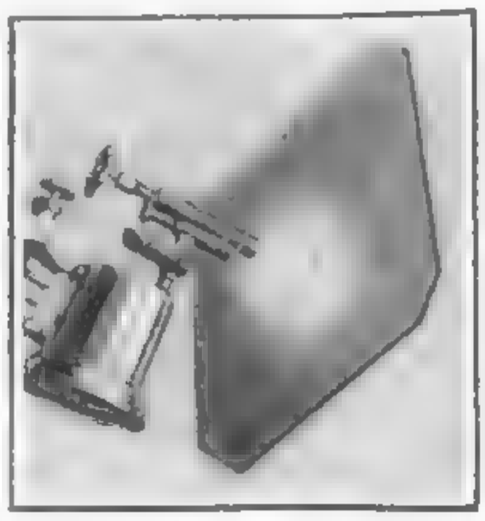

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Slip your feet into a pair of Walk-Overs. Feel the snug comfort of the uncopyable Walk-Over pear-shaped heel. Know that these shoes fit where other shoes gape and bulge—that they keep their smooth, clinging lines. Know, too, that they will stand the scrutiny of feminine eyes just as they measure up to your own ideas of comfort and style.

Walk-Over Shoes for Women as well as Men are made by

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

THE EXCEPTIONAL CHILD

(Continued from Page 20)

doctors and then turning a whole building into a great temporary hospital and adenoids clinic for free operation upon all the children who needed it.

Incidentally, with the splendid aid of the school dentists in clearing up the abscesses of the gums and roots of the teeth, which, next to the tonsils and adenoids, are the chief hotbeds and breeding grounds for the germs of rheumatism, we have already scored a marked falling off of rheumatism and heart disease. In fighting these foes of childhood we are at the same time preventing and relieving two of the chief afflictions of old age, deafness and crippling rheumatism, while middle age is being relieved of the dread of what is now its chief cause of death—heart disease. Thus is the Scripture saying fulfilled: "And a little child shall lead them."

Less spectacular, but almost equally helpful, was the move against eye troubles in the school child. Oddly enough, there was more bitter opposition simply to putting a pair of glasses astride a child's snub nose than to the operation for adenoids. This came chiefly from the parents, who were simply inconsolable at the idea of turning their tiny ones into little old men and women. They seemed to think that specs would skip the poor youngsters right over from their first into their second childhood and not leave them any time to enjoy life at all.

But the teachers were different. All that was necessary was to get them to assist in making tests of vision in a few stupid or difficult pupils. As soon as they once saw how little the poor children could see and how quickly they improved, not only in vision but in alertness and intelligence and conduct as well, when fitted with a trial pair of lenses in a frame, they were at once enthusiastically for the movement; and a large share of its success is due to their cordial and intelligent support.

Lessening Eyestrain

For success it emphatically has been already, far sooner than we dared to expect. Not only have nearly a quarter of our children had their school work turned from a punishment into a pleasure, but by the general tremendous impulse which the work in schools gave to the care of eye troubles at all ages, we are actually able to report a distinct falling off in the number of cases and general amount of blindness every year. And this in spite of our rapidly increasing population and the myriad multiplication of deadly dangers to eyesight from our blast furnaces, our electric weldings, our steel lathes, our whirring machine shops and factories, our emery wheels and all the perilous miracles of modern science. Never before in history were human eyes so well protected and kept in such excellent working condition as today.

More unexpected yet, in spite of the bitter outcry that if the doctors were given their way it would not be long before all children would be put into blinkers like a runaway horse, there are probably fewer children in spectacles now than there were twenty years ago. The reason is that though thousands of tests have shown that the majority of children are slightly long-sighted when they enter school, this is not a permanent condition. The eye has not yet grown into its permanent shape, and if a weak long-sighted, or plus, glass is fitted, this will tide it over the growing period and can often be discarded later when the eye has gained its full strength and adult shape.

Even this temporary aid of glasses is not needed in the majority of long-sighted eyes in children, if proper steps are taken to lessen the strain of reading, writing and other close-up work—this by perfect lighting and by careful fitting of both seat and desk to each individual child so that he can sit comfortably erect, with his chin up, while reading. This prevents congestion of the eyes with blood by pressure upon the great veins of the neck; also by arranging the school program so as to shorten periods of reading and writing, and intersperse them with play periods or gymnastics or shop work or school gardening.

Progressive modern schools do not permit children under nine to use their eyes at close-up work more than twenty minutes at a stretch, or to be shut up in one room for more than thirty minutes. Also they train our lucky modern youngsters to read rapidly, and then think over and reason out what they have read until they master it, instead of slavishly committing the lesson to memory and getting it by heart.

Outsizes in School Children

In fact, the schools now assume full responsibility for the health of the child while under their care. And the seats are not filled with puny, pallid philosophers, or myopic, bespectacled babies, as we were assured would be the case by the Jeremiahs and crape-hangers of twenty years ago. On the contrary, we see row upon row of bright-eyed, fresh-colored, pearly-toothed, well-set-up, irrepressible youngsters whom it is sheer pleasure to stand and watch come plunging and shouting out through the school gates, like a living cataract of fresh young vigor and joy of life.

The schoolroom, from a breeder of eye strain and of neurasthenia, through injudicious forcing, has become a place where "the eyes of the half blind are opened and the ears of the deaf unstopped," a real health resort, playing a splendid part in the prevention of disease and pain and lengthening of life span now so victoriously under way.

But through all this forward sweep of improvement of health and increase of vigor and alertness, there kept constantly cropping up here and there pitiful little dullards over whom the magic wand of science was waved in vain. The stream of advancement swept past them on either hand as water past bowlders in a brook. It was no use fitting them with spectacles, for they understood not what they read; or operating for adenoids, for their deafness lay deeper than the eardrum.

Soon we began to recognize the type often, absurd as it may sound, by size. If we looked into a schoolroom and saw a big hulking boy sitting at a desk three sizes too small for him, looming above the other children like a mackerel in a school of minnows, we suspected a case of feeble-mindedness at once. And usually the now famous Binet-Simon mental test revealed that the poor young mackerel was two to five years behind his proper mental age. His greater bodily size meant simply that he had been sitting peacefully in that grade and room for three or four years, doing nothing but grow, while generation after generation of minnows swept past him. Naturally he was the butt and standing joke of each successive swarm of minnows; and equally naturally, he retaliated with the only weapon his dull wits had left him—his superior size and strength. So the situation worked badly all round.

Intelligent teachers were eager for anything that promised relief; and studies were soon made of most of the schools with the aid of the Binet tests. These quickly showed, first and cheeringly, that the actual number of these poor feeble-minded youngsters in the grades was small, never more than 4 or 5 per cent, and usually only a few in the thousand. Second, they disclosed that when these hapless little ones whose minds had stopped at seven o'clock while their bodies kept on growing till high noon were set free by the sword of science from their stool of punishment, to which they had been chained like Andromeda to her rock, their temper and conduct improved amazingly. Gathered together in

(Continued on Page 90)

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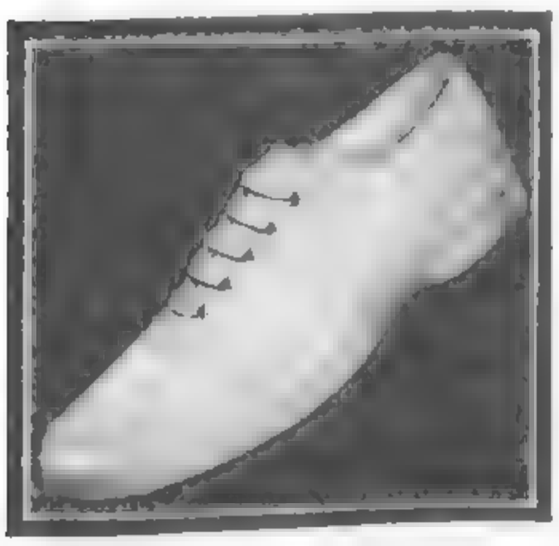

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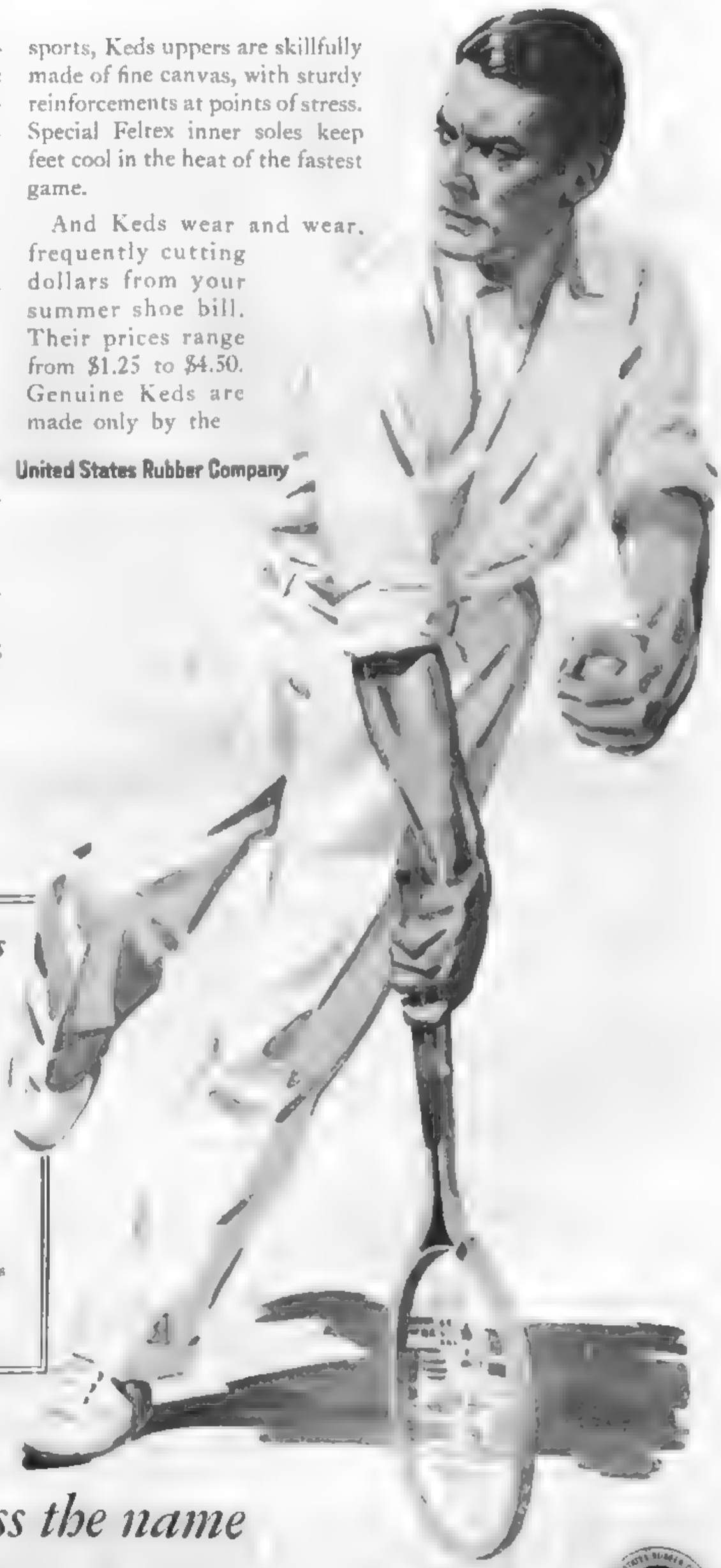

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FLOORS WOOD BLOCK

Continued from Page 88

one room or class in the soothing society of their own kind, with no one aggressive or intelligent enough to tease or annoy them, instead of sulky and quarrelsome, they often turned out to be unusually good-natured and amiable. They were most grateful for any kindness or friendly attention, and simply devoted to their teachers. They made a regular happy family, the older ones devoted to the little ones, and almost raised the question whether a brilliant intelligence was all it is cracked up to be.

Most unexpected of all, their removal as focuses of disturbance from the classrooms had almost an equally happy effect on the situation there. Conduct was greatly improved, discipline became easy, and the normal children, rid of perpetual holdings back and endeavors to make things clear to the poor dullards' minds, pulled together smoothly and made steady, even progress.

This brings us to the other and more cheering type of exceptional child, the plus instead of the minus; the one who is exceptionally bright instead of abnormally dull. At first blush one might be inclined to think that it was hardly necessary to give any special care to the bright pupils, the good scholars, as they were well able to take care of themselves. But as a matter of fact, there is no group which is more seriously in need of special attention and judicious handling, or that will more richly repay it.

In some ways they receive praise and honors enough, both in the classroom when the visiting committee comes and on the platform on commencement day. Yet in other respects they are often, on the one hand, sadly neglected, or on the other, deplorably exploited and overdriven for the honor of the school or the pride of the teacher or family. A brilliant pupil's lot is often no bed of roses—or, more precisely, is a bed of roses with the thorns left on. By the time he has been promoted to another grade at mid-year two or three times, he finds himself among children who are several years older than he is and neither flattered by his premature arrival nor grateful for his company. For every pat on the head he gets from the teacher or principal he is likely to get two elbow digs in the ribs from some jealous classmate who is bigger but less scintillatingly brilliant than he.

When Good Scholars Get Together

In fact, these precocious youngsters are often made to feel most uncomfortable all the way round. Their bigger and less spectacular roommates regard the presence of these juvenile geniuses as a reflection upon their own abilities, audibly object to having a lot of smarty kids about and tease and bully them. All of which the poor little crack scholars are unable to check or even resent openly, while telling teacher only makes things worse. The pupils of their own age whom they have left behind look on them as stuck-ups and swelled heads and refuse to admit them again to their fellowship. So that they are all like Mohammed's coffin, hanging between earth and heaven.

Indeed, by a bitter paradox, these brilliant children land in somewhat the same impasse as the poor morons—at the other end of the intellectual scale. They are so guyed and hazed and put upon by the bigger children in the class that the only way they dare attempt to get even is by using their quicker wits to play spiteful tricks on their tormentors—putting salt in the sugar at school luncheons or spilling ink upon copy books and into desks. In fact, some of them turn into regular little enemies of society to get revenge on their oppressors.

Letting them forge ahead alone through the grades at their own gait does not as a rule work well. In some of the large schools, where enough of them could be got together, they have been formed into classes, given special teachers and sent racing up the grades *à la grande vitesse*, or great swiftness, as the French call an express train. They make splendid time—fairly eat it up, their teachers say, spurring one another on, in far more peace and comfort than when scattered singly through unfriendly grades.

But the day of reckoning is only postponed. When the happy eager class of youngsters triumphantly graduate from the grade schools at twelve or thirteen years of age they find themselves again up in the air. They are, in the colloquial vernacular, all dressed up and no place to go. They have shaken off the dust of the elementary schools from their feet, they have passed with flying colors all the examinations for admission to the lordly high, but they are not mature enough to enter its portals on even footing with ordinary boys and girls of fourteen and fifteen, or to appreciate and get the most out of the training and experience of the high-school course and corresponding period of life—especially in view of the increasing importance of and part played by social considerations and aptitudes during this term of years.

All Books and No Play

Even if these wonder children should make another sprint through high school, with their eyes fixed upon the shining goal of college, it will be little to their advantage to land before its gates at sixteen or seventeen years of age. They will find themselves as complete misfits as ever. Their interests have been overwhelmingly intellectual and comparatively little social or athletic

The infant prodigy may be a delight to his own family or to his teacher, but socially he is usually an utter frost and in athletics a washout. It isn't his fault, either; he can't be blamed for the fact that his brain has been developed under a forced draft while Dame Nature has wisely refused to let his body expand and enlarge by any such hothouse methods.

Altogether a puzzling problem, this fitting in of the child of exceptional ability; but one well worth solving, for some of these eager and alert or dreamy-eyed and reflective youngsters may prove the most priceless assets of the community a couple of decades later. On the whole the nearest approach to a satisfactory solution is to hold them with the class, or year's crop of children, with which they entered school and let them move quietly with them up through the grades. These keen, high-strung youngsters have no more need of the spur than a Thoroughbred colt has of the whip. The last thing they ought to get is urging or forcing of any sort. On the contrary, they should be skillfully steadied with the rein until their bodies can catch up with their minds

This does not mean a policy of drift, or *laissez faire*, or a negative attitude on the part of the teacher; quite the contrary, in fact. In the first place a thorough and searching physical examination is made by the school doctor or family physician and the bright youngster is urged to take long hours of sleep, which is the best muscle builder known. Then a careful schedule of play, athletic sports and gymnasium work is mapped out with the teacher, and the youngster is advised how he may best improve his game, build up his muscles and catch up on the playground with other children of his age. Both he and his comrades should be given credits for points won and progress made in athletic games, as is already the case in many schools, so that the scholar and the sport may meet on equal terms with mutual respect and liking, each helping and coaching the other in the field in which he is stronger, to the great advantage of both of them.

A careful scientific intelligence test should be made to determine both the high lights and the soft spots of his precocious mind; then a course can be mapped out for him with considerable accuracy and effectiveness. And it should always be remembered that such a test is to help him develop his mind, not merely to detect occasional and inevitable gaps and deficiencies. He is not on the witness stand, with a hostile attorney trying to find a flaw in his alibi and then bear mercilessly down on it, to the

Continued on Page 93

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There are more than 47,000 miles of concrete road in the United States. The same qualities that have made concrete the most economical and popular road surface have made it the preëminent street pavement of today. Write for our booklet which tells about concrete streets —Portland Cement Association, Chicago.

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Maintenance is built into the concrete street. This means that it is always open—always in service. Yet necessary patching when concrete *must* be cut through is accomplished easily and quickly—leaving no evidence that the surface has ever been disturbed.

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If your old friend, Blue-jay, were a person . . . a real, live person, instead of a laboratory formula . . . you might have said of him: "What an uncommonly efficient fellow. But how plain and homespun. If only he were as handsome as he is capable!"

So now comes the handsomer Blue-jay. The new Blue-jay in the 1927 mode. With all his old efficiency intact . . . but with new finesse and refinements. A chaste white felt pad, instead of the old-style blue one. Creamy-white, for better harmony with pearly pink skin. A concession to the fastidious. A new-shaped disc . . . providing perfect adjustment even for the odd-sized corn. Focusing the medication on the calloused spot, where it is needed.

. . .

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Where fame and fortune depend upon the feet, Blue-jay always has been a friend indeed. For twenty-seven years it has been favored by leading celebrities as the sensible and sure way to end corns. Eminent dancers like Evelyn Law, Florence O'Denishawn, Queenie Smith and Beth Berri are among its hosts of distinguished advocates.

. . .

For Blue-jay is safe and gentle. The downy pad removes the shoe-pressure and stops the pain at once. The medication is "all set" and standardized. No guessing how much or how little to put on. No chance of injuring skin tissue by an over-application. A single plaster, costing less than a nickel, usually ends the corn. But even the most stubborn "old offender" will yield to a second or third. The new Blue-jay, in the new-style package, may be had at all drug stores . . . at no increase in price.

For calluses and bunions . . . get quick relief and comfort with Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.

FAMOUS FEET

MISS GILDA GRAY, *lovely dancer and film star, is one of the famous folk who believe in having Blue-jay at hand for possible trouble a-foot.*

GILDA GRAY *says:* "A corn is hardly a luxury for anybody . . . But for a dancer it is agony. When I notice any suggestion of callus on the toe, I immediately apply a Blue-jay plaster."

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

THE *New* Blue-jay

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exclusion of everything else. If, with mistaken zeal, he is bedeviled with a set of studies composed of his pet detestations, "so as to build him up where he is weakest," instead of encouraged to expand in fields where he will feel and delight in his strength, his outlook on life and his faith in those who let him in for this extra toil may become so soured that it positively curdles. He didn't need any special tests to know that he and certain subjects got on together about as well as the proverbial Kilkenny felines; he had found that out by sad experience long before. To tell him that he was so clever he could do more than his fellows, and then give him only the work he detested, would make him feel that the Elysian fields to which he had been promoted were strewn with poison ivy.

Extra ability should be rewarded, not penalized; it is a bonus of working capacity, a surplus of intellectual storage space, over and above the amount that may be rightfully expected, and it should be respected accordingly. To fill it with odds and ends which did not fit in elsewhere is like storing coal in a sun parlor. Instead, his likings and aptitudes—the two are usually synonymous—should be carefully plotted out, like the ground plan of a building, and then the superstructure of his outside work adjusted to it with intelligence and care. Almost any hobby—postage stamps, gardening, carpentry—can be made the basis of a broad, general development along collateral topics such as geography or botany or history. Indeed, it may sometimes be possible cautiously to bring one of his favorite antipathies up for reconsideration if it can be presented as part of a subject which really interests him. But if he once gets the idea that all these new and delightful studies are merely the sugar-coated trimmings of some bitter pill of scholastic knowledge, the deal is off with a vengeance.

If his interests are along mechanical lines such as radio or chemistry or electricity, the chances for special advance work in the school are as direct and as valuable as they will be delightful to the small student himself. Indeed, the school may raise the ante, and not only keep the bright child happily occupied but also receive the blessings of a harassed mother whose floors and walls are no longer the victims of experiments which failed to work as desired.

One of the most encouraging trends in modern education is the steadily increasing variety of subjects which are offered in the schools. No one child is expected to take them all, but few children can feel that no chance has been given for them to do their stuff along some line that they really enjoy and in which they excel. This same tendency answers another question that might arise—namely, whether there would be enough clever children in an average school to merit the extra attention and equipment needed for these special courses, these scholastic hors d'œuvres, which are needed as vitamines to balance the intellectual diet of the precocious few.

Seeking Hidden Talents

As a matter of fact, most children are of special ability along one line, at least, so that the all-round clever child need never lack company in his classes, though he may work with a different group each time. This latter fact will have two advantages, from his point of view. It will keep him from getting an undue opinion of his own cleverness and it will lessen the risk of his companions regarding him as a smarty. For if they find that they know as much, or even more, than he does on a single topic, it will be a source of great consolation to them. His general success will not be a silent reproach to their own intellect—or lack of it—and they can look upon him as a friend and not as that detestable object, the model scholar. In fact, unlike the born moron at the other end of the scale, there is no hard-and-fast line between the brilliant child and the average mass, but an infinite series of gradations. No living child is average all over and through and through. But patient study and boring beneath the crust will reveal pockets or streaks of the precious metal. And the job of the modern school is to discover and develop these hidden talents.

What the world wants today is not just machine-made, standardized hands or boys or clerks or salesgirls or factory girls, but specialists; live, wide-awake youngsters with individual aptitudes and some idea of how to apply them to their task. A leading captain of industry has emphatically emphasized this in a recent illuminating interview, declaring that while fifty years ago there were a thousand boys for every opportunity, today there are a thousand opportunities for every boy.

The United States Army, for instance, calls for, as recruits, not merely soldiers, healthy young men of good character, but experts in some hundred and twenty-five different trades and callings. Progressive schools all over the country are now recognizing the modern ideal of specialization and splendidly meeting it, both by offering a goodly variety of courses for their small students and by helping the latter pick out the work for which their natural aptitudes best suit them.

In addition to aiding the clever child to further knowledge and enabling the average child to derive the utmost benefit from his special aptitudes, much excellent work is being done on the preventive side. As the small boy put it, "Pins has saved thousands of lives—by not swallerin' of 'em." Similarly many small minds are being saved from future disaster by not allowing them to develop with some tiny warp or twist that will grow into a crippling disfigurement as time goes on.

Why Boys Leave Home

One very recent and most promising way in which science is coming to the aid and protection of the school child is by the cooperation of the psychologist, or mind student, and the psychiatrist, or expert in the handling of mental disease and unbalance.

Up to a decade or two ago we did not think that very much mental disturbance existed in young children, because, to put it crudely and half whimsically, a poor youngster must have a mind before he can lose it. And our general belief was that grave mental unbalance, or true insanity, seldom developed before the eighteenth or twentieth year—where in fact the heaviest incidence of well-marked, definite insanity still falls.

Insanity, indeed, is a breakdown in the most literal sense of the word; the strain of launching into the full stress of adult life—of assuming financial and family responsibilities—proves too great for some unfortunate intellects to endure.

A decade or so ago, however, attention was called to a serious form of insanity which occurred in young boys and youths. This malady, originally supposed to be quite rare, was blighted with the reverse-gear Latin name of dementia præcox, which simply means precocious insanity, or insanity before the proper time—the disease being precocious, not the patient. The description was clear-cut and striking; and as soon as other observers knew what to look for, cases began to pour in at such a rate that all notions as to the rarity of the affliction were soon swept aside. In fact, we found that more than 20 per cent of the cases in our mental hospitals were cases of præcox, as the name of the disease has now been shortened to for practical use.

It is, of course, impossible to go into any details; but præcox may be briefly described as the tramp disease, or the hobo complex, for one of its earliest signs is repeated wanderings away from school and home. These are not of the short-lived amateur variety which many normal boys occasionally undertake in a spirit of sheer adventure, but an ingrowing type which increases in intensity as the years go on. With this acquisition of hobo habits, there develops the hobo type of mind, with its

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What a tremendous job has been assigned to the pliant feet of your growing child! Here are twin structures of tiny bones, tender muscles and immature tendons and ligaments that are the sole support of a body that is seldom in repose. Hop, skip, jump—this delicate framework must absorb the full force of every shock.

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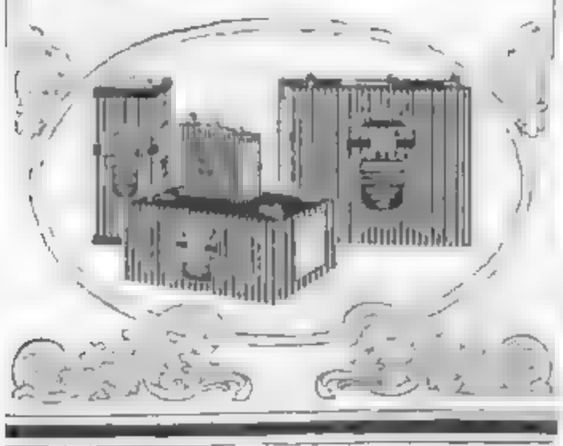

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RADIO BATTERIES

increasing haziness as to the rights and minor personal property of others; so that a considerable share of juvenile delinquency and crime in early life is now regarded as due to præcox or allied mental disturbances. This distressing affliction, however, is almost as important for the train of thought started by its discovery as for its own ravages.

As soon as its frequency and seriousness were fully realized the question arose: Are there types of insanity or mental unbalance which are even more precocious than præcox? The only way to get an answer was to adopt Kipling's motto of the Mongoose family: "Go and find out." The answer was emphatically in the affirmative: "Both ways from the ace." Studies of thousands of normal school children by the new and different mind healers, or psychiatrists, quickly showed scores of cases of unmistakable mental unbalance, though only a few to the hundred of all children examined. However, tracing back the histories of cases of præcox and other forms of early insanity and child crime revealed clear signs of psychic disturbance, not only in the early school period but even back to the preschool years.

Changing Our Minds Scientifically

This sounds at first like an upsetting and even alarming statement, but in reality it is just the contrary. It does not mean that our children are going crazy or that there is any proof that insanity is increasing; all the valid and balanced evidence, in fact, points in the opposite direction. What it does mean is that the overwhelming majority of all cases which would develop into insanity in later life—90 per cent, say the experts—can be detected before the fifth year, and from 40 to 60 per cent of them prevented or cured by proper treatment.

They have made good this last claim in hundreds of cases. There appears grave reason to doubt the truth of the classic dictum, *Cælum mutamus, non animum*—we change our sky, but not our mind—for the psychiatrists claim now that we can change our minds if we begin early enough. It appears to be with our brains as with our teeth—if we fill all cavities according to expert advice in early childhood, they will not bother us in later life. To paraphrase Shakspere's immortal Wolsey, the undentisted may in the end exclaim, "Had I but served my brain as I have served my teeth, it would not have deserted me in my middle age."

There is no attempt to raise or solve the age-old and wrathful questions of relations between mind and body—whether they are one and the same, merely different sides of the same shield, or eternally and fundamentally different. Such windy wars lead nowhere except to the jesting impasse: "What's mind?" "No matter." "What's matter?" "Never mind." Or perhaps—to paraphrase Webster's classic "liberty and union"—"Mind and body, now and forever, two and inseparable."

All that is claimed by the new mind students—psychologists—and mind healers—psychiatrists—is the simple fact of observation that just as bad physical habits distort the growth of the body, so bad mental habits may check or twist the growth of the mind. Poor diet, bad posture, lack of exercise or sleep are no worse for the body than brooding, jealousy, the big head and the inferiority complex are for the spirit.

There is nothing in the least magical or mysterious about the new mind healers. All they ask is a careful, thoughtful, sympathetic examination of the child's mental ability and balance, parallel to and in cordial coöperation with the examination of his physical ability and balance by the school doctor and nurse. Then, when any bad mental or emotional habits or reactions are discovered, they sit down quietly with the teacher, the parents and the school doctor to plan for their correction or relief.

Our modern mind healers, those who really heal, frankly admit that we have no such accurate and definite measures and standards of mental ability as we have for bodily size and vigor. There is no yardstick for the mind or weighing machine for the imagination or pint pot for measuring intellectual capacity. Indeed, so modest are they that they are positively shy about using the words "mental" or "intellectual," and speak simply of "school ability" or "business ability." They are even trying to get rid of the pompous Greek title of "psychologists" with which they are saddled, and call themselves behaviorists, or students of behavior.

In fact, instead of being something new and terrible in the schools, the psychiatrists are the godsend, the *deus ex machina*, which all good teachers and parents have been praying for since time immemorial. So far from coming between the teacher and the child, or between the child and his parents, they leave practically all the treatment of each case in the hands of the teacher and parents. After they have completed their examination and made their report to the conference of the powers, with advice as to treatment, they drop modestly back into reserve, ready to act as consultants to the teacher when called on, should new difficulties arise.

Their methods of treatment are as straightforward and common-sense as can well be imagined. Sometimes they will even be simply hygienic in character. Again the treatment may be purely behavioristic, or emotional, as illustrated by a case reported by one of our leading mental hygienists. A bright, healthy schoolgirl was brought to her teachers' consultation clinic because she absolutely refused to take food for days at a stretch, declaring she was afraid it would hurt her to swallow. Careful study and conferences with teacher and parents showed the child sound both bodily and mentally, and her whole trouble to be due to a purely emotional factor. The child's parents were of the intellectual type and so much afraid of spoiling her that they sternly repressed both her and their own emotional natures. She was brought up strictly on the rational, or kind-but-firm plan, with no petting or coddling or fussing over. The poor youngster found that the only way she could obtain the personal attention and petting she craved was by pretending to be sick, and hence invented the pains in her throat.

The Incentive of Praise

When the parents were exhorted to be themselves and act like human beings toward their offspring, the sore throat promptly disappeared for keeps, and all the other difficulties with it.

The general impression is that most of the children who give trouble in school are of the spoiled, conceited type who are made so much of and so fussed over and praised at home that they are unhappy unless constantly in the spotlight. But this case shows that the opposite extreme may be just as dangerous. A child's most priceless possession is his self-respect, and a fair, healthy degree of "guid conceit o' oursels" is absolutely vital to its maintenance. The hope of winning a little praise, a slight recognition of our superior abilities, is one of the most powerful incentives to effort or good conduct at all ages of life.

This craving is not by any means confined to human beings. A dog or a horse will do almost anything in reason to win a pat or a word of praise from his master; and a dog that has lost his self-respect through lack of appreciation or sense of having done wrong is simply one of the most pitiable of creatures.

One of the most amusing and striking illustrations of this hope that springs eternal in the living breast was furnished at a recent visit of the writer to the theater of one of the most famous animal trainers in Europe. Lions, polar bears, brown bears, elephants were on the program, but the star performers were a couple of satin-sleek, snake-limber sea lions. Their feats of balancing, catching, carrying on their noses, tumbling and acrobatics of every description were simply incredible in their skill and delicacy. Just as a lubricant and mark of appreciation, their impresario, at the close of each trick, tossed each of them a piece of fresh herring, which the silky beauties caught and gulped down eagerly. But it was perfectly evident that they enjoyed the whole performance, including the generous applause of the audience.

Toward the close of their performance, after an unusually clever and difficult trick, the trainer failed to throw to the larger and more skillful of the sea lions his well-earned herring. The big fellow waited politely for a minute or two, then barked his protest. The trainer ignored it and ordered the pair onto their chairs for the next trick. Then trouble began. The sea lion went on strike at once, knocked over his wife's chair and chased her off the stage; then rushed up to his trainer, and rearing up before him, barked a furious ultimatum: "No herring, no show!" The boss ordered him back to his chair and offered to submit the difficulty to arbitration after the performance; but nothing doing; the strike was noisier than ever and bloodshed seemed imminent.

Suddenly the sea lion turned to the audience and began slapping his fore flippers together noisily and vigorously—applauding himself in fact—as much as to say, "Didn't I do that right?" The delighted audience responded at once with roars of applause.

A Good Education

Whereupon Mr. Sea Lion turned to his trainer with an evident, "Well, you see what those people out there think about it!" He got his herring, and then just to show that it was only the principle of the thing he objected to, jumped back on his chair, called to his mate and went through with the next stunt on the program without waiting for a word or sign from the trainer!

Don't forget to give your small domestic sea lion his due herring of praise and approbation whenever he deserves it, or even whenever there is a reasonable excuse for it. A very small teaspoonful of justifiable commendation will send a child further along the way he should go than gallons of scolding and faultfinding. Our new progressive schools are now recognizing the value of this stimulus to a child's self-respect by searching out his natural, inborn aptitudes or abilities and encouraging him to follow them until he can justly feel that there is one subject of which he knows more, one thing that he can do better, than most of his comrades.

It is a wonderful balance wheel, a sheet anchor in the storms of life for a child—or man or woman—to feel that there is some one thing that he or she can do finely, with credit and distinction. It makes them feel that they have a real place in the world, an excuse for existence. And to meet this and other emotional demands more subjects are being introduced in our schools—gardening for both boys and girls, domestic science, home-keeping, the care of children for girls and the rudiments at least of working in wood, in iron and brass, in cement and in leather, for boys. In this way every child may have the opportunity to discover his speciality, his hobby, in which he may acquire standing and even become an authority. This was included in the shrewd old definition of a good education—"to know something about everything and everything about something."

So the coming of the new scientific mind healer into the schools, instead of complicating matters, will simplify and harmonize them. The revealing of a few pitiful mind-shipwrecked little ones in the thousand, at a period when two-thirds of them can be salvaged, will be only a small share of its benefits. For every one thus restored a score of otherwise healthy, able youngsters will be relieved of the torture of bad mental habits. Groundless fears will be banished, painful shyness and self-consciousness relieved, broodings and jealousies dispelled and life made a happier, braver, more loyal and wholesome thing both for them and for their families and playmates.

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HEADS OR TAILS

(Continued from Page 23

"Money's tight," he said. "A lot of these old crowbaits have it, but you can't pry them loose from it. Nobody's doing any business."

"How do people get along—the ones we play around with?"

"Well, the ones like the Murrays have got it salted. And Ted Burns has got his own. Ewan has it coming to him. Bob hasn't, but his wife has. And old Will's busted, but he's been busted for years and nobody cares. An I O U from him is like a Christmas card from anybody else. You expect one every year."

He had named the key members of their group, and Shirley ran over the list in her own mind as he spoke. It was quite true. Except for Will Cowen, nearly all their friends did have money or at least saw it in the offing. And Will Cowen had no wife.

"That makes it more serious for us, Aleck."

"Serious nothing! Things are going to break big for us one of these days. I've got a scheme for some of that water-front property that I'm going to spring when things look a little brighter around town."

"Suppose they don't get brighter?"

"You leave that to me, dearie. Don't you go souring that baby on life. I'll take care of him and his mother all right. What's on your mind anyhow? Anybody been pressing you for money?"

"I'll have to pay that milk bill. It's run for three months, Aleck."

"How much is it?"

"Thirty-five dollars."

He pulled out a check book, looked at the stub, stuck it back in his pocket and opened a bill fold. She saw the edges of several yellow bills in it. But he closed it again.

"Give it to you in the morning, darling. Remind me, will you? And don't go about worrying about bills. My credit's good."

"I know that," she said, wondering why he hadn't given her the money. But a minute later she knew.

"Jimmy Bates is in town and Phil Murray is giving a little party for him tonight. Be lonesome for an hour or so?"

That was the formula. Shirley was not deceived by the hour or so. She knew, too, that it was one of the things Aleck praised in her that she never made any trouble about his poker parties. Some wives did. She had heard them talk of Kitty Beaumont, who had called up her husband in the midst of an evening, and kept calling up shrewishly until he had gone home in embarrasament and never returned to another party. She had heard of Ellen Jones, who had made a scene with Mary Burns because Berk Jones had lost five hundred dollars one night, and his wife had blamed Mary, since the party was at her house. It was a matter of pride with Shirley to have been from the start very nonchalant about her husband's freedom. She didn't interfere. At least she never had. But now she asked doubtfully, "Poker?"

"Oh, a good game of hearts, maybe."

"That's why you're hanging on to your money, is it?"

"I don't like to go there short. I'm going to take it away from the boys tonight."

"But suppose you lose what you have?"

"Suppose I don't?"

"Oh, Aleck, it isn't reasonable! We don't know where we stand."

"We certainly do. Win, lose or draw, you're the nicest wife any man ever had, and that's where I stand. And I don't want you to worry. Let me do that."

"But you don't!"

"Sure I don't. That's my charm. And the bills get paid just as soon as if I did."

Shirley felt baffled. For in spite of the bills and the owning of nothing, he did take care of her and the baby, and did it lavishly on the whole. Shirley had clothes when she wanted them, which had never been true of her girlhood, and both she and Aleck seemed to deny themselves very little. Once, not long ago, Aleck had taken a flyer in the market and got by admirably. It was only that she never was sure of anything. Until recently she hadn't cared. It had seemed very spirited. But now, with the baby, and her back aching, it was a little different.

"I don't think you can afford to play poker with those men," she insisted.

"You're not going to begin to crab, dearie ——"

"No; but just the same ——"

"Look here," said Aleck, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you in on the game. You can have half my winnings and I stand my own losses. What could be fairer? You ought to get rich, my child. I'm playing in luck."

"That wasn't what I meant, Aleck."

But he was full of his idea. "That's it—half my winnings!"

He stood there, chuckling at his idea, and his generosity, so masculine, so confident that Shirley could not feel him improvident or herself unlucky. She laughed too.

"I'll hold you to that."

There were three fifty-dollar bills on her dressing table in the morning. It had been a big night for Aleck.

Shirley did not call it gambling—those parties of Aleck's friends. It was nothing so deliberate. The men were a congenial lot, that was all, who had been playing cards together for years and liked one another's company. But it did seem to take up a good deal of Aleck's life. There were the Saturday afternoons at the clubs and the nights there once or twice a week—bridge or poker—and the little private parties at the men's homes. Sometimes they were held at Aleck's and Shirley's apartment, and she knew what her own part was in them.

She put everything possible on the ice and covered the sandwiches with wet cloths, set out the necessary glasses and dishes on trays, and after half an hour of talking with the men and being flattered, she left them alone against their protest.

But the protest didn't mean anything. She could tell how quickly they forgot her from the quick relaxed change in the very sound of their voices. Lying in her bedroom, with the two doors between her and her husband's guests tightly shut, she could hear them for hours between her uneasy fits of slumber. Sometimes she would wake and think they had gone because things were silent, and then the talk would break out again, accompanied by shaggy bursts of laughter; and finally, when the guests had at last gone, Aleck would come creaking in softly, trying not to disturb her, and if she caught a glimpse of his face, she could see that it looked hot and red and swollen, as if he had been running. At moments like that he did not seem familiar.

Christmas—their second Christmas—came, bringing Aleck's tribute to his wife, a mass of expensive silk lingerie and a gold purse. The purse was in a jeweler's box which showed that it had come from an establishment partly owned by one of Aleck's best friends. Even as she exclaimed over its beauty, she guessed why he had bought it there. As for the silk things, they had doubtless robbed him in the shops. She'd know when the harvest of bills came in, for he had undoubtedly charged them all. But she was in no mood to groan over owning gold purses, and displayed it proudly to John, who came to see them Christmas afternoon.

"Very pretty," said John, turning it over in his long scholarly hand; "a pretty trifle." And he looked about at the table strewn with opened boxes and wrappings and at the tree glittering in one corner of the room. There seemed to be everything a baby could use and a woman could want, and Aleck's new studs and cuff links, bought with a portion of half his recent winnings during an evening, lay displayed with the rest.

"I brought," remarked John, feeling very carefully in an inner pocket as if about to bring out an egg, "a gift for young John."

The baby had been named after John—possibly a little accidentally, because Aleck did not like his own name and did not want it repeated, and Shirley thought Junior a tedious form of nomenclature.

"How nice!" said Shirley, and was amused, for John had never run to presents.

He brought out now an envelope with the address of his university in the corner and handed it over to Shirley. It was decorated with some of the Christmas seals which had been sold to him on the campus for the benefit of a campaign against tuberculosis. The seals were somewhat bedraggled from having been carried in his pocket and stuck on rather loosely. It was not a festive Christmas package.

Shirley opened the envelope and drew out a check. It was John's check for a hundred dollars.

"Why, John!" She knew how much that meant for John—a big squeeze of his budget somewhere.

"It seemed to me," said John, with his usual meticulousness, "that too often the education of a child becomes a burden, and unless provision has been made for it, often we find it is not convenient to appropriate the money for such a purpose at the time when the child can avail himself of it. I thought that it might be well to start—young John—on an educational fund at this time. With such slight additions as I can make to it on his various anniversaries, or as others may make, it may become adequate as—er—he becomes adequate."

Shirley looked at the check and for some reason felt ashamed and a trifle tearful. "Look, Aleck!"

Aleck looked and laughed. "That's the first cash money I've seen around this Christmas tree," he remarked. "Welcome, little stranger!"

He took John's present as he took everything—very blithely. Aleck would have handed John twice or five times the amount if John needed it and he happened to have it. Shirley knew that. But still she felt ashamed. With all the toy cows and the bath toys and the electric train that Aleck had so absurdly bought a ten-month-old baby, nobody had given him the real guarding thought that John had. It didn't make her so grateful as she wanted to be to John. She was almost jealous of her brother's consideration. Aleck should have done it.

It was after the tree was taken down and the check banked in the baby's name that she began to try to follow it up. She pointed out to Aleck that they were not getting ahead.

Aleck said that nobody had any money. "Bill Murray said the other day he was crazy with taxes and nothing coming in, and he has millions," said Aleck.

"But that's the point," answered Shirley—"he has millions! We haven't."

"You deserve them too. Nobody'd set them off better. You wait. We'll get a good break one of these days."

"We shouldn't live on luck. We ought to be building up."

"I know. But things either come your way or they don't."

"They haven't been coming our way lately. There was a collector here this afternoon."

"From where?"

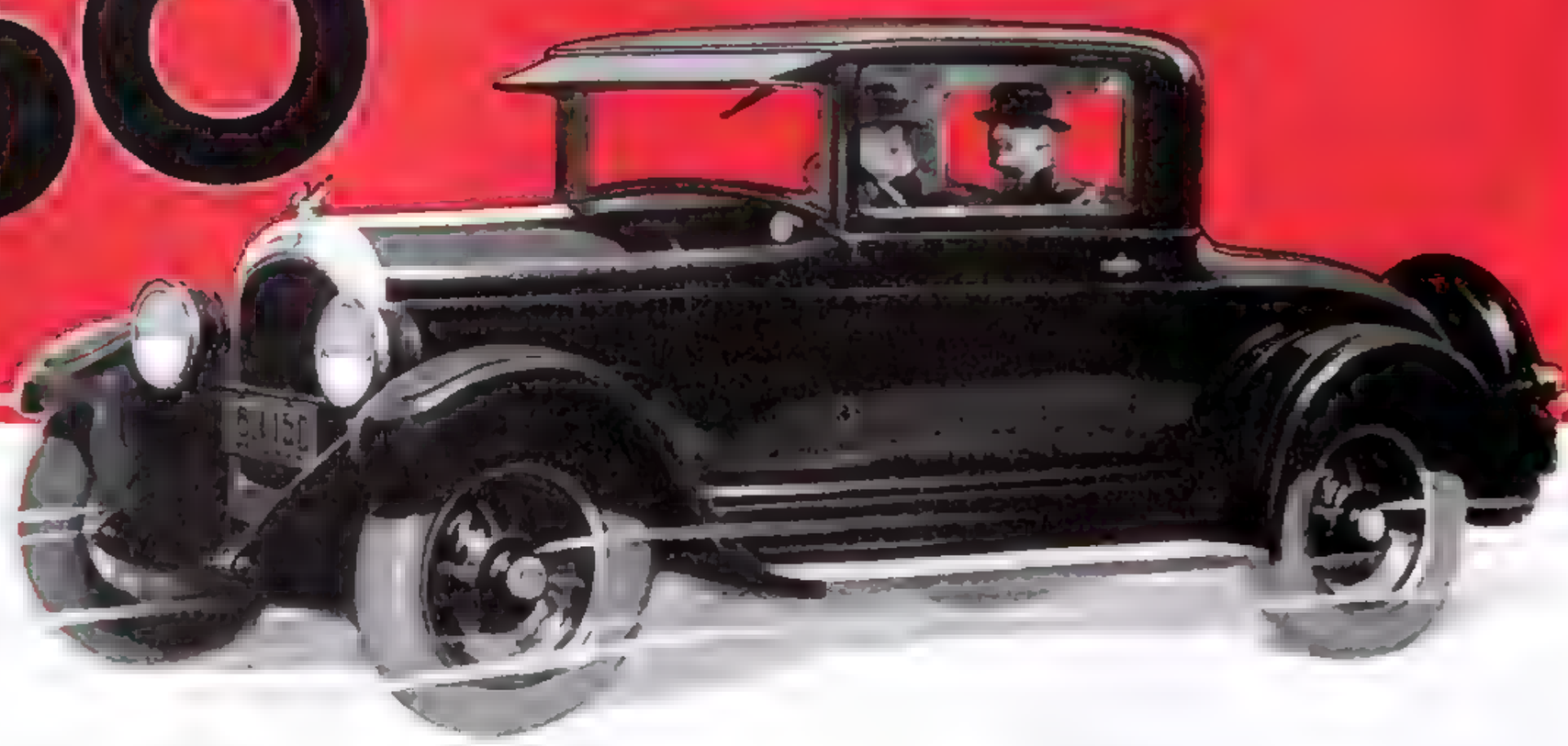
"Atchison's."

"Oh, that's a mistake," said Aleck. "I'm terribly sorry, dear. Currie told me to take as long as I wanted on that account. It's just an office mistake. They won't try that again. I'll go in and give them what's coming to them, all right."

Shirley's face was serious. "Money is what's coming to them," she remarked, "in spite of the fact that you and Douglas Currie play bridge together. We owe it."

(Continued on Page 101)

Where can you find so much *for* $750



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5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds.
25 miles to the gallon.
Full-sized, with ample seating capacity for all passengers.
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IN these features* and in scores of others, the Chrysler "50" reveals quality and value which single it out as far and away the greatest offering ever made in a car at this price.

Contrast these features with what you find in any other four-cylinder car—or any six approximating the Chrysler "50" in price. Either by mental comparison or by actual demonstration.

It then becomes perfectly plain that—at or near $750—only the Chrysler "50" gives these values.

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Specializing in the manufacture of tires, for distribution exclusively through regular tire dealers, has enabled Firestone to concentrate upon tire development, with a record of many notable contributions to more economical highway transportation.

Firestone pioneered the low-pressure tire, and Firestone Service Dealers were the first to offer car owners the Full-Size Balloon, with the latest methods and equipment for their expert care and repair.

The original Firestone Balloon program, which it was hoped would be standardized, called for but four sizes of tires for passenger cars. Today, there are over forty sizes! Keeping all of these sizes in stock places a big burden upon the tire dealer.

The Firestone Dealer has the advantage of a complete line of High Pressure and Balloon Tires, and is assured of fresh, clean stocks in all sizes, delivered to him promptly from 148 warehouses.

The advent of the Balloon Tire required an expansion in repair equipment and a complete revision of repair methods. To meet this situation, Repair Schools were opened at the Firestone factories at Akron, and other principal cities, where thousands of Firestone Dealers and their repair men have been instructed in the care of tires and the use of the specially-designed Firestone Balloon Tire equipment, giving car owners the advantage in greatly increased tire mileage.

To carry this educational program to Firestone Dealers who have been unable to visit the factories for instruction, Firestone prepared tire samples, illustrative and descriptive charts, and a feature motion picture which shows the building of a Gum-Dipped Tire from the gathering of the raw materials to the finished product, sending a complete outfit to each branch. In each territory, throughout the country, branch managers have held dealer meetings which have been attended by most of the 30,000 Firestone Service Dealers, who have obtained the latest information regarding tire construction, care and repair.

Firestone Dealers are kept up-to-date on tire development and service—continually progressing and improving their ability to serve you better and save you money.

It will pay you to call on the nearest Firestone Dealer and let him tell you how to get more mileage out of your tires. If you are in the market for new tires, Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloons will cost you no more than any standard brand. See the nearest Firestone Dealer today and let him handle your tire requirements.

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3 for 20¢

MILLIONS ARE SAYING—"TASTING BETTER THAN EVER!"

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"Now, darling girl," he said, and came over to where she stood looking so troubled and sobered, "you mustn't worry about a fool thing like that."

"I'm not worrying," said Shirley, patting his shoulder vaguely to keep him from overwhelming her. "I'm not worrying. I'm seeing things. We are simply gambling our way along, Aleck, and it isn't any way to live. Heads, we pay our bills. Tails, we don't. The reason we don't get in trouble is because everyone likes you and gives you special favors. But that's not very sure footing, Aleck."

"Where'd you get this line of talk?" he asked, a little bewildered. For she wasn't exactly nagging at him, yet she wasn't leaving him alone. He knew of no halfway house. He finally decided that what she needed most was sleep, and told her so, in a reassuring way.

"You'll be all right in the morning."

"I'm all right now, and I'll be just the same in the morning."

"Cheer up, dear," he urged. "I know things have been a little slow, but it doesn't pay to fight your luck. It won't turn if you do."

He did not realize that he was waving in her face the very terms that disturbed her. It was his vernacular of seeing and thinking.

That night he played poker at the club and came home in that stealthy creaking way, grinning with amusement as he dropped a little roll of bills on her dressing table.

She knew, as she watched him, for she had not been asleep, that he felt that the sight of the money would cheer her and change her point of view. The dreadful thing was that it did. When she picked up fifty or a hundred dollars—or even ten—that way, it did make things different, until she had spent it. But she knew finally what she was up against. It did not matter in what friendliness or camaraderie it was disguised. Gambling was what it was—the same sort of thing that went on in evening dress at Monte Carlo, on race tracks, in vile-smelling smoking cars. That money on her dressing table had come from just such sources. Lucky money, not earned money. It would pay that bill at Joyce's which was so imperative, but it mustn't be allowed to.

He was just through shaving in the morning when she went into his little dressing room and laid the money on the glass shelf before him. All clean and pink and rested, in the miraculous way he had of resting completely in five or six hours, he had a tune on his lips and a feeling that his luck had come back. She could tell.

"What's that for?"

"It's not my money," she said.

"It's your dividend, old girl—half my winnings. Gosh, you should have seen Ewan and me clean up Ed Jennings! And how that bird does hate to lose! It's like skinning a live rabbit, only more painful for Ed than the rabbit. He's more sensitive." He stopped, for she had not smiled, nor had she picked up the money. He handed it to her. "That's your half."

"I don't want it."

"Come into a fortune?"

"No; but I don't want any more of that kind of money. I don't like it."

His face tightened and grew a little hard. Beginning to nag, was she?

"All right," he said coolly, "quite as you please. I can use it."

He stuffed it into his trousers pockets and began to whistle.

"Aleck."

"Shoot," he urged through the whistle.

"I wish you'd stop gambling."

"I'm not a gambler because I play a friendly game of cards with my friends."

"No; but will you stop?"

"Stop what?"

"The card sessions—the poker parties. They don't do you any good. We aren't any better or richer. We just live from hand to mouth. Let's settle down and get somewhere."

He didn't like it. Drawing on some reserve philosophy that it was idle to argue with a woman, he did not even answer.

"Will you stop it?"

"I don't know exactly what I'm being called down for."

"You're not being called down."

"Well, I'm not exactly getting a cheerful morning kiss," he said ironically, and strode past her to the newspaper.

Shirley saw that it was to be difficult, but she had only begun. She came back to the subject a little shrewishly, and then, later, softly, when he thought she had forgotten it. But she gained no concession. He wrote off her protests like bad debts. They simply were worth nothing to him. He saw only such protest as other men's petulant and scolding wives made and was disappointed to have Shirley act that way. However, he knew no other method than to dodge her attacks as best he could and not answer any arguments.

That was what he did. Neither of them was happy in the next few months, in spite of Shirley's hours of feeling and knowing that she was right in taking a stand and Aleck's occasional riotous evenings with the boys, fortified with the philosophy that all men went through that sort of thing. He creaked even more softly when he came in nights now, and tried to coax Shirley into friendliness with little presents and theater tickets and suggestions of parties. But Shirley did not take much interest in the parties.

For one thing she had stopped buying clothes, for the basic reason that the bills for her old ones hung over, and though her credit seemed to remain good enough for use, it somehow shamed her to go on. A couple of newer brides had succeeded her in the center of the younger married ring and she ceased to attract the attention that had been given to her at first. She did not care about that, but she did see that to maintain a place even at the side of the ring was a thing that would take effort, steady effort, and considerable money. And, after all, it was Aleck people really wanted at the parties. If she went along it was as Aleck's wife.

In theory she had an allowance. Aleck had started her on one with a fine flourish shortly after they were married, when she had suggested that she would like one. But the allowance was a queer unsteady thing, the perfect complement to Aleck's uncertain income. Sometimes he put it off until a commission came in. Sometimes he seemed to forget it altogether. Sometimes it came along on time, accidentally.

And the second collector came. It was a bad winter and spring. John could have given his sister the reasons for that, the reasons why collectors paced the pavements and why credits tightened up. But he did not, though he occasionally gave the theory of it to his classes. On his nephew's birthday he presented his mother with fifteen dollars in gold for him, and young John Lancaster was for the time being the only one in his immediate family with any capital. Shirley rubbed that second gift into her husband. Aleck had given his son a very elaborate set of stone blocks which were made in Germany and cost slightly more than John's present.

"It's very nice for him to have blocks," said Shirley, "but since he already has three sets, why not put the money in the bank for him?"

"I'll give him money when he needs it," Aleck said more abruptly than he usually spoke. For he had come in full of tenderness not only for his son but for his wife, who had been so beautifully part of his son's birthday, and he felt his rebuff rather keenly. Personally he liked the blocks. He went upstairs whistling, conscious of Shirley's disdainful face, and decided to spend the evening out of its range. It was four when he creaked in. He had lost pretty heavily and had been forced to give Murray a post-dated check. The thing would be all right, of course, for he could raise some money tomorrow. But he felt afraid of Shirley, as if she somehow knew how empty his pockets were and about that little overdraft at the bank.

Next morning, unfortunately, she asked him for money.

"I'm down to nothing in the bank, Aleck, and you seem to have forgotten my theoretical allowance."

"I'll put some in for you in a day or so."

"Sorry, but I need it right away. I've got to buy a new ice book today and I must pay the laundress. She has three weeks' pay due."

"Just put it off a day or so," he said, trying to be casual.

"I can't. I promised her the money. Besides, the baby's milk will sour without ice."

"He'll trust you."

"You're wrong. He won't. You pay for ice when you get it. He's reminded me of that."

Aleck rose rather nervously. "Well, I'll get some for you. I'm a little short myself."

"Haven't you anything in the bank?"

He tried to hedge, but her eyes somehow got at the truth. "Are you overdrawn?"

"It's all right," he said airily. "They'll carry me, all right."

"And you played cards last night. Did you ——" She stopped, realizing that she shouldn't care whether he won or lost. She must think of the principle, not the result.

"I lost," he said, with deliberate defiance. "I lost good and plenty."

"How did you pay that?"

"That's my affair."

"It's mine. How am I going to pay that woman? How am I going to get ice? You play cards with millionaires and I can't buy ice."

"Don't be hysterical. If it comes to that, use the money John gave you yesterday and I'll give you that money back tomorrow."

"Use the baby's money!"

"Calm down, can't you? I haven't asked you to rob the bank. Just use it today and put your own in the bank for Johnny tomorrow."

She was beating her hand against the arm of her chair. "I will not stand it!" she said "This life—this kind of life! Gambling away everything, never having anything. Will you stop playing cards for money? Will you get a steady job? I don't care what it is or how little it is. But I won't live like this. I'd sooner have you a day laborer."

How deep his humiliation ran she did not know or care. He was flushed and completely baffled. If he could only give her something! But for the moment he didn't have anything.

"How about your quitting making scenes?" he asked.

She ignored that. "Once and for all, will you stop gambling?"

"No," he said, with equal definiteness, and walked out.

She sat there and drummed her hand for a long while. Then the baby cried and she fed him cereal as if she thrust his future into his mouth with every bite. It was a grim breakfast, but nourishing. The laundress came, and, after all, there was nothing to do but pay her with the baby's money, John's gift. She felt like an embezzler. She felt that it was the end. There was no use going on from bad to worse. She dismissed the woman at noon, packed the baby's clothes and her own and used the last of John's money for a taxi to take her to her father's house.

That was hard. It wasn't going home to a welcome, to sympathy. It meant that her mother had to shriek a jumble of reasons at her father to explain her presence, that her mother was aghast and trembling at this collapse of what she supposed to be Shirley's complete happiness. Parents let their daughters go with regret, but normally receive them back with even more regret. But there was nowhere else to go, nothing else to do. She told them that she had left Aleck and that she wasn't going back. John was the only one who took it calmly, when

(Continued on Page 103)

"Long GREEN" or "Sky BLUE?"

Uncle Sam's greenbacks—our beloved *"long greens"*—are the prettiest money in the world; and mighty handy to have about.

The only trouble with them is that they are so *hard to get*, and *harder to keep*.

Harder to keep! So many people want them. Want *yours*—all they can get of them. Sometimes you get full value for them; or you get nothing—you lose them; or, as often happens these days, they are stolen from you. In either case your *"long green"* money is gone forever.

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And it costs only 75 cents to change $100 of your *"long green"* money (which is just as useful to anyone as to you) into *"sky blue"* American Express Travelers Cheques (which are *yours and yours only*, no matter what happens).

Sample them. Try them out. Compare them with greenbacks. Buy two or three ten or twenty dollar American Express Travelers Cheques. Carry them in your pocket instead of greenbacks—and note the difference.

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And be sure your Travelers Cheques are *"SKY BLUE."*

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Here you are certain to see the very present for *your* graduate—whether that happy person is going from common school to high school, high school to college, or "out, out in the wide, wide world."

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Try for yourself the writing quality of any Wahl or Eversharp, and try it by the only test that means anything:

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Ladies' green jade set; pen, $5 50 pencil, $2 50
Ladies' pink brocaded set; pencil, $6; pen, $7

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The Wahl Company, Ltd., Toronto

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he came home. He might even have expected it, so undisturbed was he at the dinner table that night.

Aleck telephoned at seven and Mrs. Griffith came fluttering from the telephone to call Shirley, to what she may have hoped was reconciliation. But it was not. Aleck's voice was edged.

"I put two hundred dollars in the bank for you," he said. "All you need to do is to let me know what you want to do and I'm at your disposal."

"You know why I did it?" she asked. "It was intolerable."

"It's quite enough that you've gone," said Aleck. "You've put all your cards on the table."

"Good-by," said Shirley, at that metaphor.

At four o'clock she woke and opened her eyes, expecting Aleck. Then she remembered where she was. He wouldn't have to come in early tonight. There'd be no need.

"Of course you warned me," she said to John.

"Warned you?"

"That Aleck gambled."

"Yes," answered John, "I believe you were fully aware of that—er—speculative tendency of his when you married. Likable fellow, Aleck."

"That hasn't anything to do with it. You can't build up a home on that."

"I wouldn't know about that," said John; "possibly not."

She felt obliged to make out a case for herself. There was something in John's dry acceptance of her presence which didn't quite include approval. She brought out her facts for him.

"And then he suggested that I use that money you gave me to pay the laundress and put it back next day."

"Very practical," said John. "After all, the woman doubtless needed the money immediately. That class operates on a small margin. Their credits are few."

"But don't you see what it meant?" asked Shirley.

"Meant? It meant you didn't either of you have any money."

"Exactly! Think of that!"

"Not very provident of either of you," said John.

"I couldn't help it."

"Possibly not. But still, by and large, a good deal of money must have passed through your hands. With possibly some—er—skill in management, a small reserve fund for such emergencies might have been built up. Aleck, as you once remarked to me, is a money-maker. Spender too. The two qualities are often found in the same person."

"I didn't realize that," said Shirley.

"No. You—er—pardon me—gambled on your husband, gambled that he would be entirely as you wished. You lost. Most women do. I never wanted anyone to gamble on me. I have not married," said John, proffering a statistic which was rather well known to his sister, "for that reason. I have always felt that, considering the permanency of marriage in its—er—best form, the risk of marrying me would be large. I find it hard to give—er—hard to spend. That would be difficult for a woman. Doubtless she would—er—leave me."

Shirley stared at him. "But you'd provide for her at least!"

John searched his lapel for spots. He had a horror of them. "In my fashion," he said; "it might not please her."

He paused, and Shirley did not think of anything to say at once. She had expected John altogether to condemn Aleck.

"What could I have done?" she asked at length defensively.

John pressed his finger tips together, one after another, and Shirley incoherently thought how some woman would have hated that fussy little trick.

"As to what you could have done," he advised her, "I am not sure. I suppose statistics show that most marriages are a matter of adjustment. What one of the partners does not bring to the arrangement the other must. For example, one brings lavishness, the other thrift. That being dependent," said John, warming to his subject, "on the good will of the partners. In a case where good will is absent the situation is altered. Personally I liked Aleck better the more I saw of him. He had a rather elastic temperament which I have always envied, an exuberance. You, on the other hand, actively disliking him as you do ——"

"I!" exclaimed Shirley. "You don't know what you are talking about, John."

John was not accustomed to being interrupted in the midst of a discourse. He frowned. But Shirley, with a choking, broken sound, had left him. She sounded singularly like her baby, thought John.

It is hard to go back from a husband to parents, but to go back to a husband from whom one has departed in righteousness is most difficult of all. Shirley was aware of that after a few days. She found there was no place for her in her father's house. A shelter—that was all. But to slip back into a single existence was impossible. It wasn't only missing Aleck; it was missing marriage, missing the gayety and intimacy, the creak on the stairs, the very worry, the tangle of everything that she had abandoned. She told herself fifty times a day that she had done the only thing, and fifty times a day the refrain grew thinner and flatter. A thousand things she might have done.

She could have coaxed him into spending more time in other places; she could have saved money of her own; she could have insisted on taking a house far from these friends and made Aleck bend to that burden. Instead she had done the obvious thing and the shaming one. And she didn't want to spend her life among the bookcases in the parlor and bring up the baby with the opulent fern for playmate. But how to get back she did not know. For, after all, she had been right in the main issue. They must be provident. And to reappear under Aleck's roof would be too complete a concession. He wouldn't understand. He would be worse than ever, and never take her seriously again. She found herself in a trap that she had walked into deliberately. There didn't seem to be any going back.

At the end of a week, Aleck sent her a deposit slip. He had put another hundred dollars to her credit. He was getting money somewhere—probably having a run of luck at poker. She spent little and wondered about the bills. All the accounts were in Aleck's name and none came to her. Only her personal mail was readdressed and sent to her father's house. Aleck had evidently accepted the break. Probably he was glad of it. She sat one evening watching her brother eat fried trout, with great concentration on the removal of the bones, and felt she could bear it no longer. This might be safe, but it was unbearable. And all the time, what was Aleck doing? Going to pieces perhaps. She got up from the table abruptly and went up to the baby. Her mother sighed and her father gazed after her. She worried them. But John kept on after the fugitive bones.

Yet it was he who met his sister in the hall as she came down half an hour later. She had on a hat and coat and they looked at each other.

"Shall I go with you?" asked John politely. She nodded.

He did not ask where she was going, but he stopped the surface car at the right corner. They went into the apartment building and the elevator boy nodded politely and took them up without question to the proper floor.

But Shirley could not go in. "See if he's there," she whispered to John. "Just tell him I'd like to speak to him a moment if he is."

John considered, then took her proffered latchkey and went in alone. The hallway was dark, but he followed an odor of strong cigars into the living room. There, under an awry reading lamp, sat Aleck, looking worn.

"Hello!" he said, starting up.

"Your wife," John told him without preamble, "is outside. I think she would enjoy returning to you. It is dull for her at our house. Though she objects to certain of your habits."

Again his lecture was interrupted. Aleck had disappeared. John pressed his finger tips and sat down, his thoughts on logical ways to handle marriage. But outside, in the hallway, marriage was again proving that its strength lay in having no logic.

"I haven't touched a card since," said Aleck, holding his wife as if he were famished; "and we sold an apartment house, so we're on top of the bills with the flag flying. It's no use, though, Shirley, my promising to be Holy Jim. I don't want you to come back, expecting me never to spend an evening out or have the boys in. I'd slip, sure as taxes. I'll take better care of you though. I've lost you once, and the stakes aren't going to be that high again. Will you come back—you and Johnny?"

"You can't keep us from coming back," said Shirley. "Of course we will."

"I was betting on you," said Aleck fervently, and then grew red at that immediate blunder.

But Shirley laughed. After all, this was her marriage, the only one she had, and she knew now how precious it was.

Bronco Bill Breaks in a New Flivver

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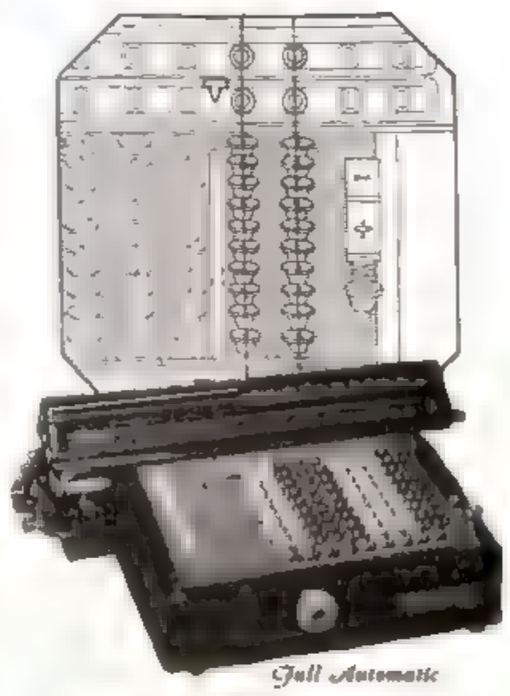

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Watch for Monroe Ads—they tell how to cut costs on figure-work

A SAGA OF THE SWORD

(Continued from Page 19)

ranks, to ride on. The prestige of that all-conquering Arab race, incarnated here in this haughty young leader, was still freshly potent over these wild Berber tribesmen. Fierce visaged under their diversity of helmets—the loot of many battlefields in North Africa, as well as of the recent victory—all alike garbed in chain-mail shirts, a round shield on the left arm, a sword at the saddle and a spear in the right hand, grumblingly and reluctantly they reined back their wiry little horses into a semblance of formation. Not deigning to glance round at them, Yezid pressed spurs into his mare, heard behind him, in very pleasant relief, the armor clink and hoof clatter of his forty men, as once more he cantered over that uneven road descending now in a long slope to the river.

A few minutes later they were stirring up the dust thick in the wheel ruts of the round-arched stone bridge built centuries before by usefully toiling Roman legionaries. Slackening the pace to a trot, Yezid glanced keenly to right and left, up and down the broad-flowing stream. What was that? Away to the left, along the road from Hispalis, was a little dust cloud. It moved, approaching them. There was surely a faint glitter within it. His men had also perceived it, were pointing it out to each other with excited cries. Goths fugitive from the great battle!

Yezid thrilled with fierce delight. Well was it he had not turned aside from the road to plunder that great house! Verily Allah was merciful! Was not his heart's desire at the last moment vouchsafed him? For precisely such an encounter with the unbelievers had he craved since, at dawn, he had galloped forward with his horsemen on this his first independent command. Now could he prove that in his veins was the blood of great warriors, generation after generation, that he was a worthy son of the ever-victorious Ibn-Habib, commander, under Mûsa, of an army in North Africa! No other desire had he in the world than this which had consumed him since his boyhood, from his earliest memory passed amid camps and battles and the ever more marvelous triumphs of the faith.

Now, Allah be praised, the moment had come! He held up his hand for the halt, ranked his troop in an eight-deep mass from parapet to parapet across the roadway, their front at a dozen yards from the end of the bridge. Thus, if those Goths should attempt to gallop past on the road to Córdoba, he would fall upon their flank, while if they intended to cross the bridge he could charge them just as they bunched at the turn. It seemed to him that a cunning djinn whispered this idea to him in the sudden intoxicating stimulation of all his faculties, so spontaneously leaped up in him an instinctive skill for the fight. He drew his bright curved sword from its elaborately ornamented sheath, laughed to his men as he bade them wait for the word. They were bending over to tighten their girths, drying their hands for a firmer grip of the spear, laughing also, fiercely, formidably, in the certainty of their invincibility. Were not these enemies scorners of the faith of Allah, and therefore foredoomed to defeat and Gehenna? Please Allah, they would wear golden rings and chains and collars of gold!

That dust cloud came nearer. The glitter of arms was now unmistakable. Approximately equal in number to themselves was that party of horsemen who approached at a steady trot, whelmed in a dust of their own making. Tensely, eagerly, reining back their nervously restless little horses, the troop upon the bridge watched and waited. Yezid could feel the heart thump in his breast. There was a dryness in his throat. It seemed now a long, now a short period they took in passing over an equal stretch of that road, as mentally he marked it from point to point. Yet still they rode at the same unvaryingly regular trot. Surely they must ere this have remarked the flash of weapons upon the bridge! Allah provide that they did not suddenly turn in galloping flight!

They continued to approach, became individually distinguishable, big blond-bearded men in conical deep-fitting helmets and chain-mail body armor, weaponed, like their breathlessly waiting adversaries, with spear and sword and shield, mounted upon somewhat heavy and obviously fatigued horses. Here and there among them could be perceived the white of bandages on head or arm. Not two bowshots were they distant not one. The cavalier who led them suddenly waved his long spear above his head; their speed increased to a canter, to a short gallop. A fierce shout came from them as they swept along the road, brandishing their spears.

Yezid reined in his nervously fidgeting little Arab, gripped his scimitar more firmly, filled his lungs for the battle yell. Would they attempt to pass by on the road to Córdoba? Or would they —— With another great shout, they wheeled, following their chief, for the bridge.

It was the moment! "*Allahu akbar!*" In the instant of uttering that vociferation, simultaneously yelled by forty throats behind him, Yezid pressed his spurs into his horse, felt under him the sensitive creature leap forward in the charge that excited her as much as it did her master. For a brief second or two—they seemed curiously long—while that battle cry mingled with the defiant battle cry of the Goths, there was a tumultuous thudding of hoofs as his frenzied Berbers galloped upon those other galloping horsemen who bunched and jostled at the turn.

He saw their leader—a young man, handsomely featured above his blond beard—swerve his straining horse to meet his similar swerve to personal encounter, saw the long spear go level for his breast. Instinctively he wrenched his mare to the right, covered himself with the shield upon his left arm, received the impact in a shock that almost jerked him from the saddle, leaned over and smote with his sword upon a helmet that rang, while his horse reared in the sudden pull of his reins. His prerogative alone should be combat with this Gothic chief. Around him there was now a wild confusion of plunging horses, of weapons flashing in thick-floating dust, of furious shouts and yells: "*Allahu akbar! Allahu akbar! La allah il'Allah!*"—God is great! God is great! There is no God but Allah!—"*Ruderico! Ruderico! Gott! Gott!*"

"*Allahu akbar!*" He yelled that Muslim cry with all his lungs as he pulled his horse round, spurred it alongside that young Goth who had just transfixed a Berber, was twisting his spear out of the bent-back body. "*Allahu akbar!*"

The Goth glanced round. "*Christus! Christus!*" he shouted as he put up his shield to take the blow of the descending scimitar, thrust under it with his spear.

"*Allahu akbar!*" Yezid cut at the wooden shaft, severed it cleanly with that razor-keen edge, pressed upon his adversary, whose horse spun round to face him. Instantly the Goth had abandoned his useless weapon, had drawn a long straight blade that flashed in the sun, that clashed against his as—forgetting the general fight—the two hacked and parried and hacked in vindictively personal antagonism.

Somewhere beyond Yezid's vision—he could not spare a glance for what otherwise was happening—the shouts of "*Allahu akbar!*" had become more dominant, more exultant. He had eyes only for that blond-bearded young man at whom he slashed and cut, whose great horse lumbered heavily against his lighter mount, who slashed and cut at him with equal fury, their dexterously handled shields ringing with the rapidly repeated blows. Suddenly, as he brought down his shield from a guard to the head, he saw that the Goth's long straight sword had snapped at the hilt.

"Yield! Yield!" he cried, using the Gothic word he had learned in the great seven days' battle, holding his scimitar high in arrested menace. The Goth uttered an exclamation recognizable as an angry oath, flung down his shield, sullkily dismounted while Yezid seized his bridle rein. At the same moment Yezid perceived that they were complete victors in the fight. A dozen Goths had similarly surrendered. Three more were being pursued and overtaken by half a score of his yelling Berbers. The rest lay in the confusion of men and horses tumbled upon the dark-stained dust.

"*Allahu akbar!*" cried Yezid, in genuinely grateful triumph. His heart swelled proudly within him at this decisively victorious end to his first independent fight.

He waited until those three fugitives were overtaken and smitten from their horses and then he shouted an order to the horn bearer. The rally call was sounded. The exultant Berbers reluctantly relinquished the plunder of both their dead and living enemies, returned to the horses from which they had dismounted. He ordered the bridge to be cleared of carcasses, ordered the prisoners to be gathered together under guard—by the strict law of the Prophet their lives were forfeit, but triumphant Islam had long since learned that a live prisoner was worth more than a dead one, either to be ransomed or to be sold into slavery and the proceeds allocated according to the scale laid down by Muhammed himself for the distribution of captured booty.

The fierce tribesmen obeyed him with the respect earned by a successful leader, a respect that had a deliciously novel sincerity. He could feel almost sympathetic with that young Gothic chief—infidel though he was—who stood gloomily dejected in his defeat, pulling at the blond mustache that mingled with his beard. Skillful swordsman was he, and there was no shame in surrender when weapons broke in so bravely waged a fight. He smiled at his late adversary, spoke a consolatory word, at which the young Goth only stared uncomprehendingly.

There was a shout from the other end of the bridge. Yezid swung round, saw Ibn-Malek and his detachment trotting their horses toward him. One or two prisoners, tethered to those horses, kept up with them in a clumsy run. Across the saddlebow of Ibn-Malek, as across the saddles of several of his followers, was a large overhanging bundle. "*Allahu akbar! La allah il' Allah!*" came the triumphant shout of those spear-waving horsemen. They also were happy.

Ibn-Malek reined up before his friend, stared at the sulky Gothic prisoners, at the wounded men bandaging their hurts.

"Allah hath blessed thee, O Yezid," he said enviously. "We warred only with women—though, verily, one of them fought like a tiger cat, even this unbelieving wench I carry!" He laughed, and gave a push to the fair-haired woman laid head down across his saddle which sent her sprawling upon the dust.

She scrambled awkwardly to her feet, her hands bound behind her, tall in her torn white robe, her loose hair falling around a face that Yezid suddenly perceived to be superbly beautiful in a haughty pride that even this calamity could not quench. She lifted her head, glanced disdainfully over Yezid as magnificently he drew himself up on his horse in the youthfully proud consciousness of his recent victory, looked straight at Ibn-Malek, and pronounced one single word of scornful insult. The Gothic prisoners laughed despite their own distress. It was good to see someone with courage enough to call these victorious Muslims dogs to their very faces. At the same moment the young Gothic chief broke forward from the restraining grasp of his guard, cried a startled and anguished recognition:

"Brunhild!"

She jerked round to him, in quick alarm at that familiar voice. "Theodomir!"

Yezid had sat watching that woman in a fascinated interest he did not himself realize. Never, it seemed to him, had he seen such a vision of proud beauty. And she was Ibn-Malek's! His own triumph in that fight seemed suddenly worthless. Perhaps Ibn-Malek would sell her? Young was she—perhaps yet a maiden unbetrothed. Then who was this young Goth that so eagerly claimed familiarity? In a sudden unreasoning retrospective jealousy — he could not have analyzed the wave of violent feeling which swept through his inflammably susceptible Arab soul—he called up the merchant from Tingis, bade him question them, discover their relationship. Abu-Assa obeyed, spoke first to one and then the other.

"Brother and sister are they, Sidi," he reported.

"Ah!" said Yezid, and his unconscious grasp upon his now-sheathed scimitar relaxed.

There was another great shout from across the river behind them. A long column of horsemen, banners waving here and there above the spears, descended the farther slope, entered upon the bridge. Mughith had arrived.

It was three days later, the second day after Córdoba had been captured in a stealthy, almost bloodless, night assault. Yezid sat in a stone-pillared, low-beamed Gothic hall, central within the city. Outside, beyond the narrow-slitted windows which imperfectly illuminated this apartment strewn with rushes and scantily furnished with a table and a few seats in clumsily carpentered oak, the voices of his men were noisy in the courtyard; calling Allah to witness, this one that he had been cheated in the distribution of the spoil, that one that all the infidels should have been massacred as the Prophet commanded, another that the small Gothic garrison still holding out in a convent should be tortured when at last they were forced to surrender. But Yezid heard them not as he sat in the X-framed chair, made soft with a bearskin thrown over back and arms, and fidgeted with his youthfully short black beard. In his ears was still the voice of Abu-Assa, earnestly advising him for his good:

"Keep her not, Sidi. She is cold and dangerous. Many slaves have I bought and sold, and such as she have never brought good to those that purchased them. Allah knoweth, impatient in love but patient in hatred is woman. Such as she procure always, at the last, poison or a dagger, and there is lamentation in the house where the master lies slain. Verily, wise was Allah—his glory is eternal!—to shut women from his Paradise, creating houris from the air for the happiness of the faithful. Keep her not, Sidi. Sell her to the Jew, putting in thy purse the fifty dinars he offers. So shalt thou have twenty dinars above that thou gavest to Ibn-Malek. And sell her brother also—greater ransom than thou canst obtain will the Jew extort, if he have goods enough to pay ransom. Allah knoweth, with tomorrow's sun may we again ride onward—and gold in thy purse will buy thee maidens, fairer even than she, when thou shalt have leisure for them. Even I, unworthy in thy sight, but skilled in these matters, will charge myself to procure them for thee!"

For reply to all which, Yezid had curtly bade Abu-Assa bring again that captive to him. He sat now in the suspense of her coming, a subtle uneasiness mingling with the overmastering vehemence of his young desire. Perhaps, indeed, Abu-Assa had spoken wisdom. Dangerous was she, a beautiful barbarian, for all her assuredly noble birth even less civilized than Yezid himself; under her cold dignity a latent violence of barbarian passion. Even the

(Continued on Page 109)

SPRING IS HERE

Step out to meet the Spring, and carry spring with you in your step — the buoyant, lasting spring of new Goodyear Wingfoot Heels.

All outdoors is calling you!

New grass in the fields, new flowers along the hedges, new colors on the streets and boulevards!

They lend wings to your feet, do Goodyear Wingfoot Heels. Made of the liveliest, springiest rubber, they keep their cushioning resilience longer than other heels. That's a fact determined by scientific test as well as the experience of millions of Wingfoot wearers.

They're good style, too — trim, close-fitting. And they're full of long, slow, economical wear.

Men, women and children, there's a pair of Goodyear Wingfoot Heels for everybody. Get them on new shoes made by hundreds of good manufacturers, or have them put on any shoes quickly by your shoe repairman.

Just step into your shoe repair shop today — May 7th to 14th, inclusive, is Goodyear Wingfoot Rubber Heel Week all over America — and put your shoes in touch with magic Spring — a new pair of Goodyear Wingfoot Heels.

Goodyear Wingfoots won't cost you any more than ordinary rubber heels — and you can tell they're far better from the simple fact that more people walk on Wingfoots than on any other kind.

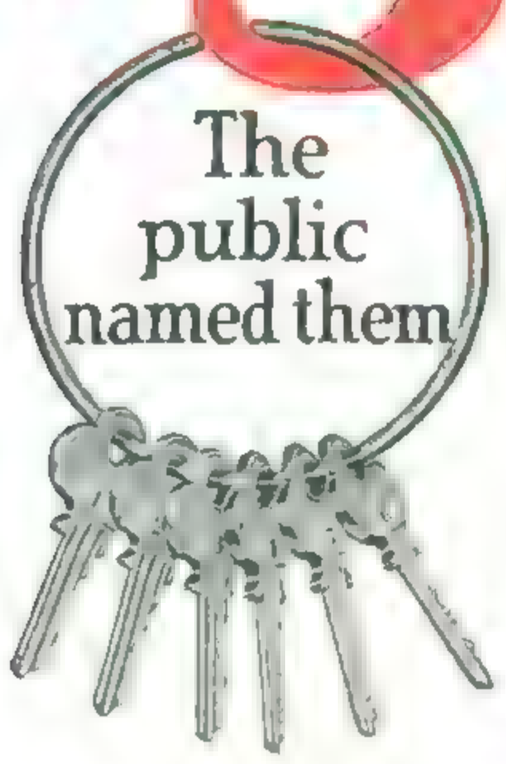
**Goodyear Wingfoot Heels are guaranteed to outwear any other heels, and to give more cushioning.*

GOODYEAR

WINGFOOT HEELS

Copyright 1927, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

$30,000



Find six keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola

AS a result of a national survey, through thousands of personal interviews, the public has given us six outstanding reasons why everybody likes Coca-Cola.

We have named them "six keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola." And they will be illustrated and presented in Coca-Cola advertising during the next three months—in magazines and many newspapers—in outdoor signs and posters—in show windows and at stores and stands of the many thousands of places that serve Coca-Cola.

To show you how to look for the "six keys" we'll point out the first one—in the advertisement on the opposite page. It is "taste." The other five will be just as easy to find if you keep your eyes open to Coca-Cola advertising during the next three months.

Just three things to do to enter this $30,000 cash prize contest:

1. *Find the "six keys." Tell where you found each one.*
2. *Pick out the key that appeals to you most and tell in one paragraph why it is a good reason for the popularity of Coca-Cola.*
3. *Then write an answer (in one paragraph) to the following question:*

What Coca-Cola outdoor sign (painted wall, bulletin, poster, red sign on a store or along a street or highway) or what Coca-Cola show window display or soda fountain or refreshment stand decoration best illustrates or presents to you one or more of the "six keys." Tell why—and also where you saw the advertisement. (Note that magazine and newspaper advertisements are eliminated in answering this question.)

Here's how to find them

The "six keys" are six outstanding reasons why people drink Coca-Cola—over 7 million a day.

They will be illustrated and presented in Coca-Cola advertising during the next three months.

Just three things to do:

1. ***Find and write down the "six keys" and tell where you found each one.****
2. ***Pick out the one key that appeals to you most and tell in one paragraph why it is a good reason for the popularity of Coca-Cola.***
3. ***Then write an answer (in one paragraph) to this question:***

Other than magazine and newspaper advertisements, what Coca-Cola advertisement (a wall, poster, red sign or any one of the various pieces used to decorate show windows, soda fountains and refreshment stands) best illustrates or presents to you one or more of the "six keys"? Tell why—and also where you saw the advertisement.

For the correct naming of the "six keys" and the best answers to the questions, the following cash prizes will be awarded:

1st prize	$10,000
2nd prize	5,000
3rd prize	2,500
4th prize	1,000
5th prize	500
10 sixth prizes (each)	100
20 seventh prizes (each)	50
200 eighth prizes (each)	25
400 ninth prizes (each)	10
A total of 635 prizes	**$30,000**

* Do not mail any entry before the first week in August. You must see all "six keys" before you can write correct answers and the final key will not appear until then.

All entries must be mailed by midnight, August 25, 1927, to Contest Judges, The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Where to Find the Six Keys and the Answers to the Questions

The "six keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola" will be illustrated and presented in many newspapers throughout the country and in the following magazines on the following dates—one key to each advertisement:

The Saturday Evening Post—May 7, June 4, June 18, July 2, July 16, August 6. **Literary Digest**—May 14, June 11, June 25, July 9, July 23, August 13. **Liberty**—May 14, June 11, June 25, July 9, July 23, August 13. **Collier's Weekly**—May 21, June 4, June 18, July 2, July 16, August 6. **Life**—May 5, June 9, June 23, July 7, July 21, August 4.

To answer what Coca-Cola advertisement, other than those in newspapers and magazines, best illustrates or presents one or more of the "six keys," keep your eyes open for the following Coca-Cola advertisements:

Posters—60,000 in 5,000 communities. **Painted Walls and Bulletins**—20,000 throughout the country. **Show Window Displays, Soda Fountain and Refreshment Stand Decorations**—at more than 415,000 places where Coca-Cola is served. **Little Red Coca-Cola Signs**—hundreds of thousands dot the streets and corners everywhere.

Enter This $30,000 Contest Now and Follow These Simple Rules

1. Contest will close at midnight August 25, 1927. All answers postmarked August 25, 1927, will be acceptable.
2. Contest is open to everybody—young and old—except people connected with The Coca-Cola Company or a Coca-Cola bottling company, or their families.
3. Do not mail your entry before the first week in August. You must see all "six keys" in advertisements before you can write correct answers, and the final key will not appear before the first week in August.
4. Write on only one side of your paper. Use typewriter, pen or pencil, but please write plainly.
5. Write your name, occupation and address plainly at the top of the first page of your entry.
6. Prizes will be awarded strictly on merit, on the following points:
   (a) The correct naming of the "six keys" and the place you found each one.
   (b) The best answer why any one of the "six keys" is a good reason for the popularity of Coca-Cola.
   (c) The reasons you give (also the place you saw it) for the Coca-Cola advertisement (outside the newspaper and magazine advertisements) that best illustrates or presents one or more of the "six keys."
   (d) The neatness and clearness of your answers.
7. All answers become the property of The Coca-Cola Company and may be used by it in advertising or otherwise. None will be returned.
8. Address all answers to

CONTEST JUDGES
The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga

Announcement of the winners and awarding of the prizes will be made as soon after the close of the contest as the judges can complete their work.

The judges will be three former Presidents of the International Advertising Association (formerly Associated Advertising Clubs of the World) and the President of the Coca-Cola Bottlers' Association, and their awards shall be final.

SEE HOW SIMPLE IT IS

in cash prizes

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

UNANIMOUS!

The choice of Good Taste

The *taste* you can't resist, bringing that delightful after sense of refreshment. Not from the fruit of one vine or tree but a perfect blend with a charm, a *taste* all its own.

Find the Key

THE FIRST KEY "TASTE" IS PRESENTED ON THIS PAGE

The Way Out of the Maze of Waste

. . . Follow all Industry . . . The universal movement toward Timken Tapered Roller Bearings shows that they point the way to new economy, endurance, precision, and output records from machinery of every kind.

They are more than anti-friction bearings. The saving of all possible power, lubricant and belt cost is but the beginning of Timken economy. Long after being completely written off, Timken-equipped machinery continues its higher, better, lower-cost production. For alignment and rigidity are preserved by Timken Tapered construction, Timken-made electric steel, and Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*. This exclusive combination of design and material effectively and compactly provides against thrust and shock and speed and greater radial load, as well as against friction.

The full wear-protection and economies made possible by Timken Tapered Roller Bearings are being provided by the most progressive equipment manufacturers in every field. Timken Tapered Roller Bearings are today a decisive factor in millions of dollars' worth of orders.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* BEARINGS

TRADE TIMKEN THRUST

FOSSILIZED OFFICE

ROLLS FRICTION

DELAY

(Continued from Page 104)

reckless Ibn-Malek had plainly feared her, had spoken a word of brotherly warning when he had yielded to Yezid's eager plea and ceded her to him instead of selling her to the Jew.

Disconcertingly sincere had been her quiet voice when—as the interpreter had translated she had sworn death to the man who should touch her against her will. But the thought of her came to him like the thirst of the desert—tall, fascinatingly fair-haired, darker lashes long over marvelously blue eyes, her lips a curving red promise of hidden ecstasy, her exquisite perfection of feature yet more alluring in that frigid high-headed pride he craved to humble! He had not been able to sleep for imagination of her presence.

Even in that midnight rush into the city, even in that fierce fight at the convent gates, her beauty had been tantalizingly, maddeningly vivid before him; and bitterly humiliating in him had been the memory of that disdainful glance which had swept over him when, in the midst of his victory on the bridge, she had ignored him, had coolly looked at Ibn-Malek and called him "dog." By Allah, he would tame her! She should yet murmur love words into his ear, throw those white arms about him, calling him her lord, her life! By the Prophet, he had sworn it!

He heard footsteps beyond the round low arch of the curtained doorway and his heart thumped suddenly and uncomfortably. He mastered himself, feeling it shame that a true Muslim should be so agitated by a captive infidel. Was she not his to do with as he would? By Allah, he would with strong hands hold her white arms to her sides, press upon her red mouth the kiss all night he had given to her elusive image in the air! He trembled, and was angry with himself for that involuntary trembling.

She entered, the dirty turban and dirtier blue cloak of Abu-Assa behind her whiteness. He set his teeth to look—despite his youth—severely and impressively the conqueror, overcame in himself the peculiar little shock with which he had perceived her. By Allah, the pride with which she walked! her fair hair now braided in two long ropes almost to her waist, her robe torn and bedraggled, even the bondage of her hands behind her back—Abu-Assa was too experienced to omit these little precautions—diminished nothing of the loftiness of her head. She came before him, opened upon him those long dark lashes over the marvelous blue eyes, contemplated him. Her personality seemed to fill the room with a magic that disturbed him. Verily, perhaps, as Ibn-Malek had said, she was no earthly maiden, but an *ifrit*, or at least an enchantress who had an *ifrit* for familiar! Such there were, and notoriously, to love them was certain death. How, otherwise, could she stand so calmly and fearlessly before him!

There was a silence that embarrassed him. He spoke at last from an oppression on his chest. "Untie her hands, O Abu-Assa."

The trader obeyed. Neither by word nor gesture did she acknowledge that gift of liberty. Letting her hands fall to her sides, she continued to stand in that disdainful silence, awaiting what he might have to say to her. And Yezid knew not what to say.

"Ask her if there is a boon she would have of me, O Abu-Assa," he said.

The trader questioned her in that incomprehensible speech to which she replied in equal incomprehensibility, and turned to Yezid. "She asks only that she may see her brother, Sidi."

Yezid nodded. Perhaps this might bring a smile to her face, soften that disdain. In any case, he had meant to bring her brother before him.

"Fetch him," he commanded.

They were alone together, and that room seemed to ring with the silence. If only he could have spoken her tongue! His eyes devoured her as she stood, calm, insultingly indifferent. Grotesquely foolish now seemed his project of pinning her arms to her sides, of forcing her to receive his kiss. Slaves in plenty had he seen during his life of war, but never such as she had he seen standing in the slave markets after the victory. Those others had either wept or smirked, trying to induce benevolence in their captors.

She stood just as she had stood yesterday when, through the intermediary Abu-Assa, she had scornfully refused his offer to make her, not his slave, but his wife—the first of his wives, if he should take others, as the faith permitted. In just that same contempt she had reiterated her quiet threat to be the death of any man who should touch her against her will. Very young was Yezid and he craved not for a complaisance forced by violence—legitimate in the circumstances though such violence was—but for a flatteringly genuine return of that strangely unanticipated passion which consumed him. An unwonted honor was it that he, descendant of a companion of the Prophet, should offer wifehood to this captive infidel woman. He wondered at himself for doing so, heard in imagination the jeers of his men. Could it be that verily she exercised magics? He muttered the Islamic formula which gives protection against witchcraft—With Allah I take refuge! That breath-taking beauty, however, underwent not the startling transformation he had half expected.

He rose from his seat, gently took her hand in his, looked into those wonderful blue eyes, spoke ardently, rapidly, in his Arabic tongue, vehemently pleading the sincerity of his love, promising unimaginable happiness for her. She neither understood nor answered. That stubborn immobility exasperated him to a sudden madness, a blinding annihilation of control. In an irresistible impulse, he threw his arms about her, crushed her close to him, kissed her on the mouth, desperately, again and again, beseeching her to love him. She was rigid in his embrace, as unmoved as an image of stone. Baffled and angry, he released her, stepped back to his seat, resumed it in the moment that he heard the footsteps of Abu-Assa with his Gothic captive.

Divested now of his armor was that young chief who, hands bound behind him and a shackle on his ankles, came into the room, his eyes still proud in the fair-bearded face haggard with defeat and imprisonment. Abu-Assa pushed him roughly forward, and the next moment the girl, with a poignant cry, had rushed to him, had flung her arms about his neck, clinging to him. They spoke to each other rapidly and eagerly in that language which to Yezid was exasperatingly meaningless. She was then capable of emotion when she wished. An angry jealousy leaped up in Yezid as he watched that display of affection, though it was but between brother and sister. He bade Abu-Assa pull them apart.

"Tell them, O Abu-Assa," he said, "this that is my will. Doomed to death by the law of the Prophet are the infidels of the whole earth, saving only that acceptably they ransom their lives to the faithful, as is permitted. Say this then, O Abu-Assa, and say it that they understand. I give them the choice. If this maid will yield herself gladly and freely as my bride to be ever the first of my wives, reigning over my *harim* as over my heart, then shall her brother safely go hence and no ransom will I take for him. He shall have a horse and a sword, and a safe-conduct sealed with the seal of Mughith himself. Behold, I have it here!" He took a piece of parchment from his robe, displayed it. "If she will not, then shall her brother be slain here before her eyes and she herself be treated no longer as a captive of high birth but as the meanest of my slaves. Bid them make choice!"

He listened intently as Abu-Assa interpreted, was instinctively sure that the crafty old merchant accurately rendered his speech. Their glance at each other was proof of it. He had half expected her to cast herself at his feet, pleading with him. She did not. The pair of them stood rigid and silent.

"What do they answer, O Abu-Assa?" he demanded.

It was the young chief who spoke, with curt vehemence, in reply to the merchant's question. Abu-Assa turned to Yezid.

"He says, Sidi, that he would rather a thousand times be cut in pieces than see his sister wedded to a denier of his god. Allah knoweth, he blasphemed, using words not fit to be repeated by the lips of the faithful."

Yezid's hand went to the hilt of his scimitar, and his quick blood surged in his ears. He mastered himself, crumpling the parchment he had that morning obtained from Mughith.

"And the girl? What says she?"

He watched her, as even more briefly she answered Abu-Assa.

"She promises thee her hate, O Sidi." The old trader came close to whisper his counsel. "Sidi, let not the hot blood of youth prevail over the wisdom of those that, under Allah, have seen many things. No bliss wilt thou ever have with her. The Jew waits without. Folly is it to throw away good gold. Sell them both therefore—a hundred dinars will he give thee for them, and add to the price a red robe trimmed with fur. And if a maiden thou desirest, for thirty dinars will I bring thee thy choice within the hour—pearls are there within the slave market, Sidi, as but this day have I seen, marveling at them—verily, seem they houris from Paradise, white as milk and with eyes that languish for a lover. I who have bought and sold many slaves have never seen finer merchandise."

Yezid pushed him away with brusque impatience. That offer of a cowed and submissive slave maiden was an empty mockery to his fierce desire. His fingers tightened over his sword hilt. Should he here and now slay as he had threatened, avenge that insult? He glared at the young man, spoke to him directly, as though he could understand his words.

"Thou hearest? Thy sister chooseth death for thee, even as thou thyself didst choose!"

The young chief, frowning under his matted yellow hair, his mouth grim through his fair beard, only shrugged his shoulders. Plainly, he understood; and she also understood. But no cry came from her. She stood stiffly motionless, staring at her brother with wide-open eyes. Yezid had a vision of that young warrior, clashing swords with him in the ferocity of the fight. Skilful and brave had he been.

He rose from his seat, his hand on his scimitar. In that movement something whispered to him—the thought came to him like a flash of fire, dissipating his anger, transforming his mood. He saw his father Ibn-Habib rising majestically in his crowded tent, loading with presents a number of infidel captives who expected only death, bidding them go free since bravely they had fought against him. Such capricious clemencies—an embryonic chivalry toward gallant foes—were indeed not rare with the noble Arab chiefs of the conquering Muslim armies, and were sung by sycophantic camp poets with the same enthusiasm that they sang the much more frequent wholesale massacres piously committed in the name of Allah. Yezid could feel Abu-Assa watching him, desperate with the thought of the good gold his master was wantonly about to sacrifice. He all but smiled. Through Abu-Assa would the fame of his deed spread through the army and beyond, through all Islam. Even as of his father, the great Ibn-Habib, men would speak of him, marveling that two such there were.

He spoke with curt authority. "Unbind him! Unlock his fetters!"

Gratifying was Abu-Assa's start of astonishment, pleasant his ill-humored muttering as, producing from his robe one of the crude all-but-universally-fitting keys that unlocked the shackles on a man's limbs, he shuffled to obey. The chain fell on the floor. The Goth lifted his unbound hands, looked at them incredulously.

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"Thou art free!" said Yezid sharply. He thrilled with this dramatic magnificence as he turned to Abu-Assa. "Tell him that he is free. I did but make trial of him. Yezid loves brave men. From swordsmen such as he, the son of Ibn-Habib—whose fame may Allah increase—neither desires nor takes ransom. Here is the safe-conduct that shall pass him unharmed through the host of the faithful." He held out the parchment tasseled with the black seal of Mughith. "Ali, my groom, holds a horse ready for him in the courtyard, and two of my men wait to escort him out of the city. Here also is a sword of Gothic fashion." He picked up a sword that stood sheathed against the wall, thrust it into the hand of the bewildered Goth. "Tell him that, if Allah willeth, shall we again clash weapons together in the fight."

"Verily, Allah afflicts thee, O Sidi," expostulated the old trader, appalled with this fantastic generosity wherein his last hope of a fat profit vanished. "The fool leaps when a djinn whispers to him, but the wise man takes refuge with Allah and bewares of sudden deeds. Let me but speak to the Jew—a hundred dinars could I get for him alone! This thou doest is a young man's folly thou wilt regret when the blood is calm."

"Not so, O Abu-Assa," said Yezid, superb in his rôle of splendid magnanimity. "Thou seest I did prepare it." It was partly true. He had indeed prepared this release for his captive adversary, but only in the case that his offer were accepted, that the maid stayed willingly as his bride. Surely, however, she must now at least admire him! "I have spoken. Tell him my words. Bid him depart in peace."

Abu-Assa translated. The maid still stood rigidly motionless as she listened to the words addressed to her brother. She uttered no sound but, when the old trader had finished, her eyes came round to Yezid. Was there a subtle change in their expression? He could not be sure. Still proud was the lift of her head. He glanced at the Gothic chief. To his amazement the young man did not move. Merely he shook his head, spoke a few harshly guttural words to the interpreter.

The old trader grinned, almost involuntarily, as he translated.

"He says, Sidi, that without his sister will he not depart. He offers richly sufficient ransom both for himself and her, and will himself, moreover, stay as thy bondsman if thou wilt let her go. Take this unbeliever at his word, O Protector of the Poor. Two hundred golden dinars will we demand as the ransom—when the gold is paid to thee thou wilt not forget thy servant who has a mother starving in Tingis—and the man himself can I sell in the slave market for thirty dinars, or haply a little more, for he is young and strong. And as for the maid, Allah knoweth, thou art well rid of her. Of those who fashion spells and breathe upon the knots—even they that the Prophet cursed as the false ones who bring calamity to bearded men—is she for a surety. Take this unbeliever's foolish offer, O Sidi, and bless Allah!"

Yezid had stood frowning, had listened to but the commencement of this eager exhortation. Impatiently he thrust Abu-Assa aside from him. What now was he to do?

His splendidly dramatic gesture of generosity had been utterly wrecked, and such a tale as that of allowing this infidel girl to go free while he kept the brother as his bondsman would circulate in derisive laughter throughout the whole of Islam. It was unthinkable. He looked at her as she stood cold and proud in that beauty surpassing, it seemed more than ever to him, the loveliness of all earthly maids. A pain stabbed his breast. Never would she murmur to him the love words he had feverishly imagined in the maddening sleeplessness of the night. Never would she look at him but with eyes of cold disdain, even though he humbled her savagely in that violence permitted him by all the custom of war.

Suddenly, he knew not how, in that confused racing chaos of his thoughts, his resolve stood fixed in his mind. He would make his gesture heroically complete.

"It is well," he said, with a strange calm, though his lips quivered. "Tell them, O Abu-Assa, that they may both go free that I take no ransom from them."

Abu-Assa stuttered comically, almost his tongue refused utterance, as he translated those incredible words. Verily a tale in all men's mouths would this madness be!

With a grim pleasure Yezid observed that now at last his prisoners had been smitten to astonishment. They started, glanced at each other. For the first time that maid uttered a cry, changed color. For a moment he thought she was going to throw herself at his feet. She did not.

"Bid them go quickly," he said, still with those trembling lips. "Lest another thought come into my mind. Take them away, Abu-Assa, and tell Ali to provide another horse."

The young Gothic chief pronounced some guttural words he recognized as thanks. He waved him brusquely away with his hand.

They went toward the doorway and Abu-Assa—he turned up his eyes to heaven in this madness; verily was the Sidi afflicted of Allah!—pulled aside the curtain for them. The chief passed through. He watched, an acute pang at his heart, that loveliness go across the floor. She turned, as though involuntarily, for a last look at him, a strange new look in her face.

And in that instant something snapped within him, an overwhelming madness submerged him. With a wild inarticulate cry he sprang forward, or, rather, his limbs sprang for him, snatched her back into his arms, crushed her frenziedly against the chain mail on his body, pressed kiss after kiss upon her mouth in a delirium of passion. Even though she loathed him, would he take this last kiss. And, marvelously, miraculously, he felt her no longer rigid in his grasp, felt her go limp, felt her lips upon his, kissing him also in a wild reciprocation. In a mad ecstasy, while the world seemed to whirl and vanish, they continued in that embrace, clinging to each other.

He heard, vaguely, footsteps, heard a voice in fierce anger, glanced round. It was the young Goth, come back. The maid took a quick look at him, buried her head in Yezid's robe, frantically held him embraced. He saw the flash of the sword he had given the Goth, saw Abu-Assa spring upon him from behind.

"Take him away!" cried Yezid. "Put him on the horse—let him go!"

He heard what was certainly a curse upon that weak sister as the struggling chieftain was dragged back along the passage, other men now helping. He raised that lovely face to look once more into it as she half swooned, as with blind eyes those lips yearned forward to him, heard in his ear strange murmurous words.

The October sun was already low toward the horizon when Yezid rallied his horsemen after yet another of the desperate charges which now for six days had surged to and fro across the great battlefield. Once more the cavalry of Islam had hurled itself in vain upon that serried mass of Frankish footmen—the chronicler in his monastery was to write of it, in marveling admiration, as a block of ice, so solid was it and so sparkled its innumerable weapons. Once more the Frankish cavalry, led by the terrible foeman who in that fight gained the glorious name of Karl the Hammerer—we remember him yet, though with obliterated significance, as Charles Martel—had furiously galloped out from behind that infantry, in a thunder of hoofs, a shrieking of Teutonic war cries loud above the frantic "*Allahu akbar!*" of the Muslims, had hurtled upon the Saracens, disorganized by their charge, had raced back with them, spear and sword darting murderously as the maddened horses strained breast by breast. And then again the arrow storm of the

(Continued on Page 113)

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FALCON KNIGHT

(Continued from Page 110)

Muslim archers had commenced upon the flank of those yelling unbelievers, and another body of Muslim cavalry had vociferatingly spurred its horses to the relief of Yezid's hard-pressed *ordo*.

Many battles had Yezid seen in the twenty years which had elapsed since the conquest of Spain, but never one so desperate as this, never one where such immense hosts met in conflict, filling the land—it seemed, as far as the eye could reach—with a scintillation of arms that was but a shimmer in the distant extremities of the field, while the noise of battle ceased not for a moment in its multitudinous clamors. For this was the great and decisive trial of strength between Western Christendom and hitherto all-conquering Islam. Never again were the Muslim masters of the peninsula to collect such a host as this which, under Abd-er-Rahman, Arab governor of already conquered southern Gaul, had gathered for the final conquest of that country which for us is France, but for them was a vast territory split up among a multitude of Teutonic lordlings, Goths and Franks and Gascons, reigning over a peasantry of still Romanized Celts. Terrible had been their ravages as they swept over the land, immense the booty with which they had burdened themselves, while for a whole year the Christian churches had gone up in flames, from the Pyrenees to the Loire, from the Bay of Biscay to the Rhone, and none had there arisen who could stay them. But now, in this month of October in the year of grace 732, Karl, illegitimate son of King Pepin II and mayor of the palace to that futile monarch, grandfather of Charlemagne, had united with the forces of Count Eudo, Duke of Aquitaine, and between Tours and Poitiers had brought the Saracens to battle. Exactly a hundred years was it since Muhammed had died at Medina, and now a thousand miles north of Târik's first landing place in Europe was it to be settled, once for all, whether that marvelous tide of fanaticism he had initiated was to roll victoriously over the Western world, or whether it was there to be stayed.

No man was there in those two colossal hosts who was not conscious of that mighty issue as day after day the chaotic fight the scientific soldiers of Byzantium, sole guardians of the ancient and now all but extinct military art, would have scoffed at both parties—continued with no definite advantage to either. Yezid, now a great emir as befitted one who had ridden with Târik in the first conquest, his beard grayish with the vicissitudes of many battles and the anxieties of many governorships, shouted the cry of the faith to his scattered horsemen—"*Dîn Muhammed! Allahu akbar! Dîn Muhammed! La allah il'Allah!*"—brought them together again, their dark faces fierce under their dented helmets, wildly waving their spears as they vociferated the victory-bringing shout, ranked them once more under his green banner to await the moment for yet another charge. Near him a mass of Saracenic archers yelled as they loosed deadly flights of arrows into the Frankish cavalry now galloping back to its own lines.

Behind the infantry and cavalry of the Muslims the green-turbaned Imams rode up and down in fanatical exhortation, declaiming the verses of the Koran that give protection in battle:

"*Allahu akbar! La allah il'Allah!* Stir up the faithful to the fight! Twenty of ye who stand firm shall vanquish two hundred, and a hundred shall put a thousand to flight! Say to the infidels, 'Ye shall be worsted and in Gehenna shall ye be gathered together.' From Allah alone cometh victory! Verily, he that turneth his back shall draw down the wrath of Allah! Be ye steadfast and fear Allah, and Allah shall succor ye with the multitude of his angels! *Allahu akbar! La allah il'Allah!*"

The great cry broke from that vast mass of men under its innumerable banners, obliterating anew that opposing cry of "*Gott! Gott! Christus! Christus!*" from the spear-glittering masses still ranked a little way across the corpse-encumbered plain. However desperate the fight, they could not fail of victory. Did not Allah protect them? Was not Paradise happily certain for those who fell? "*Dîn Muhammed! Dîn Muhammed! Allahu akbar! La allah il'Allah!*"

A young Saracen came galloping up to Yezid, touched his brow in salaam, gave him an order from Abd-er-Rahman to charge anew. Over the plain in front of him he could see the mass of Frankish peasants in confusion as the Arab archers riddled them with arrows, saw mounted men frantically enforcing them to keep their ranks under that deadly rain. Behind them, for the moment, there was no protective cavalry. Those who had countercharged him had galloped away to another part of the field, and although another body of mail-clad horsemen sparkled in the golden rays of the horizontal sun as they approached to replace them, not yet were they in position. It was a good moment. He waved his scimitar over his head, shouted the war cry.

The next instant, in a thunder of hoofs that was like a roll of drums, he was leading a torrent of horsemen on to that mass of infantry whose spears and scythes and axes swayed like corn in the wind as they closed up to meet him. Another moment and his horse was plunging against that wall of steel while furiously he hacked at the contorted shrieking faces of those who struck furiously at him, while all around was pandemonium. The impetus of that charge exhausted itself. Still unbreakable was that wall. He swerved his horse round, bade his horn blower sound the retreat, his standard bearer lift high the banner.

Even as he yelled those orders there was another thundering of hoofs, a new outburst of shrieks and shouts, a metallic din of weapons in contact, a Teutonic battle cry that drowned the shouts of "*Allahu akbar!*" He saw, cutting fiercely through those Arabic light cavalry this charge had unexpectedly taken in flank, a burly fair-bearded warrior plunging his horse at the head of his equally big-framed, ferociously slashing horsemen. He was quite close. The next moment they had themselves met in fierce encounter, their swords clashing violently in skillful cut and guard, and even as he spurred his horse against that chief he recognized him—that young Goth whom twenty years back he had allowed to depart without ransom! The Goth recognized him also, shouted his name. And then, in that very instant, Yezid's scimitar snapped off at the hilt.

That night, when—as on every one of those fearful nights of the battle—only the piteous cries of the untended wounded were to be heard, Yezid stood, a prisoner in the tent of the Goth Theodomir. That big-framed, yellow-bearded warrior had removed his helmet and now sat intently watching a black-cowled monk to whom he had given a letter he himself could not read. It was a letter Yezid had extracted from the pouch under his chain armor, and he waited now—haughtily, as became his dignity—while this thin-faced priest of the unbelievers perused it. Not comprehensible to him were the words that priest raised his head to speak, with flashing eyes, to the warrior to whom Yezid in his turn was now captive.

He could only stare, puzzled and baffled, as that thin-faced man held up a crucifix, exclaimed in vehement anger to the Goth. In the name of Allah, what was amiss? What was there so strange in that letter written by her who had been Brunhild, but whom he preferred to call "Ez-Zahra" the fairest she who seemed never to grow old as other women grew old, she who reigned still mistress of his heart and ruler of his *harîm* in the palace by the great river at Córdoba? Always it seemed—perhaps indeed she had a benevolent *ifrit* with whom she was familiar, Allah knew!—she could foresee danger for him, even when he laughed at it; for precisely such a chance meeting with her brother had she given

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him that letter, written in her old tongue, wherein she told him of her happiness. What could provoke this angry but otherw'se incomprehensible interchange of words between the warrior and the monk? He could not divine that the zealous priest was denouncing him as the perverter of a Christian soul henceforth lost, was demanding that he should be incontinently slain, as befitted so inexpiable a crime.

The Goth laughed as he rose from his seat, pushed the monk aside. He clapped Yezid heavily on the shoulder with his great hand, glanced round the tent to where lay a heap of captured weapons. Then he picked up a Saracenic sword and thrust it—again with that great laugh—into Yezid's hand, in an exclamation which, though the words were meaningless, could not be misunderstood.

Then, his arm about the shoulder of his captive, he led him to a table where two or three of his fellow Goths were hungrily feasting.

"Brunhild!" he said, raising a cup of wine and laughing. Yezid nodded, and laughed also—looked for a cup of sherbet that was not there, that he—a strict Muslim and no winebibber—might drink with him in that happy amity of old date.

It was from the tent of Theodomir that on the morrow Yezid heard the wild tumult when Karl the Hammerer charged overwhelmingly into the Saracen host, slaying Abd-er-Rahman, and making so great a slaughter that ever after the Arab chroniclers dolefully called the spot *Balât-ush-Shuhada*—the Pavement of Martyrs. In that tremendous battle, where the massed Frankish infantry stood firm in a perhaps fortuitous but significant military efficiency that was far from being appreciated by the cavaliers, who then alone counted each other in their pride, it was haply the potentiality of a then unimagined civilization that was decided. Had Islam triumphed, to this hour the Western world might be held in the grip of that sterile dogma which, while marvels of invention have magically transformed existence beyond its boundaries, still keeps its barbarous realms as the unchanging East, scarcely distinguishable from the day when the simple-souled visionary of Mecca proclaimed ecstatically for the first time: There is no god but Allah and Muhammed is his prophet!

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE SHORT CUT

(Continued from Page 33)

"And you're not even dressed up, if there was." He chuckled again. "Gee, Annie, that make-up's a sketch! It'd go big at the Red Lion, wouldn't it?"

She went on with her work in silence. He leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, his flippancy abruptly giving way to a kind of merry earnestness.

"I don't blame you, kid. I can see how it worked out for you—me pinched, Sid Lemberger crossing us both, the bulls after you and not a jitney on you for a get-away. You had to play it the way you did. I'm not sore at you for giving me the air now either. You've got a right to be off me for life, after the way I fell down on you. You figure I'd do it again, and the next time you might be in worse than you are now. I don't blame you, but I'm going to show you. I told you I had a new play framed up. Well, it's open and shut, this one. All it needs is a shoestring, and I know where I can raise that. I'll be coming back after you one of these days, and I'll have something better than blue sky to show you."

Annie glanced through the doorway.

"That'll be all for now," she said. "She's coming back."

Mrs. Hoban resumed her work where she had left it, without speech. Webb talked to her, persistently refusing to suffer the normal silence of the household habit. He had, when he chose, a shrewd bent for conversation, shifting easily from one topic to another in quest of a responsive interest. He found it, finally, even in Lester Hoban's mother; she turned toward him, her brows rising, when he complimented her on her industry.

"Work? Why, we're kind of put to it to keep busy, Annie and me! There isn't work enough for one able-bodied woman, let alone two!"

"No?" He was respectfully attentive. "I thought—you both seem to have plenty to do, right now."

"Oh, this." She dismissed it with tone and look. "This isn't anything. It'd be different if we had to carry water, 'stead of leaving it run out of a pipe. And wood, too—most houses you got to carry it in from the shed." She exhibited Les Hoban's latest invention, explaining how, by moving his woodpile around to the bank behind the house and cutting through the wall, he had made it possible for the split stovewood to slide of its own accord right into the kitchen. "It's real easy, keeping house for Les—he's a great hand to tinker. And it's handy, living on a sidehill, too; couldn't get wood and water so easy if we lived down on the flats."

"I see. Pretty smooth." Webb had found his topic. On the subject of her son, with a sympathetic listener, Mrs. Hoban could be almost communicative. Deftly prompted, she described Hoban's devices for lessening the labor of the farm—the driveways that led from the hillside to the very roof line of his barns, so that he unloaded hay and grain downward instead of pitching up to an overhead mow; the location of his granary on the upper level, so that he could feed his stock by gravity, pulling wires from the porch to let their grain ration slip down through the chutes. She was almost eloquent about the cableway, by means of which a descending load of saw logs helped to haul a laden wagon up the steep grade from the flats.

"He's good. I can see that." Webb nodded soberly. "I should think he'd be too smart to waste his time up here; he'd make money if he'd go where it grows."

Mrs. Hoban eyed him gravely. "Les makes out to get along good enough," she said. "Guess all money's good for is to leave a body live where he's a-mind to, and Les'd sooner live right here than anywheres else. Always saying there's no place so handy as a good steep sidehill."

"But he could take it easy." Webb preserved a careful counterfeit of gravity, but there was mirth in his eyes. "He wouldn't have to work—and you wouldn't, either, if he ——"

"I don't guess that'd suit Les, nor me either." She inspected him deliberately. "Kind of rests a body, work does. Maybe you haven't tried it—not the right kind, I mean."

He laughed. "I've tried housework, all right. I was in the kitchen most of the time I was at Stillburn. I wouldn't say it rested me much."

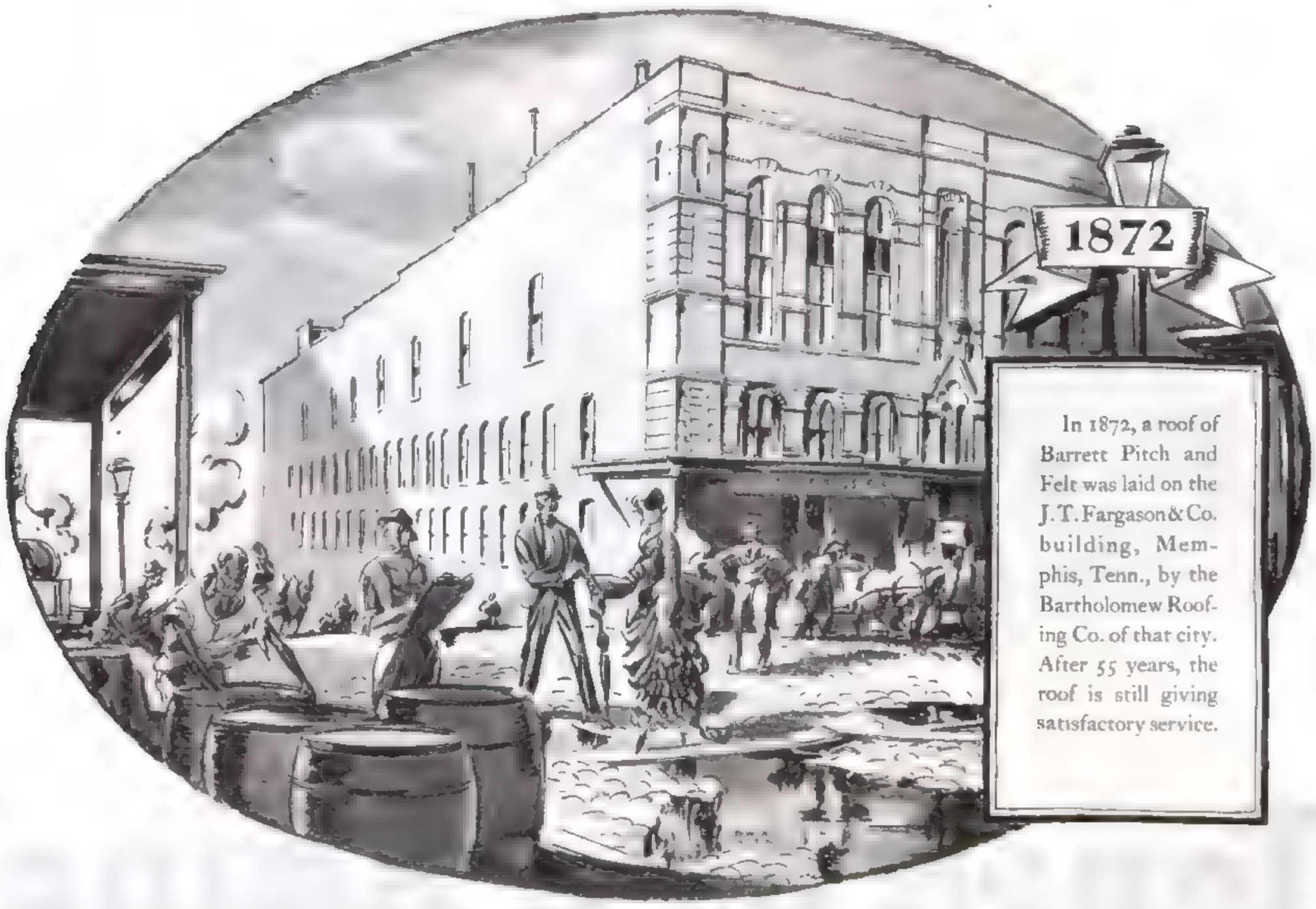
She considered the idea. "Guess I wouldn't like it, either, if I had to do it. It's different, doing a thing because you want to." She turned to Annie. "That's how you look at it, isn't it, Annie?"

"Something like that, I suppose." The younger woman spoke carelessly, without looking up from the baking board, but her voice was hard and there was a look of strain about her mouth. Phil Webb grinned.

"But you all have to do what you're doing," he suggested. "You've got to wash dishes and cook and all that, whether you want to or not. Hoban's got to haul in hay and ——"

"Not if he'd sooner loaf." Mrs. Hoban spoke with more decision than usual. "We can sell out and go live in Glenville any

(Continued on Page 117)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TIRES TUBES

(Continued from Page 114)

time we're a-mind to. Been a-plenty tried it, 't didn't know better."

Annie Hoban's glance slanted quickly at Webb. He had leaned forward; his eyelids were narrowed shrewdly. "Of course that makes a difference. I didn't know the place would be worth enough."

"It wouldn't." Annie spoke sharply. "It couldn't be sold at all, probably. There's any number of deserted farms within ten miles of here."

"Not with timber on 'em." Mrs. Hoban shook her head. "Don't matter about the land; it's the timber that counts. Les could get a sight of money, cash down, any time he wanted to log off the woods."

Annie laughed, a high, shrill, derisive sound. "A lot of money, yes—for up here! As much as five hundred dollars, maybe!" She moved quickly past the older woman and twitched at her apron so that the signal was invisible from where Webb sat. "Come on, ma, we'd better see about the cream before it sours."

"Cream?" Mrs. Hoban's face was blank. With her back toward Webb, Annie cautioned her with a warning frown. She hesitated. "Oh, yes. Guess I forgot. I'll come."

She followed Annie out to the door of the milk cellar. The younger woman whispered harshly, "I tried to stop you! What on earth made you talk that way in front of Phil Webb? If he once gets the notion that we aren't dog-poor he'll—he'll ——"

"Guess he's got his work cut out for him to get the best of Les, if that's what you're afraid of." Mrs. Hoban was obstinately undisturbed. "If that's the kind of a body that's able to cheat folks down yonder——" She clicked her tongue against her teeth.

"You don't know him! He's dangerous! I don't see what made you tell him ——"

"Him?" Contempt was in the old woman's voice. "Think I was talking to him? Think it matters a mite what that jailbird thinks? I was talking at you, Annie, same as he was."

"Me? But I know all about the timber. I've always known."

"Only wanted to make sure you didn't forget it, with him talking that way about getting rich and living easy, down yonder. Wanted to kind of remind you that Les is a sight better off than ——"

"You think I care?" Annie's voice shook. "You think it matters whether ——" she stopped, amazed by tears on the older woman's thin cheeks.

"He's up here to get you. Think I don't know? And Les leaving him stay—getting me out to the henhouse, so's he could talk to you! Seems 's if I couldn't stand it, Annie, if you ——"

Annie's arm went about her. "It's all right then. You know I wouldn't, don't you, ma? You know I'd never leave Les, not for anything or anybody, let alone that—that cheap thief?"

"You said you had to make sure."

"Did I?" Annie laughed softly. "Well, I've done it. If you knew how I feel about Phil Webb ——"

"Think he's apt to try and get money from Les, like you said?" Mrs. Hoban recovered her normal calm, only a thin hint of anxiety in her look and voice. "You think, maybe, I gave him the notion that ——"

"No. I got you away in time. Don't worry. If you don't say anything more he won't pay any attention."

But when they came back Phil Webb had disappeared. Annie went to the side door. Her hands closed slowly as she saw him. He had gone out past the house and stood with his head thrown back, looking up over the sweep of the timbered hill. She went swiftly out to him. At the sound of her step he turned toward her, laughing under his breath.

"Not so dusty, Annie! Five hundred, eh? Wanted it all for yourself, did you? All right."

"Forget it. Why should I hand you a split?" She spoke sharply. "It's my play, isn't it? You claim you've got a new stunt of your own. All right, go to it. I can swing this."

"Can you?" His eyes mocked at her. "Then why don't you? Why are you doing the kitchen-mechanic stuff, seven days a week, if you can grab off this soft coin any time you want to?"

"Because I can't do it -not any time I want to." She shrugged her shoulders. "Les doesn't want to sell; you may not believe it, but he'd rather live up here, the way he does, than move down to a town and take it easy. He's pig-headed about it, and his mother backs him up. She was giving it to you straight, just now—she likes work. I've seen her hunt for it. She'll even put things in the wash when they're perfectly clean."

"I wouldn't put it past her, at that." He grinned. "Well, go on. What ——"

"I've got to talk him into selling, that's all. It'll take a lot of talk, too, before he changes his mind, but"—she laughed—"but I'll do it, if nobody butts in on the play. You, for instance—if you tackled him the way you're thinking—handing him a line of get-rich-quick chatter, I mean—why, you'd just put his back up. I've seen it tried. Every now and then some timber man tries to jolly him into selling."

"That's how you figure on doing it, though?" His eyes slanted at her. "That's your play, is it?"

"It's better than it sounds. I don't look very good to you in this make-up, but it suits him. Look at my hands! They'd give a manicure the heeby-jeebies, wouldn't they?" She held them out before him. "Well, they look just right to Les."

He chuckled. "Oh, I'll hand it to you, Annie. You're there when it comes to stringing a lad along. You had me going, all right. But this hick's still holding out on you, I notice. Maybe you've got his number, but he's got his woods."

"It'll take time," she admitted. "But it's the only way it can be worked."

Lester Hoban, riding his light load of hay toward the runway of the upper barn, lifted his arm. Webb chuckled.

"The poor simp! I'll bet you've got him dizzy, all right."

Annie turned her head so that she looked away from him, out over the valley to the rolling rise of the farther hill. "I hate to talk about myself," she said, "but I've seen cruder vamps get by with it in the movies."

Webb leaned toward her eagerly. "Then it's a soft cinch, Annie! If he's really crazy about you, it's money in the bank! That's where I come in."

"I don't see it." She turned back to face him. "I don't need any help."

"Still want it all, eh? Better behave or you won't even cut! I don't need you. You can't even block the play."

"Show me." She spoke calmly enough, but her breathing quickened and Webb laughed at her.

"It's so open and shut I can afford to face my cards," he said. "You've got this bird goofy about you. All right. He gets his choice between squaring me with his timber and watching you ride down the hill between a couple of bulls! How about it?"

She seemed to consider it without emotion. "I ought to let you try it," she said. "It's almost coming to you—what you'd get, if you went over to that barn and put it up to him."

"What do you mean—what I'd get?" He was puzzled. "He'd come through. He'd have to."

"Maybe—through you!" She laughed. "You fool! Where do you think you are? Back in a town, with a cop on every corner? What do you suppose 'd happen to you if you let Les Hoban get the notion there was any chance you'd squeal on me? Go on! Try it! Who knows you're here? Who'd ever wonder why you didn't come back? You fool! You haven't even got a gun, and you'd try a play like that on Les Hoban!"

"Aw, he'd never ——"

"All right. Try it! I'm a fool to warn you, when you're trying to edge in on my

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game! I ought to let you go right in and beg to get your neck twisted."

He glanced uneasily over his shoulder at the barn. "On the level? Would he really ——"

"Try it and see!"

He meditated, his eyes narrowed. "All right. You're stringing me, but I don't have to take a chance, and the play'll be safer, anyway, when I come back. So long, Annie."

He waved his hand in farewell, turned and walked away along the lane. She stood watching him until he disappeared below the dropping grade. Then, slowly, she went to the barn. Les Hoban's unloaded wagon backed out as she approached; she came to the side of the wide rack.

"He's gone, Les."

He wagged his head. "On foot? Hadn't ought to reak it in this sun. Apt to bush out again."

She moved her hand impatiently, as if to dismiss the idea. "Les, he's—he's bad. All the way through. If he ever comes back, don't believe anything he says."

"Don't know as I'd be apt to," he said, grinning. "Wears his eyes kind of close together." He sobered. "If he's bound to go, maybe I'd better take the team and go down to town with him. Ain't fit to walk it."

"He isn't fit to ride, either," she said harshly. "Not in the same wagon with you! He isn't fit to live, Les!"

"Sight of critters make out to do it that don't seem to be much use." He chuckled. "Don't look right, though, leaving him walk to town, the shape he's in."

"He'll get there!" Her voice was dry. "And he'll come back too. When he does, don't let him fool you, Les. He'll carry a gun and he's the kind that'd use it."

"Ain't afraid of him, are you? He been trying to scare you, some way?" The good nature faded from the sunbitten face and the drawling voice. The warped knuckles of the hand that held the fork handle whitened.

"He knows better." She spoke quickly. "All I'm afraid of is that he'll get round you some way when he comes back, or that you'll tackle him with your hands, when he's got a gun. Don't forget, Les, he's bad all the way through."

His face cleared. "Guess we can make out to handle him, the two of us," he said. "Don't you go fretting, Annie. I don't go hunting trouble, maybe, the way folks do down on the flats, but when it takes and climbs up here, I mostly make out to hold up my end."

She surveyed him deliberately. "Yes," she said quietly, "yes, we'll handle him—between us." Her tone lightened. "You'd better get back to your hay, Les."

"Guess so." He turned the wagon and drove up the hill toward the cleared pocket of grassland. She watched him as long as he was in sight. Then, moving briskly, she went back to the house. Mrs. Hoban's mild glance lifted in question from her darning basket.

"He's gone," said Annie. "Don't worry, ma. It's all right now." She went into the bedroom, humming softly; the clothes she had worn when she had taken refuge in the hills hung at the back of the heavy old walnut wardrobe. She took them down, hesitated, replaced them. There were a few bills in the upper drawer of the bureau and she took them. Going back to the kitchen she took a milk pail and reached up for the cheap straw hat on the peg by the door.

"I thought I'd go up after some berries," she said carelessly. "Les says there's a lot of ripe ones along the gully. You won't mind getting supper if I'm late, will you, ma?"

The old woman shook her head. Annie hesitated in the doorway, but went out, after a moment, without more words. When she came to the bend in the path where the woods hid her from the house she set down the pail and turned downhill at a stumbling run.

She had learned to tell time by the sun and the trains that crawled along the groove in the valley wheat fields; she knew the short cut across the flats to the siding where the afternoon accommodation would stop on signal for a passenger. She barely made it. Looking upward through the grimy window she could see the timbered hillside, the uneven green splash of the clearing, the white house that clung to the slope. The train swerved, presently, about an intervening shoulder that shut them out.

It was late in the evening when she walked up to the desk at police headquarters in Binchester.

"I'm Annie Frayne," she said to the placid, plump man in uniform who surveyed her above the blotter. "I'm wanted for that Webb business. Lock me up."

III

EARLIER experiment had left the driver of the hired car stubbornly disinclined to attempt the road that reared up, as he put it, on its hind laigs, in the direction of the white house on the hillside. Webb left him waiting at the foot of the hill and scrambled unskillfully up the grade. He was grinning, as he climbed, and his expression did not change when he came to the crest of the steepest rise and found Les Hoban waiting in the middle of the lane. The grin even widened a little, but Webb's right hand, nevertheless, slid into the pocket of his coat and stayed there. He wasted no time in preliminaries.

"Know what I'm here for, I guess."

Hoban nodded. "Wouldn't wonder. Folks that climb that there hill mostly come after the same thing." He grinned amiably. "Kind of hard coming up, but it's real handy when you're headed down."

Webb jerked his head backward. "Try it, then. I got a car down there. We'll go back to the town and fix up the deal."

"Guess it wouldn't hurt to talk it over first." Hoban spoke mildly. "Might 's well say right out what you want."

"You know. Annie's told you, all right." Webb's mouth twisted. "You can take your choice—either I get a bill of sale on your standing timber or she gets what's coming to her. You got a whole minute to make up your mind, if any."

"Don't need it. Made it up already."

"All right. Come on, then." Webb turned. Hoban did not move.

"Feel 's if I'd ought to do something by you," he said. "Guess I'd ought to pay for hiring the car anyhow. Liv'ry charges five dollars f'r the round trip, mostly." He drew a ragged bill from his pocket and gravely proffered it. Webb snarled.

"Trying to kid me? I'll charge you for it."

"All right." Hoban pocketed the money. "Just 's lief keep it. Sight of work to make it the way I do."

"Cut out the stalling!" Webb's face and voice were ugly, but there was less assurance in them. "I've got you right and you know it. If you don't want your wife doing time down in the woman's wing at Stillburn, kick through. I'm in a hurry."

"Noticed it. Most folks get that way, living on the flats. Take things easier, up this high. Le's get this straight. You figure I'll pay you to keep your mouth shut about—about her?" His tone changed a little on the final word. Webb laughed.

"And you will," he said.

"No," said Hoban. "I won't. Welcome to talk all you're a-mind to."

"Trying to bluff me, eh? It won't work, sucker. You'd give up anything you've got before you'd let her go."

"Don't know but I would." Hoban nodded slowly. "Only I don't see the sense of it. She went the same day you was here. Guess you kind of scairt her."

Webb stared. "Went? How do you mean—went? Where?"

"Went down to Binchester," said Hoban. "Walked square into the police station and told 'em who she was and what she was wanted for. Lived in the hills long enough to figure out what's the shortest cut, the way you got to up here. Picked out the quickest way to beat you." He surveyed Webb calmly. "So you ain't got anything to trade me for my timber. Not now."

Webb's jaw dropped. "Crossed me!" His muddy eyes slanted at the tall, lean man before him. "And for a hick too! Sooner go to Stillburn than let you get shaken down!"

"Funny, ain't it?" Hoban spoke grimly. "Wouldn't think it, would you?"

Webb's left hand pointed toward the house. He broke into a jeering laugh.

"You nearly put it across on me! I'd have fallen for it like a goof if she'd kept out of sight! You had me strung for a minute."

Hoban glanced over his shoulder. Annie came running down the lane. "Les! Les!"

Webb laughed at the panic in her high, carrying hail.

"Locked up down at Binchester, eh? And me right on the edge of falling for it!"

Hoban turned deliberately back to him

"Never said they locked her up," he said calmly. ."Guess they's times when it's a first-rate notion to go downhill and meet trouble more'n halfway. Soon's I found she was gone I kind of figured where to go hunt for her. Had a talk, the two of us, with the district attorney down yonder. Guess Annie didn't look to him 's if she'd ought to be locked up." Again he looked over his shoulder at her. "Quashed the indictment anyhow. Might go ask him, if you don't believe it. Sounded to me 's if he'd be kind of glad to see you."

"Look out, Les!" Annie called again, breathlessly, as she stumbled toward them. "He's got a gun in that pocket!"

"Guess it don't matter much, Annie. He's just going anyhow."

His movement was so deliberate that Webb, his eyes intent on the woman, paid no heed. The big hand thrust against his body and he stumbled backward, clawing for balance, sprawled and rolled down till the curve of the hill hid him. Les Hoban grinned placidly at his wife.

"Handy, living on a sidehill," he said.

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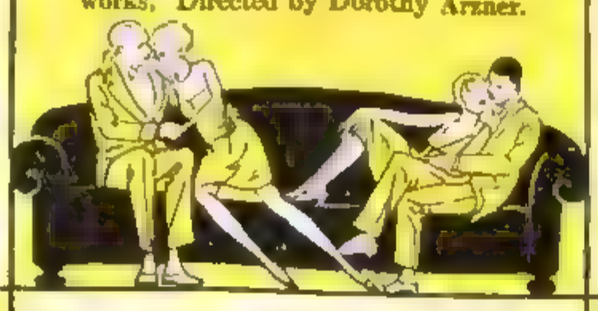

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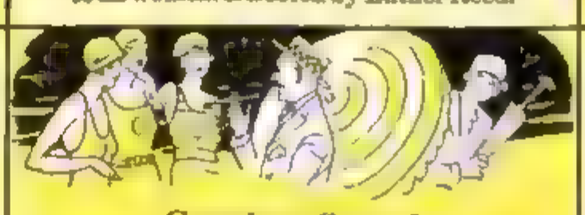

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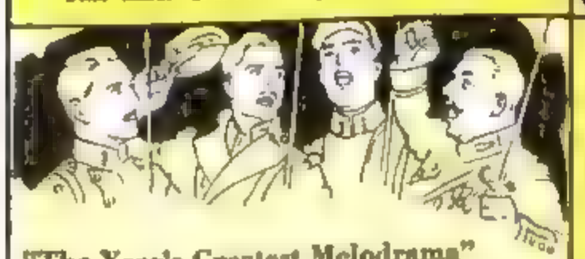

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Produced by James Cruze from the story by Laurence Stallings, now in its 6th month at the Rivoli, New York. With Wallace Beery, Esther Ralston, George Bancroft, Charles Farrell and Johnnie Walker. Coming soon!

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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., N. Y.

Pipe Smoker Finds the Right Tobacco for the Tropics

Happily learns that his favorite tobacco smokes equally well in warm climate as in cold or temperate ones

Evidently, one of the problems of pipe smokers who live in the tropics is to find a tobacco that high temperature will not spoil.

Mr. R. G. Rigg of Colombia, S. A. was happy to find that he could enjoy in South America the same tobacco that had been his favorite since 1908, when he lived in Iowa.

His experience may be a tip to others who have had difficulty finding a tobacco that will keep its quality and flavor in warm climates.

Read his letter:

October 6, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

Gentlemen:

Most all well-known tobaccos smoke well in a cold or temperate climate, but very few in a tropical climate. They are mostly too heavy, don't seem to be blended right—at least that is my opinion gained from practical experience.

However, Edgeworth in the same in any climate. Again that is my opinion gained by practical experience.

I cannot get the same pleasure out of any brand of tobacco that I can out of Edgeworth, and I have tried many—and paid fancy prices too. It costs real money to smoke imported tobaccos here; the import duty is very high

Anyway, we cannot have everything we would like in these countries, so we hold on to all the little pleasures possible. Now you know why I smoke Edgeworth

Yours respectfully,
R. G. Rigg,
Cartagena, Colombia, S. A.

To those who have never tried Edgeworth we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.

LOST ECSTASY

(Continued from Page 37)

"Do you want to repeat that suggestion to me?" he demanded.

Herbert was bewildered. He stood there, trying to penetrate the darkness.

"Is that McNair?"

"It is, and I've just asked you a question."

"I don't quarrel with a drunken man," Herbert said contemptuously. "If you fellows have any respect for yourselves or this club, you'll stop this kind of thing and clear out." He got back into the car. "As for you, McNair, better get to bed somewhere and sleep it off."

Before Tom could make a move toward him he had gone on.

The men he had left laughed, but they were vaguely uncomfortable. One of them picked up Herbert's hat lying in the road, and they kicked it back to the clubhouse. But Tom moved along morosely. There were bitterness and despair in his heart; the unexpected meeting with Herbert in the cool night air had effectually sobered him. And Herbert's contemptuous attitude rankled in his mind. He had stood in the light of the car lamps, immaculate in evening dress, and politely refused to soil his hands with him. Well, he could make him do that if he wanted. He could walk into the clubhouse and smack that tidy face of his. Or he ——

At the foot of the steps lay Herbert's soft hat, battered and dusty. As the men went on he hung behind them, and when his chance came he picked it up.

He waited until they were on the terrace above him. He had no feeling of resentment toward them. They were good fellows, and he had eaten their bread and drunk their liquor. It was not their fault that Kay had abandoned him to them, had gone away and not come back.

"Well, so long, everybody," he said. "I reckon I'll be moving on."

They protested, vigorously and sincerely, but he only smiled up at them and shook his head.

"If I go in again I'll have to kill your little Herbert," he told them. "And I'd hate to mess up your place for you."

He drew on Herbert's battered hat with a flourish, turned and went down the drive.

As a matter of fact, Kay passed him in the car on her way to the club. But she was engrossed and anxious. She never saw the tall, weary and disheartened figure, limping slightly in its tight tan shoes.

When he reached the railroad station, Tom simply took to the tracks and turned west. It would be incorrect to say that he walked and starved to Chicago, but it would be fairly close to the truth. Now and then a motor or a truck picked him up and he shared the driver's food. Or he lay overnight in a barn and the farmer's wife gave him a breakfast. In Chicago he was able to sell the blue suit, however, and so secured money for his meals on the train back. He could not sell the shoes; they were worn paper-thin.

But in one way the constant effort to move West and to subsist while doing so had been good for him. He had been cold and hungry; there had been times when the mere effort of putting one foot before another had required all the will power he could summon. But there was little time in his general misery to think back. Such faculties as he had were directed only to getting back home again.

So it was that the Ursula paper one day announced his return:

Tom McNair has returned from riding the big circle in the East. Tom looks a bit leg-weary, but reports a good time was had by all.

At Omaha he had wired the sheriff, but when one evening he descended from the day coach Allison was not in sight. The platform was dark and deserted save for the station agent, peering at him.

"That you, Tom? Well, say, I thought you'd lit out for good!"

It was good to be back; to feel the brisk night air, to see the loom of the mountains again, to find silence once more, and familiar voices and faces. He stared at the lights of the town; he knew every one of them. This was home, this little corner of the earth, and beyond the lights there was the great back country—his country. Let those who wanted live the other life; for him the long trail or the open plain, and a good horse under him.

He drew a long breath. "Allison around?"

"Well, no. He left a message for you to go around and see him in the morning."

He went up the street to the Martin House. Ed was behind the cigar-stand desk, cleaning his finger nails with a pen knife.

"Hello, Tom. When'd you drift in?"

"Just now, on Twenty-one. Anything new?"

"I guess your coming back is the latest. Some of the fellows are upstairs."

But Tom shook his head. He had no money for poker and no inclination for a party.

"What I want's a good bed. I may be sleeping on a plank in the pen before long."

But he found, the next morning, no immediate intention on Allison's part to curtail his liberty. He found the sheriff in his office, a bare place with an oak desk for business and a cuspidor on a square of oilcloth for pleasure, and Allison received him without animus.

"Figured you'd be getting in about now, Tom," he said. "Have a good time?"

"Not so bad. You going to lock me up?"

"Well, I guess that's hardly necessary. We'll fix up some bail for you and let you go home. But don't take another notion to go traveling; it won't be healthy. Your man's still alive, but they throw out the doctor's stuff and the medicine man's doing all he can to kill him. I suppose Dowling will go on your bail?"

And he was surprised to have Tom say, "If that's the way I'm to get out you can lock me up until I rot."

"It was his beef, or so you claim."

"It was his beef all right, but I'm not taking anything from him in the way of help. You folks needn't be afraid I'll beat it. I'm seeing it through all right."

And after complying with certain formalities Allison let him go.

He knew Tom's popularity in the county; he was its best bronc rider and trick roper. And he knew, too, that the region as a whole supported his action in shooting Weasel Tail. He himself, an old cowman, had a sneaking sympathy for him. Allison was coming up for reëlection soon. It was no time to stress the law too hard.

By noon, to all intents and purposes, Tom was free. Old Tulloss, the banker, had, to Tom's surprise, gone on his bond. It was only when he was leaving that the sheriff uttered a final word of caution.

"Better keep away from the reservation, Tom," he said. "I understand your friend Little Dog's been stirring them up considerable, and they've got some bad actors up there."

"I'm aiming to get out of this trouble before I look for any more."

"That's the talk."

But Tom had one errand to be discharged before he left town for the ranch. There was no particular virtue in his attitude. The whole town was ringing with his return, and he knew Clare must have heard of it. So to the bungalow, at Clare's luncheon hour, he reluctantly repaired.

She was not at home yet, and her mother admitted him without cordiality. "You can come in and wait if you want. She'll be here soon."

She started out, paused in the doorway with her lips tight, went on again.

He was uneasy; he rolled and lit a cigarette. After a wait he heard Clare coming in. She came slowly across the porch and he heard her in the narrow hall.

"All right, mom." Her voice was dispirited.

"You got company in the parlor," Mrs. Hamel called from the kitchen.

She opened the door, and the next moment flung herself at Tom with a little cry. "I thought you'd gone," she said. "I thought you'd gone out to the ranch."

He released her as soon as he could, awkwardly. "Couldn't very well do that, could I—after the little sport you've been?"

His rebuff frightened her, but she kept her voice steady. "Listen, Tom. They know." She jerked her head toward the kitchen. "I was late getting back, and they're raising hell."

"Well, what about it? They can't do anything."

"You promised, Tom!"

"There hasn't been any talk outside, has there?"

"I don't know. Maybe. Mom talks a lot. But you promised me, Tom."

"Now see here," he said desperately, "you've been fine to me, Clare, helping me the way you did. But I'm not a marrying man. You know that. What have I got to marry on? Besides, if this Indian dies——"

"I don't care what you've got."

"I wish to God you'd put me out of your head."

"I wish to God I could," she said shrilly. "Don't you suppose I know I'm a fool? I just can't help it, that's all."

And that was the way things stood when he left her. He was resentful and surly as he started for the ranch. After all, he had not harmed her. She had been willing enough; she had the shrewdness of the small-town girl the world over, the knowledge of her physical power over a man once she had yielded. But some instinct of caution had saved him.

He shrugged his shoulders as he walked down the street. "Then what's all the shootin' for?" he asked himself impatiently.

But on the way out the sheer joy of home-coming wiped her out of his mind. Even the knowledge that this home-coming of his was but a temporary thing, that before long, with luck as to Weasel Tail, he would be drifting again, all his worldly gear behind him on the saddle, had not the power to take away the sense of peace at last. The road left the town, rose over a hill and dropped again, and the hill wiped out the town as though it had never been.

The weather had moderated, and in the fields on either side of the road plowing was going on. The sharp blades of the sulky plow bit through the surface and laid the dark earth over in long ribbons; the four great horses abreast strained, the plowman lurched in his small seat.

Here and there a man was drilling in his winter wheat. Three horses instead of four then, and behind in the tiny groove a delicate scattering of seed; the machine moved on, the wheat was covered. Soon, please God, it would come up, lie warm under the winter snows, and in the spring wax strong under the early sun.

His contempt for the men who were turning the old range into farms began to die in him. They were his friends, his own people. He waved his hand to them, and they nodded and bumped and lurched along.

XV

BESSIE OSBORNE was the first of the family, characteristically, to hear the story. She heard it in town early the next morning—or, rather, as early as she could get on the telephone. And it was characteristic of her, too, that she lost no time over it. She sat up in bed—she was having a massage at the time; it was her substitute for exercise—and called Herbert at once.

"Come around and lunch with me," she said. "I want to talk to you."

"I'm pretty busy today."

(Continued on Page 125)

Before I knew it, my summer wardrobe WAS IN *FLAMES!*

ONE of the worst scares I ever had was the time I set a closet afire with a match. It was one of those deep, dark affairs. I wanted to get my pink georgette, hanging somewhere back there in the dark. Before I knew it, the entire wardrobe was ablaze!

I tried to beat it out with my bare hands. Burned them badly. I snatched a pillow from the bed and tried beating with that. It only seemed to make it worse. Then I rushed to the telephone and stammered something to the operator.

She must have understood. The firemen came. They put it out. Oh, dear! All my pretty dresses . . . burned up! I won't forget *that* experience as long as I live. We were lucky the whole house didn't go. I should have known better. . . . We have an Eveready flashlight now. Several, in fact. Each closet has one hanging just inside the door—and there is another in the car.

* * *

There are hundreds of uses for an Eveready in and about the home, the car, the garage. Portable light in its safest and most convenient form. Genuine Eveready's are $1.25 and up. Keep them loaded with fresh, long-lasting Eveready Batteries—the kind that's *dated*.

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EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES
-they last longer

A THOUSAND THINGS MAY HAPPEN IN THE DARK

What's *your* favorite alibi?

With a dozen clean shirts within arm's reach, a brilliant author will not discard his soiled one until driven to it by his wife. A slovenly man? Not at all, he merely dislikes the actual task of changing the buttons.

A very successful lawyer fails utterly to keep his nails clean. In fact, he declines to do it. He knows that he ought to, of course. But he dislikes doing the job himself. And he will not take time to go to a manicurist.

These are examples of a certain type of laziness that is present in most of us, however we may deny it.

You will notice it in your friends, if you know them well. And if you are honest enough to admit it, you will find it in yourself. To neglect the little tasks of life seems to be a very human weakness.

Heading the list of things people are lazy about is tooth brushing.

In your childhood, you will recall, it loomed large as a nuisance. Now that you are grown up, you probably alibi yourself, as so many of us do, with such feeble excuses as "I'll do it later," "I'm in a hurry now," and "too tired."

Recognizing this human weakness, we set about to create a dentifrice to meet it —a dentifrice for busy people, for tired people—even for lazy people.

Now greater speed

A dentifrice to clean teeth quicker than ever before. And clean them whiter.

Our chemists created formula after formula. Three were selected. Each was tried by thousands. The result was noted. Then the most perfect of the three was chosen.

Minimum rubbing

Now we offer it to you under the name, Listerine Tooth Paste. It provides a maximum of cleansing* with a minimum of brushing. The job's over in a minute. But that clean, fresh feeling in the mouth lasts a long time.

And only 25c

Compare this dentifrice with any paste at any price. Once you use it, we will wager you'll be delighted with its results —and its economy. *Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

P. S.

By the way, the 25c tube of Listerine Tooth Paste is a large one.

*This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.

At the same time it is harder than the tartar which accumulates and starts tooth decay.

LISTERINE

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TOOTH PASTE

— — over in a minute

Ice cubes, delicious desserts, tempting salads—all can be easily and quickly frozen in the Frigidaire freezing trays where the temperature is always below freezing.

Frigidaire gives carefree refrigeration-*more leisure hours*

A small first payment puts Frigidaire in your home

ENJOY this summer from the very beginning. Relieve yourself of troublesome duties that now cut into your time. Have Frigidaire installed—now. Be ready to satisfy warm weather appetites with easily made frozen desserts, chilled salads and cooling drinks. Be able to leave your home at any time without a thought of ice supply.

The day that Frigidaire goes into your home, your refrigeration becomes automatic. You have a refrigerator that is kept at constant low temperatures by direct frost-coil cooling. A refrigerator that safeguards your foods day and night—summer and winter.

Arrange now to enjoy the new freedom and the better foods that Frigidaire makes possible. But be sure you get a genuine Frigidaire with all these seven advantages that Frigidaire offers:

1—Complete and permanent independence of outside ice supply.

2—Uninterrupted service—proved by the experience of more than 300,000 users—more than all other electric refrigerators combined.

3—A food compartment that is 12° colder without ice—temperatures that keep foods fresh.

4—Direct frost-coil cooling and self-sealing tray fronts giving a dessert and ice-making compartment always below freezing.

5—Beautiful metal cabinets designed, built, and insulated exclusively for electric refrigeration.

6—An operating cost that is surprisingly low.

7—Value only made possible by quantity production, General Motors purchasing power and G.M.A.C. terms.

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PRODUCT of GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 120)

"Well, come anyhow," she said, and hung up the receiver.

She was a wise woman where young men were concerned, so she gave him an excellent cocktail and plunged into the matter while it was still, as she would have put it, getting in its work.

"Now," she said, "tell me the whole thing. And don't save me anything. I can get the surface story anywhere."

But Herbert knew disappointingly little. Tom had come, had got drunk, acted like a rowdy and disappeared.

"Where to?" said Bessie practically. "Those fellows got him tight. Why didn't they look after him?"

"I don't think they knew he was going. As a matter of fact, I believe he took my hat."

"Your hat!" said Bessie, astounded.

"His own was inside. He didn't go back, you see."

Bessie controlled her face. So there was something underneath, after all. Probably he and Herbert had had a set-to of some sort, and Herbert was not proud of it. She sat and inspected her carefully manicured nails thoughtfully.

"But it's tragic. It's terrible," she said unexpectedly. "Did he have any money?"

"I don't know, and I don't know that I care. He was tight when I saw him—tight as a drum."

"Well, he wasn't alone in that. And he knew enough to get out."

Herbert turned a trifle sulky, but she had not finished with him. She understood that this McNair had shot an Indian out there, an Indian who had been stealing their cattle. Was that true? And if it was, wasn't it up to them to defend him?

"I don't see that," he told her stiffly.

"Why not?" she demanded. "I dare say you'd just as soon see McNair jailed as not," she said shrewdly, "but I don't feel that way. I'm no keener on his marrying Kay than you are"—Herbert winced—"but I do believe in justice."

However, whatever she believed in, she found herself up against a stone wall of opposition in her brother. There was no proof that the Indian had been stealing their beef. McNair had acted on his own responsibility. Besides, the ranch was sold; he would send her an accounting soon. He personally washed his hands of the whole matter. He might have done something, but the impudence of the fellow in coming East and starting a scandal had decided him. He could take his medicine.

She never told Kay that she knew of Tom's visit. Indeed, at that time she mentioned him only once, and was fairly shocked at the result. Kay turned a dead white and put out a hand to a chair to steady herself.

"Have you heard from your—Western friend lately?" was what she asked.

And then Kay had turned the queer color. "No," she said. "And I never will now." She looked at her with painful directness. "You were quite right, Aunt Bessie. I know now. I think I always did know."

That was all. Bessie was not deceived, but she was somewhat relieved. She had her own philosophy. Time would cure Kay; she would marry Herbert or somebody else and the handsome cowboy would be forgotten. Some day she would look back and smile at all this. She herself occasionally looked back and smiled. There had been an actor once, and she had been quite mad about him. What was his name? Anyhow he had had a black mustache, and she had gone to all the matinées, and felt faint with jealousy when he kissed the leading woman.

On the first of November the Dowlings closed their country house and went back into town. The station wagon took the servants, happy at the end of their summer exile, and now once more to be within reach of the movies and the shops. The upholsterer's men had taken down the hangings and covered the furniture, men were stringing the doors and windows with fine wire, any tampering with which would warn a watchful individual at a switchboard in the city that something was wrong, and Henry's depleted summer store of liquors and wines had made a perilous but safe journey back to the great vault in the cellar of the town house.

Kay moved through all these activities quite normally. She talked and even laughed; if she ate rather less than ever, and if in the mornings sometimes her eyes looked a bit sunken, nobody mentioned it.

"Best thing that could have happened to her," was Henry's comment. "She's had her lesson, if she ever needed it. The fellow's a bad actor from start to finish."

Katherine was not so certain, but whatever she suspected she kept to herself. And there had been no scandal, thank heaven. A little talk, of course; that couldn't be helped. But the roping down the road had not come out, and mercifully the fellow had disappeared just after it. If there was any change in Kay, it was only that she seemed subdued. She was almost too acquiescent.

"I think the pink is better, after all. It gives you a little color. What do you think?"

And Kay would turn herself, not before the mirror, but before Katherine instead. "If you think so, mother."

It was during the packing that Katherine happened on the book of poetry she had brought home from the ranch and reread the lines again:

The wide seas and the mountains called to him,
And gray dawn saw his camp fires in the rain.

She put the book down thoughtfully. Had old Lucius ever read them? Probably not. Curious how they made her think of him; she must take some flowers to the cemetery. Bessie never remembered to do it.

Strangely enough, since that visit to the ranch she had seemed to understand the old man better. Perhaps people who had fought a hostile land and conquered it had a different sense of values; had even a right to have them. Then wasn't it possible that they were wrong about Kay and this cowboy? Why should they assume that their way was the best? Who was to know or judge? One accepted certain standards without question because it was easy. Certain things were done, certain things were not. But old Lucius had said, "I do certain things," and had let it go at that.

She never spoke those thoughts of hers. She went about her small efficient arrangements for closing the house. "Don't forget to cover the drawing-room chandelier, James"; watched Kay furtively and with a growing anxiety, and later on went dutifully to the cemetery and placed a dozen roses in the jar before the ugly shaft. It was as though she propitiated some old and possibly angry god.

Perhaps even Henry was not so unobservant as he seemed. He bought some new pearls and had them added to his mother's string for Kay, and he even put them on her neck himself, with a sort of heavy jocularity. But if he noticed then how thin she was, he said nothing.

The season in town had opened early. On the breakfast tray, as it was brought into Kay's room, would be numbers of heavy white envelopes, each containing an invitation to something or other: "Mr. and Mrs. Aurelius Fetterman request the pleasure of the company of Miss Katherine Dowling at a small dance"—at dinner, at luncheon, at breakfast.

Varying these would be the times when the Dowlings entertained. When the social secretary, Miss Fane, would go about with lists in her hand and a hunted look in her eyes; when the florist's men would come in and stand in doorways with their heads on one side, surveying their work critically, and Rutherford would be counting glasses and plates in the pantry.

Then the hour arriving, and people with it, the first comers apologetic for being early, the tardy ones for being late. Bessie, bored but complaisant, wandering in late with a man or two in her train, and making up for the shortness of her skirts by the length of her onyx-and-diamond cigarette holder; and seeing a great deal while apparently looking at nothing at all.

She had heard the sequel of Tom's evening at the country club, and she had formed a new and higher opinion of Kay; Kay arriving at the dance, and being immediately surrounded.

"Say, Kay, the boy friend certainly got teed up!"

"Ask Herbert where his hat is!"

"Why didn't you fight him, Herb?"

And someone answering for Herbert solemnly: "Because he ain't got no father, he ain't got no father, he ain't got no father, to buy the clothes he wears."

And Kay in the center of the group, her head high, with a fixed smile on her face and dawning comprehension in her eyes, saying quietly: "You seem to have had rather a thrilling time. But if you've used up father's best cow hand, he isn't going to like it."

But even Bessie knew no more than that. She did not know, for instance, that Kay had come quietly home after that, gone quietly upstairs, undressed and got into bed, or that she could not grieve because Tom had left her nothing to grieve about. If he had died, he would have left her some illusions, but he had only got drunk and disgraced her. She hadn't even the pitiful comfort of a secret sorrow. She had nothing; she was stripped bare.

The winter went on. Debutantes came out, flashed like meteors across the social sky and then settled quietly into the among-those-present lists in the society columns. New men came to town, were eligible or not eligible, the former greatly in demand, the second filling in at dinners and augmenting stag lines at balls. Some of them made their tentative overtures to Kay, sending in their small neatly engraved cards.

"Mr. Henderson calling, Miss Kay."

She would go down, talk, and even laugh. She smoked a good bit too—more than was good for her. Then, feeling that it made no difference to her if she never saw them again, they made their polite bows, were let out of the house and went away, vaguely uncomfortable and relieved. And Kay would go upstairs again and sit in the dark until the housemaid came in to turn on the lights.

She did very little thinking, except sometimes about Herbert. There was something to be said for Herbert; he was always the same, upright and dependable. A girl would be safe with him. She would always know what he was going to do next. He would never humiliate or shame her. If he lacked imagination and humor—perhaps because he lacked them—he was as fixed as the stars.

But she was very clear about Herbert, at that. He was rather like her father. He would have the same heavy figure some day. Even now he loathed exercise. She knew what life with Herbert would be—giving correct dinners and going to them; Herbert sleeping through problem plays at the theater, and keeping unemotionally but interestedly awake at musical ones; his room adjoining hers, and the establishment of a formula between them:

"Good night, Kay."

"Good night, Herbert. Be sure to open your window."

When she reached that point she would shiver.

XVI

ONCE more the nights were very cold, and darkness fell early. The wranglers headed homeward, blowing on their stiffened fingers and guided by the oil lamps in the bunk house. The mountains were powdered softly white and the leaves of the aspens and the cottonwoods were giving up their last feeble clutch at life and drifting helplessly, tiny gold-and-brown corpses, before the cold winds that whistled down their slopes.

In the mornings the pools along the creek were covered with a delicate coating of ice, and at dawn the deer, coming down from their frozen pastures to the still-green grass below, broke through with dainty feet to drink.

Mrs. Mallory had already moved into Ursula, taking a small house and hoping to rent a room or two. Nellie had gone with her, and Jake was sleeping in the bunk house. It was understood that the sale was practically consummated; but while Jake was despondent and silent those days, nothing could daunt the spirit of the men. Soon they would be on their way before the winter storms, some heading south to the cow country in Arizona or New Mexico, others merely drifting. It was all in the game. Their hard lives had taught them philosophy.

"Bad luck's followed me so close," said Bill, "that if ever I'd turned round I'd 'a' bumped into it."

They sorted out their gear, ready for their war bags, and the stove gave out queer odors sometimes. And up in the barn there was many a surreptitious feed of oats to the horses which had carried them long and well.

Gus the Swede was staying. He had filed on a homestead near the reservation, and Bill had a chance as freight brakeman on the railroad. One or two of the others were joining up with other outfits, to ride out in the winter snows from line camps; rawhiding, with an iron ring on their saddles with which to etch on the brand, or looking out for sick and unthrifty cattle. But most of them were following the sun.

In the endless discussions around the long oilcloth-covered table Tom took little part. Not only was his future vague in the extreme but the joy of life, after that first home-coming, had gone out of him. His pride was hurt, his heart sore. He was less truculent than he had ever been.

Only once did his quick temper show itself. He was getting ready to turn in one night when some one of the crowd playing blackjack in the next room began to sing: "I ain't got no father. I ain't got no ——"

He jerked the door open savagely. "Stop that racket," he said, "and let a fellow get to sleep."

"Why, you ain't turned in yet!"

"I'm telling you," he said shortly, and closed the door.

It was Bill who broke the silence that followed. "I feel kinda better about Tom now," he said. "He was so gentle before, I thought maybe he was fixing to get sick."

The news from the reservation was not good. With the arrival of winter the Indians were moving from their tepees into their bleak untidy houses, where the younger generation had set up hideous sagging white iron beds, with an occasional rocking-chair or cheap oak bureau, ordered by catalogue from the post trader, but where the old full-bloods still slept on their buffalo robes on the floor. The squaws were taking off the hide or canvas coverings of their summer homes and folding them away, and the lodgepoles stood like gaunt skeletons. The ashes and stones of their dead fires exposed little hearths now desecrated and abandoned.

Only the medicine man, Howling Wolf, still remained in his tepee, carefully tended by his wives, a trade blanket over his knees as he sat on his skin couch, his medicine pipe tied to a pole over his head.

The reservation doctor, making his daily visits to Weasel Tail, found him on the floor one day in his house, lying among skins so old and filthy that he made a protest to one of his wives.

"Get him onto a bed," he said in Indian. "And get some clean blankets for him, or he will die."

"He will die anyhow," she told him.

He had a talk with Howling Wolf that day, but it did no good. The visit was very formal. In the center of the tepee was burning a small fire, and the doctor knew better than to pass between it and the medicine man. They smoked together in silence at first, and the women brought in food, which he dutifully ate.

But the conference ended nowhere. Weasel Tail would die, and the white man who had shot him would die also. That was Howling Wolf's medicine. Old Man had

Continued on Page 128

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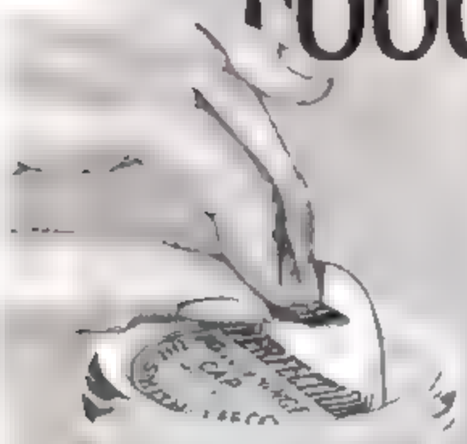

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sent him a dream, and this was how it was to be.

The doctor, in conference later with the superintendent, reported all this. "I don't like the look of things," he said. "Weasel Tail could have recovered under ordinary conditions, but he hasn't a chance. And a lot of young bucks are making it a personal matter. Ever since McNair beat up Little Dog at the fair there's been trouble."

But Weasel Tail was still alive when, around the middle of November, the Potter company took over the ranch.

By Jake's arrangement with the Dowlings he had kept some stock of his own at the ranch—a hundred-odd head of cattle and a dozen horses. Under ordinary circumstances he might have arranged with the Potter outfit for winter feed for them, but the circumstances were not ordinary. Not only was the company carrying all the stock it could manage, so that it needed every ton of hay, but there was an old grudge between Jake and the heads of the concern, and he was asking no favors of them.

On a raw day, a week or so later then, Tom and Jake started to drive the stock to Jake's homestead in the bad lands. Both men were bundled to the eyes, but the wind pierced their plaid Oregon coats, their mufflers and gloves. Jake was not well at the start; he rode huddled in his saddle, staring ahead, silent. He had no hay at the homestead, nothing. The stock would have to winter in the breaks as best it could. On the first night out they slept in a barn, having put the cattle and horses into a pasture, but he shivered all night and slept very little.

Tom was worried, but Jake seemed better the next day, except for a small hacking cough. He was not cold any longer, and he talked more than usual. Tom, trying to forget the Dowlings, found himself willy-nilly involved in long discussions of them. It was a painful business all round, and it was not improved by Jake's revelation that Henry Dowling had refused to finance the defense in the forthcoming trial.

"What pains me," he said, "is that I sure thought he'd do it." Jake finished: "But it seems like something made him change his mind. You didn't write a letter to the girl, Tom, did you?"

"No," Tom said shortly.

When, after five days on the way, they reached the homestead, Jake was a very sick man.

Tom turned out the stock and came back to find Jake in one of the built-in bunks in the cabin, just as he had left the saddle. He built a roaring fire and Jake roused and looked around.

"I can't bring her here, Tom. Never!"

"It looks bad now, but it won't take much to make it weather-tight." But Jake only groaned.

By morning Tom knew Jake had pneumonia, and that unless he had help he would die. He saddled the Miller, piled wood by the fire, put water by Jake's bunk and started off. It took him half a day to make the ride, going at his horse's best speed, and when he finally got to Ursula, Doctor Dunham was out in the back country somewhere on a case. It was almost evening when they started back—this time in the doctor's car. There were no roads; only a track which led down into ravines, turned precariously on itself, led up again. Tom drove; the little old medical man sat huddled in the seat beside him. Only once, after the car had lurched and almost gone over a bank, did he protest.

Jake was practically unconscious when they arrived. The fire had gone out and the room was very cold. The sound of his breathing filled it. Tom, building up the fire while the doctor examined him, could think of nothing but that struggle for breath going on behind him. And soon the doctor would have to go away and he would be left alone with it.

"How about sending for his wife?" he asked.

"Where is she?"

"In town."

"I'll get word to her, but I doubt if she'll be in time."

"It's as bad as that, is it?"

"It's about as bad as it can be."

He left some medicines and some whisky and went away again. He had secured Mrs. Mallory's address and promised to bring her with him the next day, and Tom held a lantern for him while he started the car. But the last words he heard over the engine sent him back into the cabin savage with anger: "Remember, Tom, that whisky's for Jake."

He sat up all that night. He piled wood on the fire until the floor boards smoked in front of it, but back by the bunk where Jake lay it was still cold. And all night long that struggle for breath went on—all night and into the dawn. Then it quieted somewhat, and Tom fell into an exhausted sleep.

When he wakened the sun was up and Jake was dead.

It was noon and snowing when the doctor arrived. Mrs. Mallory was with him. She looked old and gray, and Tom, meeting them outside, stumbled over what he had to tell her. She crawled out of the car and stood swaying, with her face working, and he put his arms around her and helped her inside.

He had been at work since dawn. The cabin was clean and a good fire going. Jake lay in the lower bunk, his hands folded over his breast. He looked very placid and faintly smiling, and the blankets were neatly folded over him. Mrs. Mallory got down on her knees heavily and gazed at him.

"Jake!" she said. "My Jake! How am I going to live without you?"

After a while she got up. Tom had made coffee, but she would not touch it. She went to the window and stood staring out at the falling snow.

"I can't leave him here," she said, without turning. "We've got to get him back somehow."

They knew what she meant. If the snow kept on soon the roads would be closed entirely and they would have to bury him there. And every hour counted. There might not be time even to send for the body; they would have to take it along.

Tom went with them, supporting Jake in the rear of the car. Mrs. Mallory sat in front, and not once did she turn around. She sat staring ahead of her, thinking of God knows what; remembering, no doubt, after the fashion of women at such times, the small contentions, the missed affections of all those years; blaming herself, looking back, looking back.

When the funeral was over, Tom went back to the cabin. There was nothing else to do. The stock required some sort of supervision. He carried back with him tar paper to line the shack, groceries, what not. But his heart was heavy. One thing he did at once on this return. He took the half-emptied pint of whisky the doctor had left and put it out of sight on a rafter.

"Now," he said grimly to himself, "we'll see how much of a man you are, Tom McNair."

He never touched it. There were times later on when he came in, frozen to the bone, and looked up at the rafter with eyes almost swollen shut with snow blindness and the hard cold winds; once he even drew a chair under it. But he flung the chair away violently and made himself some hot coffee instead.

The days were not so bad. He rode out, examining the fences, cutting water holes in the creek with an ax. Before his death Jake had leased some additional land, and the cattle fed along the bare ridges where wind had blown the snow away. But the nights were terrible.

There were times, sitting by his fire, when he seemed to hear once more that struggle for breath behind him, and he would look fearfully over his shoulder.

Now and then he had a letter from Clare, fervid, immature notes to which, sitting at his table in the long evenings, he wrote occasional perfunctory replies:

Dear Clare: Things are going along here all right. I keep busy and I guess that's the answer to a lot of things. Don't you worry about the Indian matter. I'm not pulling leather any yet. You might go around and see the Mallorys sometimes. I guess they are pretty lonesome.

Yours, Tom.

Sometimes he talked to himself aloud, as lonely men often do. Perhaps there were even times when he was not quite balanced; there was that obsession about Jake's bunk, for instance. And because he refused to admit Kay to his waking thoughts she began to trouble him in his sleep. He wakened one night to see her standing by the fire in her riding clothes. He had to sit up in the bunk to convince himself she was not there.

Then, shortly after Christmas, Weasel Tail finally died, and a deputy sheriff took advantage of a chinook and a spell of warm weather to ride out and tell him. The trial was set for February.

He was scarcely interested. He did not much care, these days, how the affair turned out. He was gaunt and unshaven most of the time. His small supply of clothing had practically given out and he had refused money except for necessary food from Mrs. Mallory. His hands were broken and blistered under his ragged gloves, his eyelids swollen, his lips cracked.

"I'll be there. You tell 'em," he said to the deputy. And before the deputy left he gave him the bottle from the rafter.

"You'd better keep it, Tom. You look as if you needed it."

There was a trace of his old swagger in his reply: "Who? Me? Never felt better in my life. I'm as tough as a boiled owl."

But the story that went back did no harm to his case when it finally went to trial. The fact that he had taken hold of the Mallory situation and was staying alone to save Mrs. Mallory's stock was operating in his favor. Men who had known only the reckless side of him were more favorably impressed. When it was learned that he was taking no money from the widow, this feeling grew, and it was not decreased by the general opinion that Henry Dowling had shirked a responsibility that was his by right; that he had not only done this but that by selling the ranch at an unseasonable time and turning Jake off, he had contributed to his death.

XVII

IN FEBRUARY Tom was tried and triumphantly acquitted. There was almost a public demonstration of approval. Only the Indians were sullen and vindictive in manner. They left the courthouse, got into their buckboards or onto their ponies and rode back to the reservation, talking in low voices among themselves. To their long tale of injury by the whites they now added this one more.

Allison, standing by Tom's elbow at the window of his office, looked out on the public square and analyzed the situation in a few pregnant words.

"They'll try to get you, Tom," he said. "This place is plumb unhealthy for you." Tom only laughed.

Clare had been at the trial. She had dramatized herself and the situation by bringing her mother and sitting in the front row, holding her calloused hand all through the proceedings. Such demonstrations had been unknown between them, and the older woman was self-conscious and embarrassed. She would free herself now and then, to feel for her handkerchief, to straighten her hat, only a moment later to be caught again and to feel vaguely ridiculous.

Now Tom could see Clare waiting patiently outside on the steps. He did not want to see her. He wanted to meet some of the fellows at the Martin House and satisfy his starved, gregarious instinct, talk man talk once again. But he knew there was no hope. He went down the stairs and out, shaking hands right and left, and with a fixed smile on his face confronted Clare.

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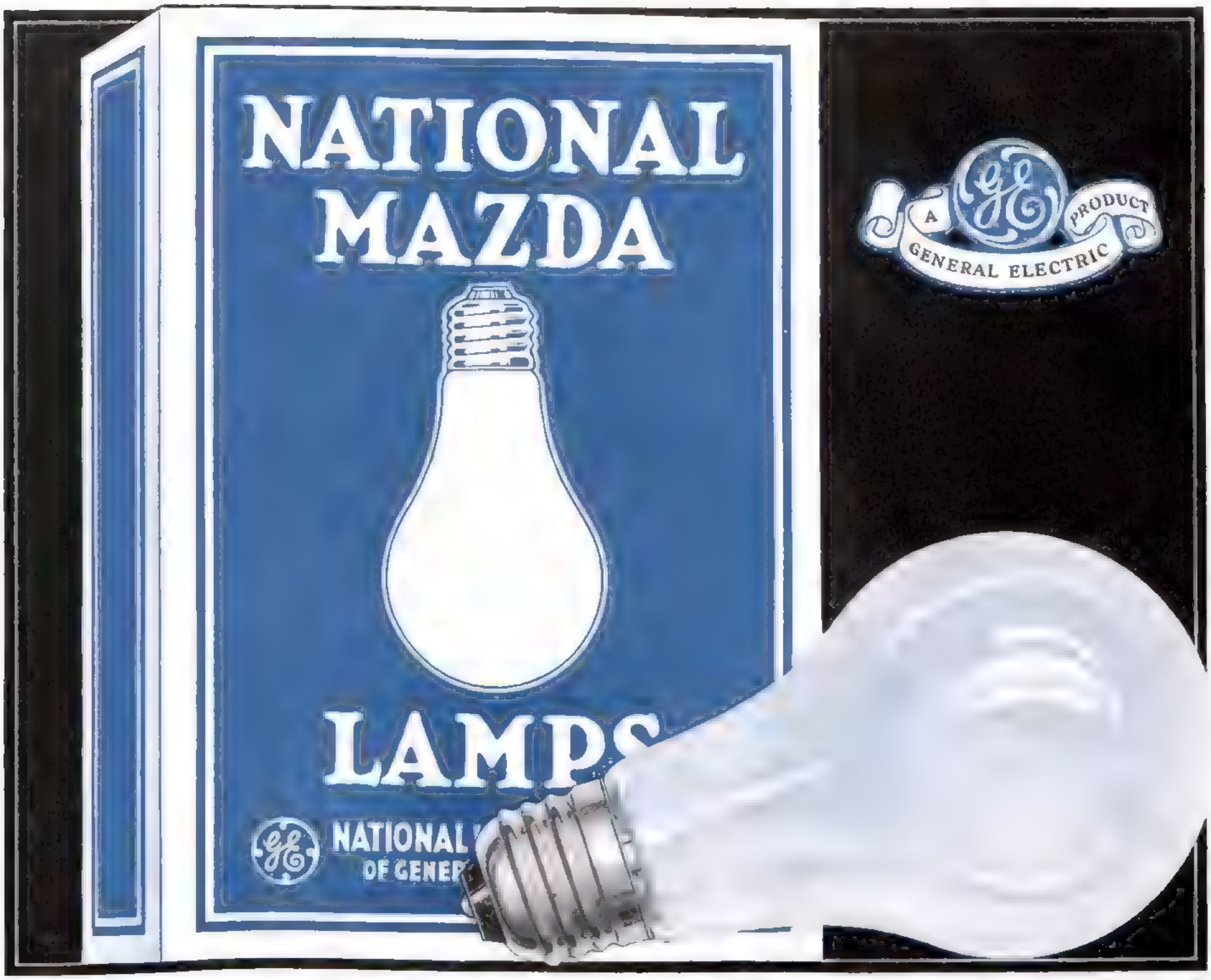
Why this NEW *lamp is better*



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This new MAZDA *Lamp has five outstanding and obvious advantages over the previous types.*

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2. It is EASY TO CLEAN, because the frosting is on the INSIDE of the bulb; the outer surface is smooth, sheds dust, and cleans at the touch of a cloth. Therefore, the light is not cut down, as the lamp grows older, by a deposit of dust.

3. It GIVES MORE LIGHT than any previous frosted lamp—practically as much as the old, obsolete clear lamps—yet greatly reduces glare.

4. It is MORE RUGGED. The filament's strength has been so greatly increased that it will stand more rough handling, even abuse.

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But only the owners of Buxton Key-Tainers enjoy this further protection—the Buxton Free Key Return Service (1) which has returned keys to thousands of grateful owners. Ask the salesman to explain how this service operates.

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Only Buxton Key-Tainers have the leather reinforcing pocket flap (2) that keeps the Key-Tainer in shape—prevents keys from spilling out of the case and doubles the life of the Key-Tainer. And only Buxtons have one-piece revolving hooks of tempered steel (3). Keys can't cross or tangle—hooks won't come apart, break or bend.

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Made in all the popular leathers. Exquisite hand-workmanship throughout. Prices from 50 cents up. A wide assortment around one dollar. Sizes accommodate from 4 to 16 keys.

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BUXTON
Key-Tainer

(Continued from Page 128)

If she had been effusive before the crowd he might have hardened himself to her, but she was not. Moreover, to his surprise, he saw she had been crying; her eyes were red, her handkerchief crumpled in her hand.

And if there was method in her tears, at least the noisy, hearty group waiting for him outside respected them. They shook his hand, slapped him with mighty blows on the back, and then drifted cheerfully and delicately away.

"Drop in at the hotel if you can, Tom. Ray Joselyn's got a room there."

"Maybe, later on."

He fairly ached to go, to meet the boys again, to sit in Joselyn's room on the bed, the floor, anywhere, and hear noisy commonplace talk going on around him. To talk himself; shop talk, of cattle and horses and riders; of how the Potters were making out with their new property; of the new oil field just opening up south near Easton. But there was Clare, making her silent demand on him; a proper demand, too, he realized.

"Mom's expecting you to supper, Tom."

"I'll have to see Mrs. Mallory first."

"She might have come today, after all you've done for her."

"She's not well. Nellie was there. I saw her."

Clare sniffed. "I'll tell the world she was!" she said. "If the whole court room doesn't know she's crazy about you, it's not her fault"

"That's silly. She's only a kid."

He was irritable when she insisted on going with him to the Mallory house, a small two-story frame affair on a back street, and even on following him upstairs to where Mrs. Mallory, still broken by Jake's death, lay in bed, propped up with pillows. But in spite of Clare's frozen silence and her downright rudeness to Nellie, he relaxed under their gratitude and their relief at his acquittal.

"God keeps some sort of a balance sheet, Tom. And the way you've acted this winter sure paid off a lot of scores."

"I did only what any white man would have done," he said awkwardly.

But she had some news for him too. Her nephew from Colorado was coming up. He had been a cowhand, and he had agreed to work through the spring and summer and up to shipping time in the fall. Then she could ship and have a little capital.

Clare listened intently, while she watched Nellie at the same time. Then she sprung her little trap. She got up and began to button her coat.

"Then I guess we can be married soon as you get a job, Tom."

He could have killed her where she stood. He never saw that Nellie went pale, but he did see Mrs. Mallory's eyes narrow as she looked at Clare.

"If Tom takes my advice," she said coldly, "he won't marry for a considerable time. You hear that, Tom?"

"I don't know that we're asking any advice," Clare retorted, her voice sharpening. "That's our business."

"I haven't heard Tom say anything. And I'll thank you to go down those stairs and let me say a few words in private with him. I've got some business with him."

Clare had to go, and Nellie slipped out after her and closed the door.

"Is she telling the truth?" Mrs. Mallory demanded.

"Well, yes and no. I'm under kind of an obligation to her, but she knows I'm not the marrying kind."

"What kind of an obligation?"

"Not what you think. It's just ——"

"Never mind what it is. You let her go; do you hear me, Tom? She's no good. She's lazy and vain and selfish. If she's got you in a corner, be a man and get out." Then she altered her tone. "I've something here to show you. Maybe when you see it ——"

She drew a letter from under her pillow and held it out to him. When he opened it a slip of paper fell to the floor. Mrs. Mallory was watching him from the bed.

"That's the check," she said. "Read the letter, Tom. It's from Kay Dowling."

He read it, his big hands shaking so that the paper rattled. Kay was sending on money, she said, because she felt it was not fair to Tom McNair to ask him to work all winter without pay. Indeed, she recognized fully their own responsibility in the whole matter. She would prefer not to be known as the sender, and she was apologetic for the small amount. She always had everything but money. The check was for two hundred and fifty dollars.

He put both letter and check carefully back on the bed. "How did she know about me?"

"I wrote her, Tom. I wrote her about Jake, and I told her what you were doing. But that's all. I didn't ask for a cent."

"And I'm not taking a cent," he said roughly. "I aim to manage without the Dowling money, and you can tell her so for me."

In the small hall below, Clare was waiting for him, tapping her absurd heels, and Nellie was not in sight. But either she had listened or Nellie had told her, for she asked at once to see the check.

"I didn't take it."

She stared at him, with two angry spots of color in her cheeks. "Then you're a fool. Why shouldn't you have it? They'd have let you hang today if they could."

"That's my business, my girl," he told her, and stalked out.

Supper at the Hamels' was a painful affair that night. Tom was still furiously angry over Kay's tender of money, and resentful at being where he was. Mrs. Hamel passed the food, making frequent trips to the kitchen; Mr. Hamel ate enormously and noisily and, under the impression that shootings would interest a man just acquitted of one, harked back into long reminiscences of the bad old days when he ran the Last Chance Saloon.

"Yes, sir," he would say, "he shot from the doorway and got all three of them in a row as they stood there. Just like stringing fish, it was."

"Pop, for heaven's sake, let's be cheerful."

It was Tom's first meal with Clare's family, and as it went on he realized that to all of them it had a particular significance. It amounted to what in more sophisticated circles would have been a formal recognition of the relationship between Clare and himself.

"When you two get married," Mrs. Hamel said once, "pa and I were thinking maybe you could use the parlor until you get on your feet. We don't need it much, and it's bigger than Clare's room."

"I haven't even got a job yet," he parried.

"Well, you're young and able-bodied. You'll get something."

The trap was closing. He glanced at Clare, but she gazed fixedly at her plate. Afterward, in the parlor, with the door closed and the newly painted stove sending a thick odor of burning blacking into the room, Clare put her face up to be kissed, and he held her off, his hands on her shoulders. "Kind of pushing things a bit, aren't you, Clare?"

"What else did you expect? I told them right off. Pop'd have killed me if I hadn't."

"A girl's a fool to marry a man when he—when he doesn't want to get married. It's all wrong, Clare. You've got a right to somebody who's ready to settle down. You've got a right to be happy."

"I'm taking that chance," she told him. And because there was something pathetic about her determination he kissed her. She clung to him feverishly, instinctively holding to him as if by sheer contact to inflame him into desire for her. But a thousand other things were milling in his mind. Resentment at the loss of his freedom; the depth to which Kay must think he had sunk to take money from her; and mixed in with that his desire to escape from the house, to see the boys at the Martin House, even after his long abstinence to get a drink of hot burning liquor, and wash away memory and the stench of that stove and Clare's cheap perfume.

He loosened her hold on him. "We'll have to open a door or something, Clare. I can't breathe."

She opened the door without a word and went across to her room. He thought at first that she had left him, and was divided between relief and a sense of guilt; but she came back with an armful of linen and finery and demanded his attention. He tried his best to play up.

"What's that for?"

"It's for the dining-room table."

"Better get one first. All I've got's a horse. Might look well on him."

But it was when she began on her personal wardrobe that he realized how firmly the trap had set. She held up little new undergarments of so private a nature that they made him uncomfortable and self-conscious. He passed them off with a joke.

"You mean to say you can get into anything that size?"

"I'm not very big, Tom."

And something in her tone, in the array of fragile feminine garments all around, in the fact that she was fragile, feminine and greatly in love with him, touched him profoundly. He put his arms around her.

"I'm not much," he said, "but if we do get married I'll try to be good to you. You know that, don't you?"

It was after eleven when he reached the Martin House. Ed told him that the crowd was in 34 and that they were expecting him, but with his hand on the door knob, he turned away. If he was going to bury Kay Dowling forever, as now he must, he was going to do it decently, not with liquor.

The hired car dropped him at an outlying ranch, where he had left his horse and, without rousing the family, he got the Miller and rode off. He found himself looking forward to the shack as a sort of sanctuary. He was done for, in spite of his acquittal that day. He would marry Clare; that was all he could do. But in the back of his mind he knew that Mrs. Mallory had been right. Clare was all that she had said, and more. She could be shrewish too. He would find himself with a scolding, nagging wife, and there would be no love on his side to help him to tolerance. He knew his own temper; he turned half sick with fear.

It was very dark as he rode along. The Miller picked his steps carefully, finding the track where Tom could see nothing. Once or twice, a mile or so from the ranch house, he half stopped and snorted, but Tom quieted him with a hand on his neck. Tom himself was on the alert now, and the sheriff's warning recurred to him. But for another half mile nothing happened. Then a shot came from somewhere to the left, and was repeated.

He felt the big horse jump and quiver and knew that he was hit, but he lunged ahead in a sort of broken gallop Tom slid out of the saddle on the right side and hung there, but the Miller was still running, and the shots were not repeated. But at the end of a mile the animal came down heavily. Tom, dropping behind him for safety—hatred and savage anger in his heart—felt him struggle once and lie still.

He remained where he was until dawn, crouched behind the dead animal, waiting and listening, but nothing more happened. At times he talked to the big horse. With the first daylight he walked back to the scene of the tragedy, morose and blindly revengeful; but although he searched the creek foot by foot, he found no trace of the killer. He went on foot back to the ranch, borrowed a horse and got a spade. Then he went back. But he could not bury the Miller. The ground was frozen hard.

He roped the body and dragged it away from the road and then piled snow and rocks over it. But he knew it was no use. By nightfall the coyotes would have scented it and be making their wary circles about it; then they would close in.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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No. 162—Boys' goldenrod brown Oxford. Square brass eyelets; rubber heel; [illegible] last. Black is [illegible]. Also in youths' and "little men's" sizes

THE PULL BY THE HORNS

(Continued from Page 31)

Therefore he accepted the fifty dollars, receipted for sixty-five, and executed an assignment of the latter amount to Semore against his account with Midnight. "'Tain't often," said Mr. Mashby, "that I len's money to strangers without no s'curity."

"Gosh!" said Herod. "You showly is chuck full of charity, ain't you?"

But Mr. Spangle's immediate problem was solved, and the colored cowboy was no person to worry unduly about the morrow. With fifty dollars in his pockets and a job with the famous Midnight organization, the future looked quite promising and he visioned himself landing a permanent berth with the company.

With money jangling in his capacious pockets he was considerably more debonair when he appeared on the lot the following morning. The members of the troupe knew him, and he recognized several of them. They gathered about him admiringly and questioned him regarding ranch life. He smiled modestly in answer to their embarrassing questions.

"I hates to boast 'bout myse'f, folks, but I is mo' familiar with sage than a stuffed duck. I can—heah! Lemme show you."

He coiled his rope and proceeded to execute several impressive tricks. And as he whirled the rope he chattered away on part of his monologue, with the result that he made a marvelous impression. J. Cæsar Clump observed the scene from near by and nodded his head with satisfaction.

"That baby knows his stuff," he said to Exotic Hines, the cameraman. "Anybody what can handle a rope like him ——"

"Ropes ain't cows," said the pessimistic Mr. Hines.

Picture taking proceeded apace all through that day and the next. But the day after that a conversation occurred which caused more than a little apprehension to Mr. Spangle. It happened in Bud Peaglar's place over a game of Kelly pool. Two gentlemen were standing near by admiring the stalwart puncher of cows and commenting on the man's bravery.

"I been West," remarked one casually, "an' I has seen things."

"Me too," said the other. "I has been a prize fighter an' a wrastler an' I fit in the army in France, but not fo' nothin' would I try to bulldog a steer."

Mr. Spangle missed the cue ball entirely. The stranger sounded so utterly sincere. Somehow, Herod had done mighty little thinking about the climactic scene of the present picture; figuring, not illogically, that if he proved himself unusually capable as an actor some compromise might be reached when the rodeo scene was ready for filming. Besides, until this very moment he had forgotten the queer phrasing about his job. Bulldogging a steer! It didn't sound reasonable. He turned toward the strangers. "What you-all know 'bout bulldoggin' steers?" he inquired.

They gazed at him respectfully, almost with awe. "Us knows too much to ever try it."

"Shuh! 'Tain't nothin' to be scared of."

"Great sufferin' tripe! Just listen at that man talk! Mistuh, all I says is that you cowboys would rather flirt with death than a lady. Reckon if I could ever git up the nerve just to talk about bulldoggin' as casual as you ——"

The pool game had stopped. The players were listening to the conversation, and, being an actor, Mr. Spangle gave no outward indication of the terror which was clutching coldly at his heart.

"What is there 'bout bulldoggin' to scare anybody?"

"Golla! What ain't there about it? I don't want to fight no bulls with guns or swords. But when it comes to chasin' a wile animule an' grabbing his horns with my bare han's an' then wrastlin' him to the ground—mistuh, you is just nachelly a damfool hero!"

Mr. Spangle blinked rapidly. "You is anyhow half right, friend." He racked his cue. "Guess I'll drop out of the game, boys. I craves a li'l exercise."

They gazed admiringly after him. "Reckon he needs it—a feller which goes aroun' courtin' death like he does."

Herod walked south on Eighteenth Street toward the great, shadowy bulk of Red Mountain, over which a rich, round moon was hanging. He knew that he must think, little as he desired to do so. He passed a shaking hand across a damp forehead.

"Ten millium jobs in the world," he mused miserably, "an' I picks the one where you got to battle a wile cow!"

There was little sleep that night for the bulldogger. His thoughts focused on his dilemma rather than on a means of escape. He visioned himself mangled and torn and trampled. He understood now why Cæsar Clump refused any cash payment until the big scene should have been shot, and also why the members of the company gazed on him with awe.

He noticed this most particularly the following day. "You'd think fum the way they looks at me," he reflected unhappily, "that I was gwine be gues' of honor at a swell fun'ral." At four in the afternoon he sought Director Clump and inquired how realistic the bulldogging scene was going to be.

"Real stuff," enthused the artistic director. "Tha's why we pays you so much money."

Herod was doubtful. "You ain't gwine git a real wile bull, is you?"

"Man, you said it! He's gwine be rippin' an' snortin' an' ——"

"Hush fum speakin' such! S'pose that bull should trompie me? S'pose I should git walked all over?"

Director Clump chuckled. "That showly would be funny. Cowboy gittin' bulldogged by a steer!"

"Yeh! I guess the steer would mos' laugh hisse'f to death, woul'n't he?"

"Reckon he would, Herod. Anyhow, we ain't gwine shoot that scene fo' another week yet an' you got plenty of time to git in trainin'."

Mr. Spangle walked away, whispering to himself, "When that director said 'train' he sho gimme an idea."

That night at dinner, Herod's desperation crystallized. He moved down the street and again ascended the narrow stairway leading to Semore Mashby's office. He found that attenuated person poring over books of account and interest sheets. Semore greeted his visitor with a bleak smile. Herod, glorious in his ranch raiment, came to the point with disconcerting directness.

"Semore," he announced, "ev'ything is wrong."

"Says which?"

"Ev'ything is mistaken. An' I comes to ask what us can do 'bout it?"

Mr. Mashby's eyes narrowed. "What you mean: Us?"

"You an' me. To save our money."

Semore's eyes closed, then opened slowly. He clutched the edge of the desk. "Foolishment what you utters. We ain't got no money to ——"

"Right you is, skinny man. Nor neither we ain't gwine have none if they waits until I steers a bulldog fo' 'em."

And now Mr. Mashby rose in righteous wrath. His voice cut like the edge of a scimitar. "Speak yo' piece, cowboy, an' indicate how much brains you ain't got. I listens!"

Herod spoke. He spoke swiftly and well. He explained that his pretensions to cowboydom were the outgrowth of a sadly neglected appetite, and that from what he had heard of the rôle he was expected to play—and a review of his contract—there would be no cash forthcoming to himself. "An' so," he finished naïvely, "that puts I an' you bofe in a pretty bad hole."

Semore was too overcome to make an immediate answer. He walked to the window, where he stared through the seldom-washed pane at the street below. The emaciated frame was seized with a violent chill. Fifty dollars cash money loaned out! Sixty-five dollars receivable, but not to be received. Semore was justly indignant.

"Faker!" he flung out. "You bulldogs that cow."

Herod was frightened by his harsh manner, but even more afraid of the rodeo prospect. "I bulldogs nothin'."

"You got a contrack ——"

"So have you! But it don't git you no money, does it? Neither of our contracks ain't no good, so we is bofe fifty-fifty."

"Oh! Is we? Well, listen at me, mistuh actor: You either wrastles that cow or you goes to jail."

"Aw, now, Semore ——"

"Be yo' age, Brother Spangle! You signed a writin' with me an' took money fo' same. If you has used any false pretensions ——"

"But that bull is libel to kill me."

Semore shrugged. "Tha's yo' lookout. I di'n't inwite you to take no such of a job. Now git this: I goes immediate to Lawyer Evans Chew an' lay the facks of the case in front of him. An' he an' I bofe is gwine see to it that you don't skip Bumminham. Other folks ——"

"I ain't gwine run away," sighed Herod. "I cain't. I don't own hahdly a thin dime, let alone the price of a railroad ticket."

"Good!" Semore rubbed moist hands together. "Then you better git ready to happen to an accident, 'cause you is gwine wrastle that bull if us has to strap you on his back."

Herod stumbled out into a stern and friendless world. The imminence of the rodeo scene was appalling. During the next three days he blustered his way about the lot, resenting the very admiration of his contemporaries. An occasional snatch of conversation with Director Clump or President Latimer indicated with disturbing clarity that there would be no hint of executive mercy.

He had been hired to bulldog a steer, and bulldog he would, else there would be not one cent of salary. Furthermore, Lawyer Evans Chew rolled up to him and declaimed sonorously and with many Latin phrases upon the lex loci contractuses and ipso factos of the document he had executed, and threatened dire things should he attempt to divorce himself from Birmingham in lieu of fulfilling his contractual obligations.

"There ain't nothin' I can do," moaned Herod to himself, "an' I got to do it damn quick!"

An imposing arena was being constructed for the bulldogging scene. A single stand was erected to seat the spectators, and all around the arena was a high wooden wall which was calculated effectively to pen in bull and bulldogger. Herod inspected.

"Gosh," he wailed to the head carpenter, "when they lets I an' the cow in yonder an' shuts them two gates, we couldn't neither of us git out, could we?"

"Nos-suh," came the cheerful response. "You is gwine have him all to yo'se'f!"

Mr. Spangle moved determinedly to the office of Semore Mashby. "Brother Mashby," he announced, "where is Bumminham's best jail at?"

"Why?"

"I craves to go there. 'Cause I has decided unanimous that I ain't gwine git in that trap with no wile bull, an' you, nor neither Lawyer Chew, nor yet nobody else, ain't gwine make me!"

Semore argued, pleaded and grew profane. Mr. Spangle merely smiled. His mind was made up. "I'd a heap ruther be alive in jail than dead on a movie lot. I got ambition, Semore, but it ain't to colleck no life insurance."

(Continued on Page 135)

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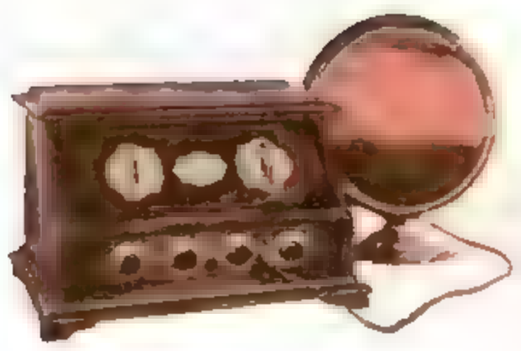

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(Continued from Page 133)

It was now Mr. Mashby's turn to worry; which he did with vast enthusiasm, reflecting upon the sixty-five dollars which he was not going to receive. He finally crossed to his cowboy friend and laid a hand on his arm. "Listen, Herod," he pleaded. "I got me a sort of an idea."

"Not 'bout wrastlin' no bull, is it?"

"No. But I think I know how us can fix this thing up fine so we bofe gits our money. Is you willin' to he'p?"

"Yas'suh, Semore. I has treated you bad, an' Ise sorry. I does mos' anythin' I can to he'p you out. That is, anythin' short of makin' love to a wile he-cow!"

Herod did not see Semore again until the following afternoon, when the little money lender appeared on the Midnight lot and moved about with an air of vast mystery. Mr. Spangle was busy at the time, shooting a few scenes in conjunction with Opus Randall, Welford Potts and Sicily Clump. He was doing well—the sadness of his soul being reflected in an expression of comical lugubriosity.

Work completed for the day, he went to join Semore. That gentleman bustled him outside and into the rickety flivver which was Mr. Mashby's proudest possession and single extravagance. Semore stepped on the gas and they were off in the general direction of Bessemer.

It was plain that Semore was very happy, and Herod dared hope that there might be a chance. Finally Mr. Mashby spoke:

"Herod, all what you agreed to do was git in the arena with a bull, didn't you?"

"Uh-huh. But ——"

"Nemmin' no buts. Now I gits this: You woul'n't wrastle no wile bull fo' nothin'. But s'pose—s'pose, Mistuh Spangle, that you could have things fixed so that the bull which you got in yonder with was a blind bull?"

"Blind?"

"Uh-huh. Stone-blind!"

"Gosh!" Herod's lips twisted into a smile. "If he coul'n't see, he sholy coul'n't chase me, could he?"

"Nary step. An' then you could say yo' contrack was filfulled an' no lawyer—not even Evans Chew—could argue contrariwise."

The cowboy eyed his friend sharply. "I is mo' anxiouser to fix this than what you is, Semore. But I craves to be suttin that they ain't no trick in it."

"I knowed you'd say that, Herod. So where I is takin' you now is out to where the blind bull lives. You can make his pussonal acquaintance."

They drove halfway to Bessemer, then turned off from the concrete highway onto a winding, chert road. Less than ten minutes later they swung in through the gates of a tiny farm. A somewhat lopsided colored gentleman came forward to greet them. Semore performed brief introductions, then escorted Herod to a little pasture in the rear of the ramshackle cabin. In the middle of the field a large and imposing bull was standing moodily. He seemed to be gazing at nothing at all and Mr. Mashby jerked his head toward the animal.

"Yonder he is, Mistuh Spangle. That big red animule. Now I talks to this feller heah while you-all makes acquaintance."

Semore and the farmer turned away, Mr. Mashby assuming his most businesslike manner. Herod, left alone, advanced somewhat doubtfully to the vicinity of the stolid animal. The bull was a decidedly awe-inspiring creature. He appeared capable of making mincemeat of any human who might desire to bulldog him, but it was certain that he was unconscious of the man who approached.

The bull did not seem to be blind, and therefore Herod was wary. He negotiated a large detour and approached the bull from the front. The animal paid no attention to him. Herod, emboldened, came closer. Still the bull did not move. Mr. Spangle came very close indeed. He moved to the right and then to the left. For all the bull did, there might have been no such person on earth as Herod.

Then the jingly cowboy inserted himself right in front of the animal's nose. The bull sniffed and snorted and Herod leaped far to one side. But the bull did not chase him, and finally Mr. Spangle came close enough and did a sufficient number of tricks to satisfy himself beyond all doubt that the animal was teetotally sightless.

Emboldened by this knowledge, Mr. Spangle decided to rehearse for the big scene of the picture. He had never in his life caressed a bull by the horns and now he sneaked up on the animal and wrapped powerful hands around the sizable weapons which projected from the bull's head. There was an instant and somewhat paralyzing response.

The bull reared, snorted and tossed his head. Herod was jerked suddenly from his feet and thrown, partly by the force of the jerk and partly by his own terror, several yards, where he landed in a sitting posture. He scrambled hastily to his feet and prepared for flight. The red demon turned in Herod's direction and charged in fiery fashion. Mr. Spangle howled and side-stepped, and it was then that he knew Semore Mashby had spoken truly.

The bull could not find him. He pawed the ground angrily and turned his head this way and that. Mr. Spangle, much bolder now, taunted the bull, snapped his fingers and did a bit of a dance. Twice more the bull charged, but always in the wrong direction, and the artistic soul of the cowboy sang with delight. He visioned this entire scene being filmed by an all-seeing camera—himself dancing valiantly around a wild bull which was unable to see him.

He rehearsed assiduously. Twice more he sneaked up on the animal and took him by the horns. Both times he held on longer than he had at first. He discovered even that the thing required less strength than courage, and he now had plenty of that, in as much as he knew he was safe the minute he released his grip. In high fettle he summoned Mr. Mashby and spoke with enormous enthusiasm.

"Git that bull, Semore. I an' him is crazy 'bout each other."

"You leave me handle this deal," warned Mr. Mashby. "I gits a good price."

And on the way back to Birmingham he informed Herod that the bull was to be delivered at the arena the day following at a price of ten dollars. "That feller like to fell down when I said I was gwine give him ten dollars fo' the loan of his bull. Reckon he's gwine drive him in on foot fo' that much money."

A single doubt assailed Mr. Spangle. "How you know Director Clump is gwine let us use that very bull?"

Mr. Mashby smiled thinly. "I had that all fixed long ago, Herod. Florian Slappey is property man with Midnight an' he owes me a heap of money he cain't pay. So I tol' him did he let me bring my own bull I'd extend his note thirty days. An' he said all right, previded I got a wile-lookin' animule."

"Hot ziggity dam!" exulted Herod. "I showly is gwine deal that bull a fit!"

That night Mr. Spangle was riding high, wide and handsome. He attended a meeting of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise, where he came in for considerable attention. He wore his sombrero cocked on one side of his head, his brass and nickel appurtenances were shined to the nth degree, his spurs jingled, and he strutted most magnificently. After the meeting they gathered about him and asked him about the morrow.

"Ain't you scared, Mistuh Spangle?"

"Scared? Me? Golla, folks, what foolishment you talks with yo' moufs. How come I should git scared of a bull, when I has fit 'em sence I was seven years ol'? Wrastlin' bulls is the most thing I is crazy about doin'. Also, I fights grizzly bears with my han's an' runs races with awstriches. Ise a animule houn'. B'lieve you me, folks, Midnight is sholy lucky to git a real bulldogger to wuk fo' them."

On the outskirts of the admiring throng stood Director Clump and President Latimer. They listened with quiet satisfaction. Each had entertained grave doubts as to Herod's willingness to fulfill his contract and there had been consequently a certain degree of official worry.

The picture—now complete save for the final scene and a few simple retakes—promised to be a riot of fun. During the course of its filming Director Clump had become enthusiastic over the histrionic ability of Mr. Spangle, and Forcep Swain, Midnight's author, had tentatively concocted other scenarios in which Mr. Spangle's Wild-West proclivities could be used to advantage. That he was being considered as a possible member of the permanent company had not occurred to Herod, despite his ambitions in that direction. They had kept it silent, waiting to see how he handled the bull before definitely committing themselves. Now he was boasting. He was confident. He swaggered. It appeared that he really was what he claimed—the world's champion colored cowboy. The director and his chief were happy.

"If he really does wrastle that bull," commented Clump contentedly, "we is gwine have a pitcher which is not only funny but unique."

The following morning Semore Mashby placed in his pocket Herod's assignment of sixty-five dollars due him from Midnight and went in his asthmatic car to call for the cowboy. Mr. Spangle was waiting for him on the veranda of his lodging house. He was dressed for the occasion—his most flagrantly checkered shirt, his largest spurs and a red feather in the leather band of his sombrero. A lariat was suspended from his belt and he wore large, gauntleted gloves.

"Mawnin', Semore. How's our frien', the bull?"

"He's heah, Herod. I checked up a'ready."

"Good." Mr. Spangle chuckled. "What I is gwine do to that animule is a shame. Ise libel to plow up the groun' with him. Ain't gwine be no slip on Mistuh Slappey usin' him, is they?"

"Nary chance. I got him hooked on that."

All of Midnight and its friends had turned out for the occasion. The active members of the company were all in costume and had been assembled in the stands where they would register prominently. Exotic Hines was already busy with close-ups of the spectators.

"You is now watchin' Mr. Spangle wrastlin' the bull!" megaphoned Clump to his actors. "The bull is s'posed to have threw him an' is gwine gore him a li'l. Ev'ybody register excitement an' scaredness. Ready! Action! Cam'ra!"

They did well. Herod was vastly amused. "Shuh!" he commented aloud. "Just wait until the bulldoggin' starts, then you really will see 'em register excitement."

His imperturbability aroused the spectators to a high pitch of interest—there was drama in the scene which the camera could not hope to record. Mr. Spangle paraded ostentatiously before the crowd, whirling his lariat, dancing lightly in his high-heeled boots, bowing and scraping to friends. It was his largest moment. Then Clump readied the set for the bulldogging scene. Herod was given minute instructions. The cameras, equipped with long-distance lenses, were stationed at opposite sides of the arena and their operators instructed to use plenty of footage.

Herod saw the red bull in his pen at one side of the inclosure. He took his position opposite. Florian Slappey stood beside him. "Ain't you scared, Herod?"

"Me? Golla, han'some boy, ten buffaloes woul'n't th'ow no scare into me!"

Mr. Slappey inspected the door through which Mr. Spangle was about to enter the arena. It was equipped on the outside with a large and efficient bolt.

"Once you gits in yonder," vouchsafed Florian, "I locks this door an' you cain't git out."

"Shuh! So long as that bull cain't git away fum me, Ise happy."

Mr. Slappey sighed. This was foolhardiness beyond his understanding.

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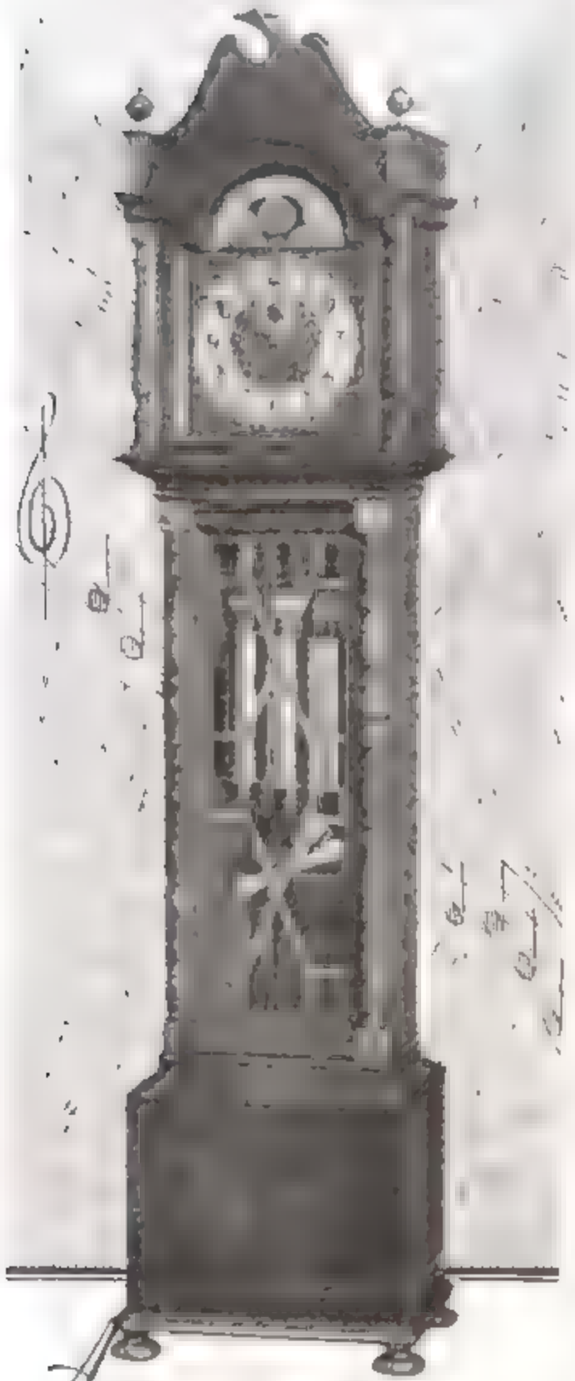

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There was a commotion in the arena. The large red bull ambled into full view of the audience. The cameras registered his entrance, then stopped cranking as the beast went to cropping grass. Clump then barked directions to his hero. Herod leaped to answer the summons. He shot through the gate swinging his rope and waving his sombrero. Clump bellowed instructions and Herod, like a good actor, duly executed a comedy fall.

"All right," roared Clump, "git busy on them bull!"

Mr. Spangle was willing. He received orders to excite the animal. That, he figured, would be both easy and impressive. Whereupon he danced lightly around the beast, waving his hat and grinning broadly. The audience was sitting forward in gaping amazement. Here was bravery incomparable—Herod was absolutely unmindful of his own danger. He came closer to the bull; he moved in front of the animal and waved his arms tauntingly. And then:

Mr. Herod Spangle, cowpuncher, experienced a dreadful sensation in his solar plexus. He paused, trembled, blinked, then moved slightly. There was no doubt about it! The bull was watching him! Not only that, but the animal was turning his head to follow every move of the colored cowboy. Herod's lips gave vent to a pleading whisper:

"Don't look at me, bull! You is blind!"

But the bull continued to look. Herod sprang to one side, executed a flank movement, and placed himself behind the bull.

The bull turned almost as quickly. He swung sharply and faced his tormentor. His head went down a few inches and one hoof dug into the turf. Terror smote Herod a mighty smite. And at that instant the voice of the director came to him.

"Mistuh Spangle," roared Clump, "make that bull mad!"

"Oh, golla," wailed the cowboy, "he's enti'ely too annoyed right now!"

It appeared that Herod's diagnosis was accurate. The bull decided to investigate this obtrusive stranger. He advanced. Herod uttered a shriek and dashed away. Clump nodded with satisfaction:

"At-a-boy!" he enthused. "Make it look real."

"Oh, man," groaned Herod, "if you on'y knowed how real this is!"

For an instant the bull stood quiet. Then he shook his head and snorted. It was obvious that there was something about the entire proceeding that he did not like, and it seemed that Herod was the cause of his annoyance. Wherefore he started after Mr. Spangle. Across the arena they raced, Herod cutting eleven seconds off the world's hundred-yard record. He reached the gate and uttered a howl for help. Florian Slappey raised his head over the boarding and grinned.

"Boy," he complimented, "you is sholy makin' it look good! You is terrible funny!"

"I ain't funny!" foamed Herod. "You don't see me laughin', does you?"

There came a shrill howl of warning. Herod side-stepped just in time to avoid the lowered horns of the bull. The animal crashed into the wall of the arena with a terrible impact. Herod jumped for safety.

"Oh, please, mistuh moo-cow," he pleaded, "lay off of me! I ain't cravin' to fight you now that you has got yo' eyesight back."

But the bull was in a combative mood and he turned once again to the pursuit. Herod, flying for his life, became conscious of two things: One was that Director Clump and everybody else thought he was simulating terror. The second was that Semore Mashby had foully double-crossed him!

It was all clear to him now. Semore was interested in him to the extent of sixty-five dollars, cash money. Semore had known that nothing short of a miracle could ever induce him to enter an arena with a wild bull. Whereupon Semore had introduced him to a blind animal and had then hired that afflicted bull's brother to attend to the extermination of one good colored monologist.

"Fo' Semore's sake," sobbed Herod, "I hope I never gits out of heah! 'Cause does I do so, he is suddenly gwine to become extinct!"

The bull was giving chase enthusiastically. Herod was panting for breath. He made a desperate dash toward the side of the arena. He jumped upward and clutched the fence top. He tried to pull himself over.

But the bull was on top of him like a red thundercloud. There was a crash, a splintering of wood, and Herod was jarred loose. He found himself panting and terrified immediately alongside the bellowing animal.

"Grab him!" It was Clump's voice, and it rang with authority. "Now's yo' chance!"

Herod acted by instinct. His response to the command was unconscious and mechanical. Two strong hands wrapped around the horns of the bull. A woman's shriek rent the atmosphere; then a warning cry from the director: "Don't leave go, Herod. If you does he tramples you sure!"

Mr. Spangle clung desperately, with a strength he had never before suspected. The bull tossed his head; he backed and reared. But Herod hung on. It really was easier than running away, after all. This way, at least, he knew where he was; the other way he was nowhere at all. The crowd was roaring, Clump leading the applause. The cameras were clicking steadily.

Then started the battle. The bull dashed halfway across the arena, Herod dragging behind. It seemed at times as though Mr. Spangle's arms were to be jerked from their sockets, but the bulldogger realized that to release his grip now would be fatal. He was exhausted, and the bull was furious. Once Herod let go, he knew he would fall, and that would mark the end of what other folks thought was a very funny scene. And so the unhappy Mr. Spangle clung to the bull's horns as a leaf clings to a storm-tossed branch. He swung this way and that; he collided violently with the heaving sides of the bull. He closed his eyes and visioned lilies.

There came a wild roar of acclaim from the audience. At first, Herod thought that the end had arrived; then he became conscious long enough to witness a phenomenon.

He distinctly saw the bull slip. He realized that the animal's head was twisted grotesquely, and that his own full weight was pulling the bull groundward. There was a bellow, a thud, and Mr. Herod Spangle realized that he had bulldogged a steer! But he did not pause to gloat over his victory. Even before he realized that the impossible had occurred, he was heeding instinct.

He staggered across the arena before the bull reached its feet. Florian Slappey flung open the gate and Mr. Spangle leaped to safety. He collapsed!

When he returned to consciousness a few minutes later, he looked up into a sea of friendly faces. As his eyes flickered open a tidal wave of applause beat upon his eardrums. As from a very great distance he heard Director J. Cæsar Clump saying something about a permanent contract with Midnight. Herod Spangle paid little heed. His thoughts were elsewhere. He staggered to his feet and ignored all offers of assistance. There was a job which he desired to attend to with promptitude and thoroughness.

"Has any of you folks seen Semore Mashby?" he inquired.

Somebody volunteered the information that Mr. Mashby had last been seen in conversation with the lopsided colored gentleman who owned the bull. Herod walked away. He walked purposefully. Florian Slappey voiced the query which was agitating all of them. "Whaffo' you reckon he craves to talk with Semore? He seemed kind of mad!"

Mr. Spangle reached the spot where Semore had last been seen. There was blood in his eye and manslaughter in his heart. But Semore was not there. Instead, Herod encountered the gangling person from whom the bull had been rented. Mr. Spangle paused. He intended to wring from this person a confession of Semore's treachery. Then —

"Feller," he roared as he dropped a heavy hand on the shoulder of the animal's proprietor, "how come you didn't bring us the bull we rented?"

The eyes of the lopsided man sparkled with righteousness. "It was thisaway," he explained. "You was payin' me ten dollars fo' that bull an' I didn't have the heart to put nothin' over on you."

"What you mean?"

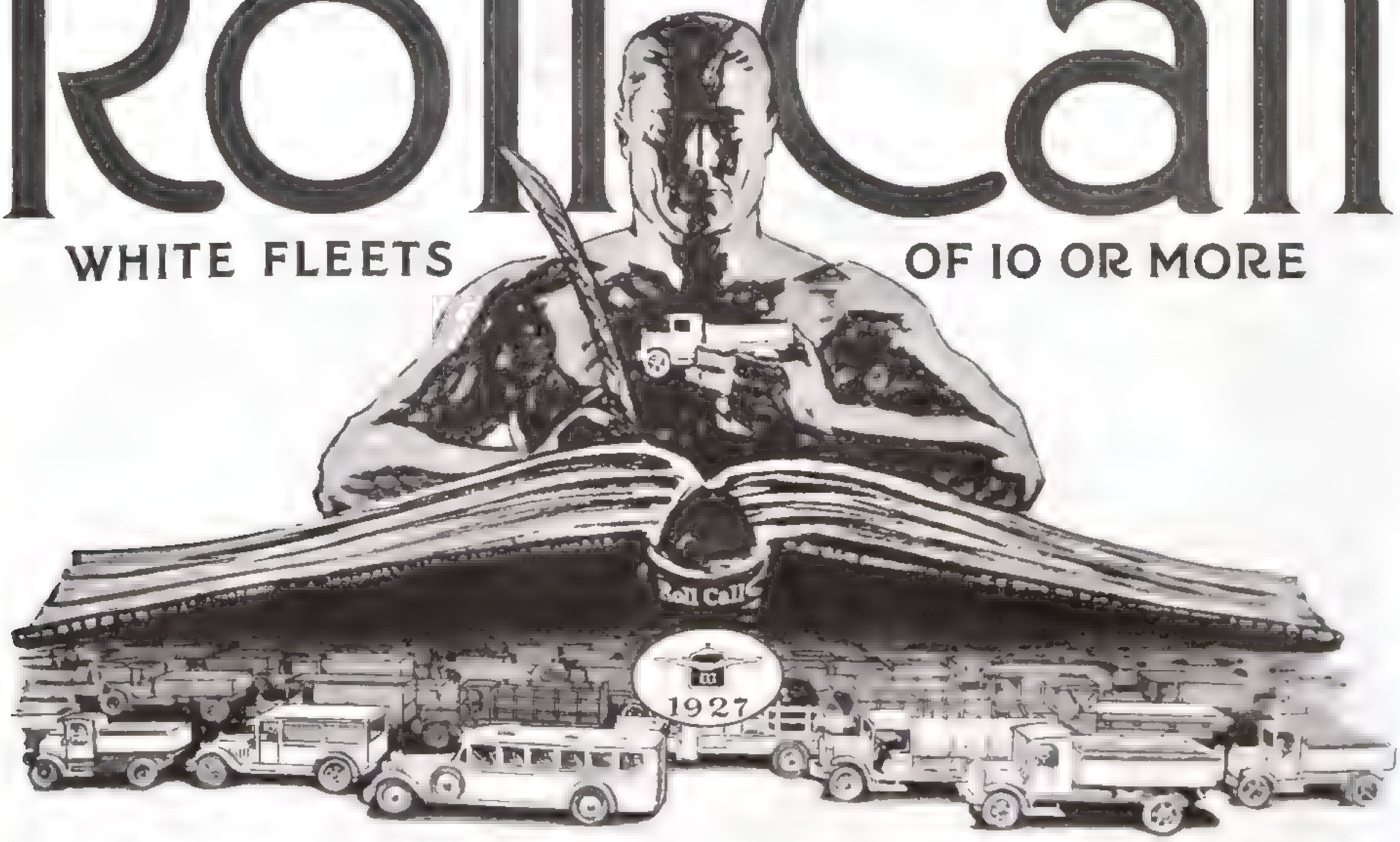
"I mean this, mistuh. You-all didn't know it, but the bull you rented from me was blind!"

New York Scene—The Great Subway Spaces Where Men are Men

ANNUAL

Roll Call

WHITE FLEETS OF 10 OR MORE



A THOUSAND ADS IN ONE

The Greatest Transportation Story Ever Told . . . In Facts, Figures and Dollar Signs

Eleven hundred and four of the country's foremost owners operating 39,857 Whites *in fleets of ten or more*—143 more owners than last year—4,102 more Whites—colossal evidence in itself, made stronger by the fact that tens of thousands of additional owners operate fleets of less than ten, or single Whites.

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The most convincing proof of earning power ever published, in mountains of facts that rise higher with each year, shows new armies of White Trucks and White Busses added to the vast army of veterans in the earth-wide service of transportation.

New fleets and greater ones—a bigger total of fleets old and new—new and old in a broader variety of service—all standing up to the work in every field, *another year's earnings*—that's the net of the great White record, unapproached in transportation history.

Go behind the returns to the individual records of the old veterans working beside the new recruits—the battle-scarred heroes, like the Old Guard of Napoleon, that have gone through one more year's service in the long campaign. *It's the additional money-earning miles got out of old Whites* that give the deeper meaning to higher mounting proofs of what's built and has always been built into Whites.

Year by year, the efficiency, economy and dependability of Whites have greater emphasis as old Whites add to their proved performance of hundreds of thousands of *money-earning miles*. There are Whites in this Roll Call that have run and earned since 1915 and before. There are Whites running with profit today which have mileage records of 100,000, 200,000, 300,000 miles and more—time has not measured their power.

What one White has done, every White can do. That is why any White performance in years and miles is an advertisement of every White. What one White has done, every other White is doing, consistently. Multiplying one White performance by a hundred thousand—to get the full conviction of what has been and what is being and what will always be built into Whites. That is why the White Roll Call is a thousand ads—and ten thousand times proof.

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THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

Continued on next three pages

WHITE TRUCKS

and WHITE BUSSES

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LIGHT DELIVERY
Model 15—¾ to 1 ton.
Model 20—1½ ton.

Roll Call

EXPRESS SERVICE
Model 56—2 ton.
Model 51—2½ ton.

A

	1910	'13	'16	'19	'22	'24	Dec. '25	31 1926
Abbotts Alderney Dairies, Inc	0	1	7	14	44	56	55	58
Abraham & Straus	0	0	0	17	47	65	67	67
Acme Cash Stores	0	1	3	10	12	18	18	18
Advance Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	14	14	14
Aguas Blancas Nitrate Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	12
City of Akron, Ohio	0	1	4	11	16	25	26	29
Akron Pure Milk Company	0	2	0	12	19	13	18	21
Alabama Coca-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	3	13	14	15	24
Alabama Freight Service	0	0	0	0	0	9	11	14
Albers Brothers Milling Co.	0	1	2	6	8	9	10	14
Allegheny County	0	1	1	1	8	10	13	11
Allport Construction Company	0	0	0	0	0	12	12	15
Alms & Doepke Company	0	0	0	0	0	8	10	10
B. Altman & Company	0	8	92	93	94	85	94	107
Alexander & Baldwin	0	0	0	0	3	4	4	82
American Agricultural Chem. Co.	0	1	8	17	40	26	28	26
American Can Company	0	7	33	70	90	82	84	75
American Chain Company	0	0	1	2	2	12	13	10
American Fruit Growers, Inc.	0	0	0	0	11	11	10	11
*American Gas & Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	6	23	30	43
American Ice Company	0	0	1	7	17	22	28	27
American Motor Tours Co.	0	0	0	0	1	7	15	16
American News Company	0	0	3	6	18	28	30	37
American Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	45
American Petroleum Company	0	0	0	26	29	29	37	37
*American Power & Light Co.	0	0	1	9	26	35	42	42
American Railway Express Co.	0	14	88	121	274	457	585	689
American Red Cross Society	0	0	0	123	123	35	33	28
American Relief Admin. (Russia)	0	0	0	0	20	21	21	21
American Steel & Wire Company	0	1	4	14	19	32	34	38
American Stores Company	0	9	15	81	80	121	136	140
American Tel. & Tel. Co. (337)								
Bell Telephone Co. of Can., Ltd.	0	2	3	3	3	7	7	26
Bell Telephone Co. of Pa.	0	13	34	77	123	165	169	169
Chesapeake & Potomac Tel. Co.	0	0	12	67	144	128	168	168
Cincinnati & Sub. Bell Tel. Co.	0	0	1	12	21	23	23	23
Illinois Bell Telephone Co.	0	0	9	11	35	51	69	76
Indiana Bell Telephone Co.	0	1	10	10	14	29	34	36
Mountain States Tel. & Tel. Co.	0	0	20	20	39	37	25	25
New England Tel. & Tel. Co.	0	0	26	47	74	84	88	90
New York Telephone Co.	0	0	12	65	127	172	209	237
Northwestern Bell Tel. Co.	0	0	0	26	41	45	36	36
Ohio Bell Tel. Co.	0	1	10	17	20	107	123	123
Pacific Tel. & Tel. Co.	0	1	1	15	79	125	125	125
Southern Bell Tel. & Tel. Co.	0	1	7	32	72	71	88	130
Southern New England Tel. Co.	0	0	4	20	31	45	45	45
Southwestern Bell Tel. Co.	0	0	3	12	17	6	10	13
American Tobacco Company	0	0	2	9	11	11	11	11
*American Water Wks. & Elec. Co.	0	0	0	0	1	4	16	20
American Woolen Company	0	0	1	1	2	23	31	35
A. I. Ammen Transportation Co.	0	7	11	32	32	48	48	54
*Anaconda Copper Mining Co.	0	0	0	4	11	12	15	19
Anderson Brothers	0	0	0	0	10	14	17	18
Anglo Mexican Pet. Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	4	9	10	10	10
Anheuser Busch, Inc.	0	0	17	20	17	16	18	25
Appalachian Elec. Power Co.	0	0	0	0	4	5	6	13
Arbour Carthage Company	0	0	0	0	1	4	6	10
Arctic Dairy Products Co. (Detroit)	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	15
State of Arizona	0	0	0	0	21	58	13	28
Arlington Mills	0	1	2	13	19	17	18	18
Armour & Company	0	51	165	389	364	405	441	472
Arnold Constable & Co., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	2	20	24
J. H. Ashdown Hardware Co., Ltd.	0	0	1	5	6	10	10	11
Asiatic Petroleum Company	0	0	0	0	4	20	45	72
Associated Electric Company	0	0	0	8	9	14	15	15
*Associated Gas & Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	1	7	11	24
Associated Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	11
Athens Coca-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	4	6	22	13
City of Atlanta	0	8	11	15	42	42	41	32
Atlanta Coca-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	13	20	22	24
Atlantic Ice & Coal Company	0	15	20	38	46	56	58	58
Atlantic Refining Company	1	31	184	345	462	546	545	552
Atlas Powder Company	0	0	0	12	23	19	23	17
Austin, Nichols & Company	0	0	0	0	31	44	33	33
Avondale Mills	0	0	0	3	3	4	8	10
Ayer & McKinney	0	0	0	4	8	9	11	13

B

Bacon Coal Company	0	0	0	4	4	10	13	18
The Bailey Company	0	6	16	25	37	34	39	39
Baker-Evans Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	0	0	6	16	15
Bakersfield-Los. Ang. F't Frt., Inc.	0	0	0	0	1	11	26	15
Geo. H. Ball Company	0	0	0	0	0	4	6	11
City of Baltimore	0	7	29	34	39	51	46	51
Baltimore County	0	0	0	0	0	3	6	7
Baltimore Coca-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	9	9
L. Bamberger & Company	0	0	0	0	4	23	44	51
Bang Supply Company	0	0	0	0	0	9	16	16
Banner Grocer's Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	8	12	14
N. Bantivoglio & Sons	0	0	0	0	1	1	10	11
Bardsleys Motors, Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	8	3	27
Barker Brothers, Inc.	0	0	0	0	13	18	18	18
*Barnsdall Corporation	0	0	0	0	2	18	24	15
Barnsdall Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	20
The Barrett Company	0	0	0	11	21	30	26	19
Barton Torpedo Company	0	0	0	0	6	11	12	12
Wm. Bauer Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	9
Beaver Valley Service Company	0	0	0	0	0	3	16	24
B. C. Motor Transportation Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	20	21
Beechnut Packing Company	0	0	0	0	0	6	12	13
Belgrano Auto Bus Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	6
Bekins Van & Storage Company	0	0	0	2	6	6	19	23
Belcher Asphalt Paving Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	10
Benguet Auto Line	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10
Best & Company	0	0	0	0	25	27	27	30
Beverly Hills Bakery	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
William Bingham Company	0	0	0	14	23	22	24	27
Bingham Stage Lines	0	0	0	0	0	2	11	11
Samuel Bingham's Sons Mfg. Co.	0	1	2	5	10	14	13	14
City of Birmingham	0	0	0	0	21	26	26	23
Birmingham Chero-Cola Bot. Co.	0	0	0	27	32	33	34	33
Birmingham Electric Company	0	0	0	0	0	4	8	10
Bishop & Company	0	0	0	0	0	8	8	11
H. F. Black & Son, Inc.	0	0	0	0	3	5	8	10
Blackstone Valley Gas & Elec. Co.	0	0	0	1	1	8	11	12
Block & Kuhl Company	0	0	0	3	16	17	16	16
Blomberg & Malone	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Bloomingdale Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	32	41	41
Blue Ridge Transportation Co.	0	0	0	2	11	16	24	14
Bluff City Delivery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	11
Boggs & Buhl, Inc.	0	18	24	32	29	38	37	15
The H. C. Bohack Company	0	0	0	0	1	11	16	17
L. Gage Booth	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1
The Borden Company	0	0	0	0	1	19	35	46
City of Boston	0	12	18	22	34	33	46	53
Boston Elevated Railway Co.	0	0	0	1	41	85	120	138
Boston and Maine Railroad	0	0	0	0	0	0	35	24
Botsum Brothers Company	0	0	2	9	8	8	15	17
Bourne-Fuller Company	0	2	6	8	12	14	14	12
C. Bowen	0	0	0	0	6	7	9	12
George H. Bowman Company	0	0	0	6	6	10	18	10
Bowman Dairy Company	0	0	0	0	11	22	31	41
Bradford Baking Company	0	9	26	29	32	47	47	47
The Brandt Company	0	0	1	25	41	41	48	47
J. W. Brannon Sand & Gravel Co.	0	0	0	0	2	10	16	15
Braun Lumber Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	22

B

	1910	'13	'16	'19	'22	'24	Dec. '25	31 1926
Warren S. Brenizer Company	0	0	0	0	0	3	9	11
Brennan Brothers	0	0	0	0	5	10	9	10
Brennan Packing Company	0	1	2	4	5	8	8	10
John Breuner Company	0	0	0	5	8	12	14	16
Brewster Transport Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	5	14	24
Bridgeman & Russell Company	0	0	0	1	5	17	24	39
Brink's Express	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	14
Broadway Department Store	0	0	0	0	23	31	31	31
Bronx Provision Corp. of N. Y.	0	0	0	0	4	10	10	12
Brooklyn City Railroad Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	19
Brooklyn Edison Company, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	2	7	10
*Brooklyn-Manhattan Tr. Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Brooks Oil Company	0	0	0	4	11	12	13	12
Brunswick Laundry, Inc.	0	0	0	5	6	7	7	11
Buckeye Pipe Line Company	0	0	0	0	18	29	30	25
Buckeye Stages, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	18
Edward G. Budd Mfg. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	14
City of Buffalo	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	12
Bullock's	0	4	8	9	17	23	23	20
Burdett Oxygen & Hydrogen Co.	0	0	0	1	5	8	8	16
Burstine's, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	13
Burns-Bowe Baking Company	0	0	0	2	8	8	10	11
P. H. Butler Company	0	1	6	12	25	48	39	38
Byrne Bros. Construction Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	42	67

C

Caddo Parrish (La.)	0	0	0	14	14	15	6	16
State of California	0	0	4	4	52	37	65	18
Caddo Trans. & Warehouse Co.	0	0	0	1	4	4	4	20
California Baking Company	0	0	0	21	23	21	21	18
California Nevada Stage Co.	0	0	0	0	2	8	24	21
California Packing Corporation	0	0	0	11	15	20	41	40
California Petroleum Corporation	0	0	0	2	13	18	27	35
California Transit Company	0	0	0	0	42	48	39	37
California Truck Company	0	0	2	8	17	21	21	22
L. H. Callan	0	0	1	1	1	10	15	10
J. Calvert's Sons	0	0	0	6	10	11	21	26
William Cameron Company, Inc.	0	0	0	1	10	11	14	15
R. O. Campbell Coal Company	0	0	0	0	2	12	16	21
Campbell Baking Company	0	0	0	2	24	33	33	62
Canfield Oil Company	0	0	0	10	19	24	25	25
Canton Provision Company	0	0	3	6	11	17	13	14
Canton Storage & Transfer Co.	0	0	1	11	15	15	10	11
Capitol Garage	0	0	0	6	8	10	10	10
Carbon Coal Company	0	0	2	8	10	13	13	13
R. F. Cares Company	0	0	0	0	12	12	12	10
Carolina Coach Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Carolina Power & Light Co.	0	0	0	2	8	11	18	17
Carolina Public Service Company	0	0	0	11	11	13	13	19
Carolina Transit Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	22
J. B. Carr Biscuit Co.	0	1	5	7	12	12	11	11
Carroll Brothers Truck Service	0	0	0	0	0	0	24	32
Carstens Packing Company	0	0	0	7	10	10	11	17
Carter Oil Company	0	1	1	10	18	22	18	10
Caskey Baking Company	0	0	0	0	5	6	9	21
Casper Motor Bus Line	0	0	0	0	0	3	11	16
Central African Transport Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	11
*Central & South West Utilities Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	7
Cervecera Internacional Cia.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
Chandler Trucking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8
Chandler & Rudd Company	0	5	6	7	11	11	11	11
Chase Metal Works	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	11
Chock Neat Coffee Company	0	0	0	0	2	12	19	19
*Chero-Cola Bottling Companies	0	0	58	74	155	108	119	102
The Chero-Cola Company	0	0	0	32	78	67	57	51
City of Chicago	0	1	27	47	128	135	160	169
Chicago Amer. & Herald-Exam.	0	0	0	14	29	43	44	51
Chicago Fire Brick Company	0	0	0	0	0	20	21	21
Chicago Fire Insurance Board	0	11	13	13	13	13	11	12
Chicago, N. Shore & Mil. R. R. Co.	0	0	0	0	12	28	31	32
Chicago Surface Lines	0	0	0	1	1	1	13	21
Chicago Towel Company	0	0	0	1	20	19	22	25
Chile Exploration Company	0	0	0	0	3	10	13	12
H. B. Church Truck Service Co.	0	0	0	0	0	10	16	25
Cincinnati Coca-Cola Bot. Works	0	0	0	5	6	6	11	13
Cincinnati Motor Terminals Co.	0	0	0	16	16	16	19	19
Cincinnati Oil Works Company	0	0	0	0	5	8	9	13
*Cities Service Company	0	0	1	10	24	49	61	67
Cities Service Oil Company	0	0	0	2	7	7	6	11
Cities Service Power & Light Co.	0	0	1	3	12	18	21	24
City Ice Company (Kansas City)	0	0	0	1	2	19	19	19
City Ice & Fuel Co. (Cincinnati)	0	0	1	7	15	19	22	22
City Ice & Fuel Co. (Cleveland)	0	3	5	11	18	19	19	11
Clearing House Parcel Delivery Co.	0	0	18	15	17	13	13	13
S. S. Clements Sons	0	0	0	1	7	7	8	13
City of Cleveland	0	14	23	43	112	213	217	251
Cleve.-Ashta.-Conneaut Box Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	18	35
Cleve. Bldrs. Sup. & Brick Co.	0	3	10	51	71	90	93	89
Cleveland Cartage Company	0	0	1	3	4	22	22	13
Cleveland Elec. Illuminating Co.	0	0	17	40	60	62	72	73
Cleveland Elyria Toledo Bus Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	12
The Cleveland Press	0	0	0	0	10	14	20	25
Cleveland Provision Company	0	3	11	29	35	35	35	32
Cleveland Railway Company	0	0	2	4	21	33	64	104
Cleveland Transfer & Cartage Co.	0	0	1	20	19	33	37	43
Cleve. Trinidad Pav. Co. of Ohio	0	0	0	3	7	14	14	15
Cleveland & Sandusky Brewing Co.	0	1	10	24	30	30	32	32
Clifton Forge Ice & Bot. Works	0	0	0	0	1	2	4	10
Cloverlands Dairy Products Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	10	12
Clover Leaf Creamery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	4	10	11
Clover Meadow Creamery Co.	0	0	0	0	1	3	3	12
Coast Auto Lines	0	0	0	0	0	2	8	8
*Coca-Cola Bottling Companies	0	11	47	103	301	353	382	403
The Coca-Cola Company	0	0	0	15	93	111	104	75
The Coca-Cola Co. of Can., Ltd.	0	0	0	13	58	73	70	60
Coca-Cola Bot. Works (Nashville)	0	0	0	0	1	3	11	14
W. I. Coldiron	0	0	0	1	5	13	10	11
J. G. Coleman & Son	0	0	0	0	0	15	11	12
Commercial Oil Company	0	0	0	0	6	8	9	11
James E. Colliflower & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	10
Collins Hauling Company	0	0	0	0	2	10	22	22
Colonial Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	0	26	28	27	28
Colorado Motor Way, Inc.	0	0	0	0	6	8	6	12
Columbia (S. C.) Coca-Cola Bot. Co.	0	0	0	4	5	8	14	11
*Columbia Gas & Electric Corp.	0	0	0	4	8	11	11	13
Columbia Ice & Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	1	13	11	13	14
Columbia Gorge Motor Coach Sys.	0	0	2	6	17	32	34	13
Columbia Terminals Company	0	0	0	0	0	3	4	11
Comar Oil Company	0	0	0	0	6	13	22	25
Comfort Coach Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	2	12	30
Comfort Coal Lumber Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14
Commercial Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	10
Commercial Transfer Company	0	0	7	10	13	13	14	14
Community Traction Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
Compania De Trans. Terrestres	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	19
State of Connecticut	0	0	1	4	4	47	47	108
Connecticut Company	0	0	0	0	12	23	29	30
Connecticut Motor Trans. Co.	0	0	0	0	7	15	16	19
Conrad Baisch Krochis Co.	0	2	5	5	7	8	11	12
Consolidated Companies	0	0	0	2	18	38	33	35
Consolidated Ice Company	0	0	0	0	13	11	11	14
Consolidated Motor Freight Lines	0	0	1	1	4	8	16	17
Consolidated Rendering Co.	0	0	0	17	24	34	44	42
Consumers Bakery	0	0	0	0	0	0	30	23
Consumers Bread Company	0	0	0	0	0	10	22	24
Consumers Dairy Company	0	0	0	0	0	13	34	23

C

	1910	'13	'16	'19	'22	'24	Dec. '25	31 1926
Consumers Pie & Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	17	21
*Continental Baking Company	0	0	1	12	18	28	37	44
*Continental Baking Co. (Del.)	0	0	0	4	23	26	27	32
Continental Baking Co., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	18	18	33
*Continental Oil Company	0	2	19	38	90	123	140	152
Copper Range Motor Bus Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	11
Coral Gables Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	24	47	50
Corby Bakery	0	0	0	1	2	2	2	14
Corkran Hill & Company, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	10
Correos Y Telegrafos	0	0	0	0	0	0	22	22
Cottage Creamery Company	0	0	0	0	11	14	13	13
Cox Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	12
Crane Company	0	1	1	1	3	19	21	40
Crescent Forwarding & Trans. Co.	0	0	0	7	12	12	19	19
Cuban Government	0	0	0	30	16	19	20	20
Cudahy Packing Company	0	6	21	42	67	57	38	40
John T. Cunningham	0	0	1	1	23	35	42	40
Cushman Sons, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	10	12	12
Cuyahoga County (Ohio)	0	0	0	0	1	17	17	21

D

Dahl-Campbell Grocery Co.	0	0	0	1	11	15	17	15
Dannemiller Grocery Company	0	0	6	12	12	12	10	10
Darling & Company	0	2	3	6	20	26	48	66
Thomas D'Attilio	0	0	1	7	16	20	20	20
Davidson County (Tenn.)	0	0	1	4	4	4	6	14
Davies Laundry Company	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	10
Davies Supply Company	0	0	0	0	0	4	8	12
J. B. Davis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3
Davis Construction Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	18
Davison Cartage Company	0	0	0	0	0	12	14	12
The Dayton Company	0	0	0	0	5	10	13	13
De Haven Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	10
City and County of Denver	0	0	0	3	4	5	11	11
Denver Cab Company	0	0	0	0	0	27	40	40
Louis Des Cognets	0	0	0	0	1	3	13	13
Des Moines City Railway Co.	0	0	0	2	3	4	7	7
Dill and Collins Company	0	0	0	0	0	11	11	11
Dixie Construction Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	19	23
Dominion Bridge Company, Ltd.	0	0	0	0	1	9	9	11
Drake Brothers Company	0	2	2	9	15	20	26	27
Drake Lumber Yards, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	16
Driscoll Trucking Company	0	0	0	0	1	5	11	22
Duke Power Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	13
Duluth Street Railway Co.	0	0	0	0	2	4	8	11
Edward J. Dusha	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	22

E

Eagle Bottling Works	0	0	1	3	4	5	11	12
East Ohio Gas Company	0	1	5	11	17	22	20	21
East Side Mill & Lumber Co.	0	0	1	1	10	15	16	16
Eastern Dairies, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13
Eastern Food Products Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
Eastern Torpedo Company	0	1	10	25	28	24	24	31
Eastman Kodak Company	0	0	0	0	4	13	13	13
Thomas W. Easton's Sons	0	0	0	0	4	20	31	23
T. Eaton Company, Ltd.	0	14	20	25	26	24	42	45
Eckenroth Sales Company	0	0	4	5	7	14	14	14
F. W. Edwards & Son	0	0	0	0	0	4	9	12
Abraham Eisenberg Co., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	11	11	11
Ejercito de Chile (Army)	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	14
*Electric Bond & Share Co.	0	0	0	2	9	18	45	58
The Elco Co., New York City	0	0	0	0	107	111	89	88
Elco Delivery Co., Inc. (Buffalo)	0	0	8	8	17	35	40	41
George W. Ellis Company	0	1	6	13	17	18	19	20
Emerick Motor Bus Company	0	1	11	26	18	16	10	10
Emerson & Morgan Coal Co., Inc.	0	0	0	0

HEAVY DUTY
Model 55 3½ to 5 ton.
Model 52 5 to 7½ ton.

Roll Call

WHITE FLEETS OF 10 OR MORE

BUSSES
Model 53—4 cyl., 16 pass.
Model 50-B—4 cyl., 25 pass.
Model 54—6 cyl., 29 pass.

G

	1910	'13	'16	'19	'22	'24	Dec. 31 '25	1926
City of Gloucester	1	1	1	5	14	16	15	15
Gloucester Auto Bus Company	0	0	0	0	22	24	18	21
Adolf Gobel, Inc.	0	0	0	35	43	41	50	50
Goeringer Construction Co	0	0	0	0	0	12	11	15
Goff Kirby Company	0	0	3	8	11	18	18	18
Golden Gate Atlas Materials Co	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
Golden Sheaf-Remar Baking Co	0	0	0	13	20	20	19	20
Golden State Auto Tours Corp	0	0	0	1	6	12	12	10
Goldenrod Ice Cream Co	0	0	1	6	20	19	27	40
B F Goodrich Company	4	11	19	28	28	13	10	11
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co	8	9*	8	22	25	22	23	37
Gordon-Harrison & Russell, Inc.	0	0	0	0	3	4	10	11
H E Gorsuch	0	0	0	0	0	7	8	13
Grasselli Chemical Company	1	1	2	6	13	21	15	21
Gray Construction Company	0	0	3	12	13	25	31	33
Gray Line	0	0	0	0	2	7	11	19
Grays Harbor Ry. Lt. & Power Co.	0	0	0	0	0	12	15	17
The Great Atlantic & Pac Tea Co.	0	1	2	2	13	14	17	28
Great Northern Paper Co	0	1	15	19	25	27	29	32
Great Southern Refining Co.	0	0	0	0	6	11	11	11
Greenfield Elec Light & Power Co.	0	9	13	14	19	19	20	15
Greensboro Gas Company	0	0	0	1	5	8	9	10
Greif Brothers Cooperage Co.	0	0	0	0	17	42	42	42
Gridley Dairy Company	0	0	0	0	6	16	18	20
Gulf Coast Motor Lines	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10
Gulf Pipe Line Company	0	0	0	2	6	9	14	10
Gulf Production Company	0	0	0	8	25	45	16	42
Gulf Refining Company	0	29	463	755	1254	1738	1929	2030
Gypsy Oil Company	0	0	0	5	21	30	37	42

H

Hackensack Water Company	0	0	0	1	1	1	8	11
H F Hadan	0	0	0	0	2	4	13	15
Haffenreffer and Company	0	0	1	1	7	4	8	12
*Hadley Furniture & Carpet Co.	0	0	2	11	21	16	28	28
Hahne & Company	0	0	2	2	2	23	49	49
Halle Brothers Company	0	0	12	15	18	21	21	21
Hammond Lumber Company	0	0	0	0	5	12	13	12
W F Hardison & Company	0	1	2	5	8	11	11	10
The Hardware & Supply Co	0	0	3	10	10	10	10	11
Harman-Hull Company	0	0	0	0	8	12	13	16
Joseph Hart	0	0	0	0	10	19	9	11
Hartford Electric Light Co.	0	0	0	1	1	5	13	17
Hartman Furniture & Carpet Co.	0	0	0	0	6	8	22	33
Fred Harvey	0	0	0	15	17	34	31	49
Hathaway Baking Company	0	0	0	0	3	10	15	15
Hauser Packing Company	0	0	0	1	9	17	17	20
Haverty Furniture Company	0	0	7	18	24	24	30	35
Hawaii County T H	0	0	10	17	16	19	19	16
Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd	0	0	0	7	9	21	29	45
Hebard Express & Van	0	0	0	0	5	7	8	10
*The Hecht Company	0	0	0	2	6	25	32	36	55
H. J. Heinz Company	0	0	0	16	35	68	83	83	94
Heissler & Junge Company	0	0	0	4	9	20	20	18	11
Hempstead Bus Line	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	14
Harry Henery	0	0	0	0	1	3	8	8	16
Hercules Powder Company	0	0	0	0	7	14	17	23	23
Peter Herkner Trucking Co	0	0	0	0	0	5	12	12	20
Herman Motor Trucking Co	0	0	0	0	0	10	15	15	22
Hershey Creamery Company	0	0	0	0	2	16	10	14	27
Hess Brothers	0	0	0	0	7	11	11	11	19
Hevot Bakery	0	0	0	0	0	0	9	9	14
Heywood-Wakefield Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	11	11	19
The Higbee Company	2	6	10	16	16	21	23	23	22
Hildebrandt Provision Company	0	0	0	0	12	14	20	20	20
F. H. Hill Company	0	1	1	3	7	10	12	12	12
H G Hill Grocery Company	0	0	0	4	17	19	23	24	24
Hochschild, Kohn & Company	0	5	10	15	20	26	27	27	27
H H Hole	0	0	0	0	0	14	17	17	17
Holland Bakery	0	0	0	0	4	38	58	73	76
*Hollywood Land & Water Co. of Fla	0	0	0	0	0	0	24	90	71
Hongkong Hotel Company, Ltd	0	0	0	0	0	10	11	11	11
Honolulu Const. & Dray Co., Ltd	0	0	0	0	3	7	14	15	13
H P Hood & Sons, Inc	0	0	0	0	0	9	19	19	36
Hope Natural Gas Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	27	51
Joseph Horne Company	5	24	42	41	42	49	50	53	53
Hot Blast Coal Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	13
House of the Good Shepherd	0	2	4	6	9	10	10	10	10
Houston Lighting & Power Co	0	0	0	0	0	6	11	12	14
Houston Petroleum Company	0	0	0	0	0	16	27	38	38
The Hub (Baltimore)	0	1	2	4	8	9	11	11	15
J L Hudson Company	0	0	17	31	49	58	58	58	56
Hudson's Bay Company	0	9	9	17	25	32	26	26	26
Hughes-Curry Packing Company	0	0	0	0	0	3	11	11	11
H H Hughes Truck Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	12	31	10
Hombard Construction Co	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	10
Humble Oil & Refining Co	0	0	0	0	52	89	58	63	58
Hutzler Brothers Company	0	0	0	0	2	7	10	10	10

I

Ice Delivery Corp. (Norfolk, Va.)	0	0	0	0	5	10	11	10
State of Idaho	0	0	0	0	0	56	61	54
State of Illinois	0	0	0	0	0	6	23	25
Illinois Power & Light Corp.	0	0	0	0	24	25	23	36
Imperial Ice Cream Company	0	1	12	58	88	93	121	109
*Imperial Oil, Ltd.	0	0	2	4	5	7	7	10
Independent Cartage & Storage Co.	0	0	5	13	25	28	30	34
Ind. School Districts of Minn.	0	4	8	16	23	18	21	21
Independent Torpedo Company	0	0	0	0	24	28	31	38
Independent Towel Supply Co.	0	0	0	0	2	7	8	11
Index Stages Inc	0	0	0	4	12	12	12	12
Indian Automobile Co., Ltd	0	0	0	0	16	28	43	41
State of Indiana	0	0	0	0	3	10	12	12
International Petroleum Co	0	0	0	0	6	27	48	50
International Petroleum Co. Ltd	0	0	0	0	0	12	18	19
Interstate Public Service Co	0	0	0	7	23	37	27	26
Interstate Wholesale Grocers Inc	0	0	0	0	0	10	11	17
Interurban Transportation Co	0	0	0	0	0	32	32	32
Iowa State Highway Commission	0	0	0	0	0	13	15	15
Iron Range Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	10
Iroquois Gas Company	0	0	0	0	1	1	8	10
Iten Biscuit Company								

J

Jackson County (Mo.)	0	0	0	5	13	14	14	14
A. Jackson & Sons	0	0	0	0	2	8	10	13
Jackson Brewing Company	0	0	0	9	15	9	10	10
Jacobs Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	15
Oswald Jaeger Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	8	10	13
Jahncke Service Inc	0	0	0	9	14	18	18	16
E Roy James	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Jefferson County Boards Ala	0	0	2	3	6	42	51	54
Jessup & Antrim Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	5	9	11	11	12
Johnson Bus Lines Inc	0	0	0	0	0	5	10	12
Johnston Motor Bus Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
Jones Store Company	0	5	14	19	21	25	23	23
Julian Petroleum Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	22	22	21
Jump Housewrecking Company	0	0	0	0	10	14	14	13

K

Kane Furniture Company	0	0	1	3	4	10	10	12
S. Kann Sons Company	0	0	0	3	14	15	20	20
Kansas City Coca Cola Bottling Co.	0	1	1	2	1	1	1	18
Kansas City Power & Light Co	0	0	0	1	11	11	41	16
Kansas Gas & Electric Company	0	0	0	2	15	26	26	23
Kaufmann & Baer Company	0	1	51	60	47	47	58	55

K

Keiser Transportation Co. Inc	0	0	0	1	5	11	14	17
Kennicott-Patterson Transfer Co	0	0	0	10	10	11	11	12
C D Kenny Company	0	0	0	12	56	55	67	66	73
J Kenny Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	3	19	15	18	21
State of Kentucky	0	0	0	0	0	0	39	39	39
Kern County (Calif.)	0	1	4	12	29	28	32	34
King County (Washington)	0	0	0	0	0	14	24	21
Kingan & Company	0	0	0	4	13	42	53	57	55
B B. & R. Knight, Inc	0	0	0	1	8	12	11	12	11
Knutsen Motor Trucking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	7	10	14
Charles Kupplinger	0	0	0	0	0	4	6	10	12

L

L. & L. Trucking Company	0	0	0	0	3	3	4	9	11
Lackawanna Laundry Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	17	33
Laclede Gas Light Company	0	0	0	2	2	6	11	13	16
Lake County (Indiana	0	0	0	0	8	8	11	11	11
Lake Shore Moving & Storage Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	9	11
J N Landers	0	0	0	0	1	2	9	13	18
Lansburg & Brother	0	0	0	3	6	15	15	18	19
La Salle & Koch Company	0	0	0	4	10	10	12	13	13
Jacob Laub Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	12	33	27	44
Laundry Trucking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	21
Lautaro Nitrate Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	12
C Lewis Levine	0	0	0	0	0	6	19	24	30
City of Lawrence (Mass.)	0	0	0	1	3	4	6	9	10
A. Leath & Company	0	0	0	0	1	13	11	10	11
Leyse Land Transportation Co.	0	0	6	14	14	30	30	30	30
Liberty Baking Company	0	0	0	0	15	24	28	31	32
Lightning Delivery Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	10	14
Lincoln Fireproof Storage Co	0	0	0	0	1	6	11	11	11
Lind Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	11
Liquid Carbonic Company	0	1	1	1	3	6	10	10	18
Lit Brothers, Inc.	0	0	17	28	50	56	58	58
Livingston Bakery	0	0	0	0	0	10	13	13	13
Frederick Loeser & Company	0	0	0	0	3	14	35	39	39
Loft, Inc.	0	0	0	0	7	11	17	15	15
Log Cabin Bakers	0	0	0	0	0	2	13	13	14
Long Beach Bakers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
Long-Bell Lumber Company	0	0	0	0	1	13	28	31	35
Long a Transfer Company	0	0	1	2	2	13	13	10	13
J P Loomis Coal & Supply Co.	0	0	0	0	5	17	19	22	19
Loose Wiles Biscuit Company	0	0	0	2	21	69	84	86	128
City of Los Angeles	0	0	0	1	3	19	22	23	28
Los Angeles County	0	0	0	0	5	11	21	27	36
Los Angeles Brewing Company	0	0	7	15	18	24	24	24	24
Los Angeles Creamery Company	0	0	0	0	10	22	27	27	41
Los Angeles Gas & Electric Corp	0	0	3	5	3	49	87	91	99
Los Angeles Ice & Cold Storage Co	0	0	0	5	11	23	30	30	30
Los Angeles Railway Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	8	17	17	22
Louisville Railway Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	16	17	17
City of Lowell (Massachusetts)	0	0	0	0	1	6	14	13	13
Alexander Lurie	0	0	0	0	0	6	56	76	96
Lutter Brick Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	15	17

M

*R H Macy & Company	0	0	15	15	23	21	11	10
Magnolia Petroleum Company	0	4	4	8	30	97	129	152
Mahoney Lumber Company	0	0	0	0	1	4	10	10
Mandel Brothers	0	15	17	17	28	45	48	48
Manhattan Oil Company	0	0	0	0	4	13	13	10
City of Manila, P. I.	0	3	7	14	16	15	15	15
Marin Transportation Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	11	15
Maritima Cons. y Trans. Cia.	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	18
*Marland Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	3	4	20
Marland Refining Company	0	0	0	0	11	40	63	78
Maryland State Roads Com.	0	0	1	7	7	18	58	58
State of Massachusetts	0	4	11	11	14	60	18	32
Massachusetts Lighting Company	0	0	0	0	3	6	9	12	11
May Coal and Grain Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	6	10
May Stern & Company	0	1	5	9	10	12	12	14
The May Company (Cleveland)	0	4	26	40	48	57	59	60
The May Company (Los Angeles)	0	0	0	11	22	30	30	31
McCormick Hannan Lumber Co	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
McCreery & Company	6	8	15	19	17	21	19	18
McCutcheon-Chappell Company	0	0	0	2	7	8	14	22
Peter J. McGovern Truck Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	15
McGowan Brothers Company	0	0	1	5	12	14	12	12
A. B. McKee	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	23
G M. McKelvey Company	0	1	15	17	20	22	34	31
McMahon Transportation Co.	0	1	6	9	17	20	23	35
H C. McMaken	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
McQuesten & Lewis	0	0	0	0	5	11	11	10
Wm J Meehan & Brother	0	0	0	0	0	8	13	11	21
Memphis Power & Light Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	13
*Mercantile Stores Company	0	4	5	13	31	43	49	52
Merchants Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	4	26	20	22	20
Merkel Brothers Inc	0	0	0	0	0	5	9	16	17
Mesaba Transportation Company	0	0	0	15	23	24	19	20	16
Metropolitan Coal Company	0	0	0	0	10	18	20	20	22
*Metropolitan Edison Company	0	0	0	0	1	3	8	10	17
Metropolitan News Company	0	0	0	0	0	8	11	15	14
Metropolitan Tobacco Company	0	0	0	1	1	9	10	12	12
Mexican Gulf Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	26	26	26
*Mexican Pet. Co., Ltd., of Del.	0	0	0	0	4	6	24	29	29
Mexico D F —Ayuntamiento	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	13	12
Louis Meyer Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	22	28	31
Miami Herald	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	17
A Michalske G Worthington Co	0	2	4	15	17	19	20	20	24
Mid Continent Petroleum Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	6	15
Mid-West Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	21	14
*Middle West Utilities Corporation	0	0	0	0	2	10	22	26	27
Middlesex & Boston Street R. R.	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	22	52
Midland Utilities Company	0	0	0	0	1	7	11	11	16
Milk Dealers Bottle Exchange	0	0	0	0	1	2	11	14	12
J E Miller	0	0	0	0	4	11	23	24	23
L. Miller Trucking Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	20	20	23
Miller-Becker Company	0	0	0	0	0	10	13	12	27
P Million	0	0	0	2	4	7	12	10	16
Milwaukee Electric Ry. & L. Co	0	0	0	0	2	51	69	54	54
State of Minnesota	0	0	0	0	0	0	45	41	48
Minnesota Power & Light Co	0	0	0	0	0	1	12	13	18
Missouri-Illinois Stores Co	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	12	11
Missouri Portland Cement Co	0	0	0	0	2	4	10	12	14
Model Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	17
Mohawk Hudson Power Corp	0	0	0	0	4	7	8	11	15
J H Montague & Company	0	0	0	0	3	7	9	10	10
State of Montana	0	0	0	0	4	16	26	8	26
Montgomery County Boards, Ala	0	0	0	0	6	12	16	12	14
City of Montreal	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	8	13
Montreal Tramways Company	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	12	12
Moores & Ross Milk Company	0	0	0	0	0	4	7	10	17
Henry Morgan & Company Ltd	0	0	0	1	6	11	14	16	18
K. F. & A. K. Morgan	0	0	0	6	13	37	38	39	39
Morgan Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	10
Morgan Hill Paving Company	0	0	0	0	0	3	8	11	11
Morgan's Incorporated	0	0	0	0	1	5	8	8	14
Motor Transit Company	0	4	14	55	81	128	117	91
The Moxie Company	0	5	5	9	10	10	10	10
Murphy Transfer Company, Inc	0	0	0	2	9	25	30	30
Mutual Creamery Company	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	15	22

N

H E Naatz Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	20	26
Nafziger Baking Company	0	0	0	1	1	1	26	30
A. L. Namm & Son	0	1	4	30	53	68	68	68

N

City of Nashville	1	4	4	9	15	16	17	14
National Biscuit Company	0	0	0	0	15	143	187	187
National Bd. of Fire Underwriters	0	1	5	10	14	16	16	16
National Breweries, Ltd	0	0	0	0	1	11	11	15
National Candy Company, Inc	0	0	0	0	1	4	10	14
National Casket Company	0	10	19	26	29	29	33	30
*National Dairy Products Corp.	0	0	2	3	2	6	19	41
National Family Laundry Serv. Co.	0	0	0	0	4	4	8	14
National Ice & Cold Storage Co.	0	5	5	9	16	19	27	38
National Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	0	4	10	11	14
National Lamp Works (G. E.)	0	0	0	1	8	10	18	10
National Lead Company	0	0	1	2	7	11	16	21
National Oil Company	0	0	0	0	23	18	31	30
National Public Service Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	1	7	11	15
National Refining Company	0	1	1	25	80	84	73	73
Bert Navone	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	10
Neal Fire Proof Storage Company	0	0	0	0	0	3	12	14	14
N O Nelson Mfg. Company	0	1	1	1	5	11	13	14
Edward Neuner (Stewart Sand Co.)	0	0	0	0	1	3	4	4	12
State of Nevada	0	0	0	0	1	9	19	17	26
Nevada-California Elec. Corp	0	0	0	0	5	11	13	20	27
New England Bakery	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	10	11
New England Furn. & Carpet Co	0	0	0	1	6	5	9	10	10
New England Public Service Co	0	0	0	1	3	10	11	21	35
New England Transportation Co	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	33
New Jersey Power & Light Co	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	5	10
State of New Mexico	0	0	0	0	1	1	5	6	10
City of New Orleans	0	0	0	0	7	64	67	74	89
New Orleans Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	0	2	5	5	7	13
New Orleans Public Service, Inc	0	0	0	0	8	34	53	56	69
City of New York	0	11	13	13	375	711	856	946
State of New York	0	0	3	36	36	11	42	42
New York American & Journal	0	0	0	0	0	36	41	43	55
New York Bd. of Fire Underwriters	0	6	20	20	21	21	21	21
*New York Central Railroad Co.	0	1	5	8	17	20	22	35
New York Lines Sup. & Ldry Co.	0	0	0	0	4	6	28	30	22
New York State Railways	0	1	8	9	12	23	45	57
City of Newark (N. J.)	1	3	3	11	13	13	13	13	15
W. J. Newman Company	0	0	0	0	3	6	15	14	13
City of Niagara Falls (N. Y.)	0	0	0	0	1	10	13	11
Niagara, Lockport & Ont. Pr. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	12
Noonan Bldg. Material Co., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	19	22
Norsk Trafik A/S	0	0	0	0	2	10	10	10	12
*North American Company	0	0	0	0	0	3	16	17	17
State of North Carolina	0	0	0	0	0	0	77	135	110
North Coast Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	10	13	21	14
North Shore Food Products Co.	0	0	0	0	1	5	10	12	18
Northern Ohio Trac. & Light Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Northern States Power Company	0	0	0	4	10	24	64	107	120
Northern Valley Bus Line Inc.	0	0	0	0	2	12	23	24	22
Northland Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	2	3	6	13
Northwestern Motor Bus Co.	0	0	0	0	1	7	12	43	38
Province of Nova Scotia	0	0	0	0	0	6	14	19	19
R C Novo	0	0	0	0	0	11	26	26	26
S Novosk (Det.-Tol. T Coach Co.) (Canton Public Service Co.)	0	0	0	0	1	10	13	11
Nu-Grape Bottling Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	16
	0	0	0	0	6	23	28	31

O

State of Ohio	0	2	3	4	4	57	79	89
Ohio Oil Company	0	0	0	0	22	32	31	42	40
Ohio Public Service Company	0	0	0	0	0	14	20	21	22
State of Oklahoma	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	13	13
Oklahoma Gas & Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	2	14	13	18	16
Oklahoma Pipe Line Company	0	0	0

WHITE ENTERS LOW-PRICE LIGHT DELIVERY FIELD

Reduced Prices Placing WHITE Transportation within the Reach of Everyone

Model 15 ¾-1 TON CHASSIS		Model 20 1½ TON CHASSIS
$2150 ←	OLD PRICES	→ $2950
$1545 ←	NET NEW PRICES F O B FACTORY	→ $2125
$605 ←	SAVING	→ $825

Same Standard Specifications and White Quality

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THERE IS A WHITE TRUCK OR BUS FOR EVERY PURPOSE

White Light Delivery

Model 15—¾-1 Ton Chassis ..$1545
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White Express

Model 56—2 Ton Chassis $3125
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Busses

Model 53—4 cyl 16 Pass $4250
Model 50-B—4 cyl. 25 Pass 5350
Model 54—6 cyl 29 Pass. 7500

P

	1910	'13	'16	'19	'22	'24	Dec. 31 '25	Dec. 31 1926
Prairie Pipe Line Company	0	0	0	3	65	71	67	73
Producers & Refiners Corp.	0	0	0	2	5	11	12	11
City of Providence	0	0	0	6	10	10	10	11
Providence Journal Company	0	0	0	0	8	10	11	12
Public Service Co. of Colorado	0	0	0	3	11	23	26	23
Public Service Electric & Gas Co.	0	0	7	15	68	86	90	133
Public Service Production Co	0	0	0	0	7	15	26	11
Public Service Railway Company	0	0	3	5	8	16	23	23
Public Service Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	81	108	244
Public Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	12
Puget Sound Electric Railway	0	0	0	0	1	2	13	10
*Puget Sound Power & Light Co.	0	1	4	9	16	27	27	27
*Pure Oil Company	0	0	3	10	25	28	30	31
*Purity Bakeries Corporation	0	0	0	0	2	9	12	33
*Purity Baking Company	0	1	1	3	16	25	34	41
Purtell Brothers	0	0	0	0	1	14	14	15
Puyallup-Tacoma Transit Co.	0	0	3	3	5	23	23	28

Q

Quality Laundry	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	10
Queens Bus Line Company	0	0	0	0	0	25	58	53

R

Rainier National Park Company	0	0	1	1	16	29	29	33
Red Rock Company	1	5	5	7	13	12	13	12
J W Reed	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	11
Reed Oil Corporation	0	0	0	0	10	10	9	10
Albert L Rehl	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
Remington Rand Inc	0	0	2	2	3	15	15	16
A G Rhodes & Sons	0	0	0	0	1	11	10	13
Frank G Richards	0	0	0	0	23	23	22	23
Richfield Oil Company	0	0	0	0	3	41	91	109
Ridgewood Pie Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10
Rieck-McJunkin Dairy Company	0	0	2	26	58	76	88	93
City of Rio de Janeiro	0	0	0	0	3	10	10	10
Rio de Janeiro Tram'y L & P Co	0	0	0	0	2	2	9	10
Rio Grande Oil Company	0	0	0	0	10	20	43	37
Risi Arsanl y Stucla	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	10
Ritchie Grocer Company	0	0	0	0	1	5	13	21
Roberts Sanitary Dairy	0	0	0	1	4	8	12	13
Robinson Clay Prod Co of N Y	0	0	0	0	2	5	9	10
Rochester Gas & Electric Co	0	0	0	0	35	60	85	83
Rochester Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	0	0	4	10	12
Rochester Telephone Corporation	0	0	1	2	6	7	10	11
Rocky Mountain Parks Trans Co	0	2	21	56	103	95	95	97
William S Roe Inc	0	1	2	4	5	5	6	11
Rollman & Sons Company	0	0	0	0	0	4	7	10
Rome Coca Cola Bottling Co	0	0	1	10	13	11	11	15
Rome Company Incorporated	0	0	0	1	1	5	9	10
The Rosenbaum Company	1	11	34	37	37	48	50	47
B Rosenberg Company	0	0	0	1	8	13	21	23
Royal Express Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10
*Rosana Petroleum Corporation	0	0	0	0	49	209	352	446
Rubel Coal & Ice Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	69
Rural Transit Company Inc	0	0	0	5	13	16	17	20
Fred Rusch	0	0	0	0	15	25	27	33
George Rushton Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	10	11	11	12
J P Ryan	0	0	0	0	0	12	13	12

S

Saginaw Transit Company	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10
City of St Louis	0	0	7	14	17	18	20	21
St Louis Bus Company	0	0	0	0	0	13	34	34
City of St Paul	0	1	4	4	10	17	19	20
Saks & Company	0	0	10	10	22	40	45	52
Salt Lake Transportation Co.	0	0	0	15	23	25	26	21
San Antonio Public Service Co.	0	0	0	0	0	5	10	10
San Bernardino County Calif	0	0	3	4	7	8	12	10
San Diego Cons. Gas & Elec. Corp.	0	0	0	3	13	20	24	24
City & County of San Francisco	0	1	3	4	29	42	52	56
San Francisco Municipal Railway	0	0	0	0	10	12	12	13
San Joaquin Baking Company	0	2	5	7	15	17	20	19
San Joaquin Light & Power Corp	0	0	0	10	23	22	32	32
A Sander Parking Company	0	1	3	5	6	9	10	10
Sanitary Grocery Company	0	0	0	0	4	10	12	15
Santa Ana Commercial Company	0	0	1	4	11	15	14	14
Santa Barbara County (Calif)	0	0	2	5	7	9	10	11
Santo Domingo-Obras Publicas	0	0	0	1	15	31	35	35
Santa Rosa Petroluma & S. A. S. Co.	0	0	0	0	7	13	15	11
John E. Schaible	0	0	0	1	6	13	20	18
Schmidt Baking Company, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	2	7	12
Schmidt & Zeigler, Ltd.	0	0	0	0	5	10	10	10
Schory-Schellhase Coal & Ice Co.	1	3	6	10	13	12	12	14
Henry Schultz	0	0	0	0	0	11	11	33
Schulze Baking Company	1	15	23	35	59	56	63	62
S & E Motor Hire	0	0	0	0	0	17	26	28
George Scofield Company	0	4	5	10	14	15	17	17
Scott Brothers, Incorporated	0	0	0	0	0	18	17	17
E H Scott Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	10	12	14
Scruggs Vandervt Barnes D G Co.	0	4	4	5	7	8	11	11
Glen G. Seating	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
Sears Roebuck & Company	0	1	1	5	8	8	9	10
City of Seattle	0	1	1	1	13	17	32	30
Seattle Garbage & Hauling Co	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	23
H O Seiffert Company	0	1	3	4	8	8	13	13
Seminole Lumber & Export Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10
Seminole Lumber & Trading Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	15
Seven Baker Brothers	0	0	0	1	38	41	40	42
Shaffer-Black Company	0	0	0	2	11	19	18	21
Shaffer Oil & Refining Company	0	0	0	43	46	43	50	55
Sharpless-Hendler Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	4	11	20	28	28
Dennis Sheen Transfer Company	0	0	0	7	11	22	24	27
Shelby County Tenn	0	0	0	6	8	8	9	10
Shell Oil Company of California	0	0	0	10	76	176	185	202
Shell Company of Canada Ltd	0	0	0	0	3	4	11	15
Shepard Stores	0	0	2	7	11	11	13	13
Sherman Clay & Company	0	0	1	5	10	14	16	16
Sherwin Williams Company	1	4	4	7	15	19	22	22
The John Shillito Company	0	0	0	7	14	19	15	15
Shiley Lindsay & Carr Company	0	0	0	0	0	8	8	10
Shloff Packing Company	0	0	0	0	10	15	15	16
Franklin Simon & Company	0	3	14	18	23	27	27	34
*Sinclair Consolidated Oil Corp	0	0	1	1	15	23	21	22
Sinclair Refining Company	0	0	0	1	3	4	6	14
Sioux Falls Traction System	0	0	0	0	0	8	12	13
Skellet Company	0	1	1	1	1	2	11	14
Skelley Oil Company	0	0	0	0	25	16	21	14

S

	1910	'13	'16	'19	'22	'24	Dec. 31 '25	Dec. 31 1926
W. & J. Sloane	13	15	21	28	31	37	36	34
Smith Arkansas Traveler Company	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	11
Smith, Richardson & Conroy	0	0	0	1	2	3	8	10
Sonoma County (California)	0	0	0	1	13	13	14	14
Andrew J. Sordoni	0	0	0	0	2	6	8	11
State of South Dakota	0	1	1	1	1	18	18	18
South Penn Oil Company	0	0	1	1	3	7	8	15
Southeastern Express Company	0	0	0	0	114	169	176	202
*Southeastern Power & Light Co.	0	0	1	5	8	12	13	13
Southern Baking Company	0	0	0	0	3	9	10	22
Southern California Edison Co.	0	1	1	4	7	9	11	12
Southern Coach Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	10
Southern Dairies, Inc.	0	0	0	28	62	62	54	35
Southern Grocery Stores, Inc.	0	0	0	13	17	15	21	17
Southern Mill & Bungalow Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	14
*Southern Pacific Company	0	0	0	3	9	11	13	19
Southern Utilities Company	0	0	1	1	9	13	20	19
Southworth Company	1	7	9	9	14	15	15	15
J Spang Baking Company	0	0	0	0	2	3	29	31
R. Z Spaulding Company, Inc.	0	0	0	0	6	6	13	45
Spokane Company	0	0	0	1	6	9	9	10
Spear & Company	0	9	15	27	35	23	22	25
Sperry Flour Company Inc	0	0	0	7	14	17	16	21
Spokane, Portland & Seattle R. R.	0	0	0	0	0	0	30	30
City of Springfield Mass	0	0	1	3	10	11	13	11
William Stacy Storage Company	0	0	0	0	2	4	10	10
Stadler Products Company	0	1	4	11	13	13	12	12
Otto Stahl, Inc.	0	0	0	13	20	32	30	34
Stancourt Laundry	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	14
*Standard Bakeries Corporation	0	0	1	5	11	14	15	17
Standard Brewing Company	0	1	5	7	12	12	12	12
*Standard Gas & Electric Co.	0	1	2	7	8	9	19	21
Standard Grocery Company	0	0	0	0	2	6	10	14
Standard Oil Company of Brazil	0	0	0	0	9	13	13	25
Standard Oil Co of California	1	6	67	138	251	256	276	285
*Standard Oil Co of Indiana	1	9	165	213	182	234	242	259
Standard Oil Co of Kentucky	0	4	35	349	420	463	495	525
Standard Oil Co of Louisiana	0	1	2	91	157	207	136	139
Standard Oil Co of Nebraska	0	0	17	18	24	28	29	19
*Standard Oil Co of New Jersey	0	1	8	65	82	193	255	261
*Standard Oil Co of New York	2	35	280	520	727	842	1032	1165
Standard Oil Company of Ohio	0	1	28	78	150	162	162	144
Standard Pipe Line Company	0	0	0	0	0	18	19	18
Standard Sanitary Mfg Co	0	3	4	15	33	46	58	66
Stark-Tuscarawas Brewing Co.	0	1	7	12	13	13	15	13
State Construction Company	0	0	0	0	6	14	14	14
C. P. Steinheiser Company	0	0	0	1	3	10	10	10
Sterchi Brothers	0	0	0	5	7	20	24	26
Sterling & Welch Company	2	7	11	16	19	20	21	23
Stern Brothers	0	18	21	25	42	48	36	36
John Sternecker	0	0	0	0	30	72	72	72
Steubenville Coal & Mining Co.	0	2	2	5	5	11	13	14
F H. Stewart	0	0	0	0	0	3	36	79
Stewart & Company	1	4	8	12	17	22	22	22
Stoll Oil Refining Company	0	0	0	2	10	15	22	30
*Stone & Webster Interests	0	1	4	13	18	26	31	33
Strawbridge & Clothier	0	2	9	15	33	34	55	57
Stroehmann Baking Company	0	3	10	14	25	25	30	32
Stryker Transp & Const Co	0	0	0	0	2	12	12	13
Summerfield Company	0	0	5	5	10	14	15	14
The Sun Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	66	87	110
Sunset Scavenger Company	0	0	0	0	3	7	8	10
Superior Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	6	19	26	34
Syracuse Lighting Company	0	0	0	0	2	8	24	36

T

Tacoma Bottling Works	0	0	0	15	19	17	20	22
Taggart Bakery	0	0	0	5	7	7	7	12
Tampa Coca Cola Bottling Co	0	0	0	4	7	7	8	13
Taylor Bros & Paquet Company	0	0	0	0	11	15	14	14
Wm Taylor Son & Company	0	0	2	24	36	36	33	32
Teche Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	15	24	33	38
*Telling Belle Vernon Company	0	4	11	42	75	97	94	103
State of Tennessee	0	0	0	0	0	1	11	12
Tennessee Electric Power Co.	0	0	0	0	0	9	12	14
State of Texas	0	0	0	0	0	65	84	84
*The Texas Corporation	0	0	11	64	172	188	156	180
Texas Power & Light Company	0	0	0	0	1	13	17	20
Textile Machine Works	0	0	0	2	5	10	10	15
Theurer Norton Provision Co.	0	0	1	8	14	14	18	17
Tidewater Lines, Inc.	0	0	0	0	1	4	6	11
Thomas Bennett & Hunter	0	0	7	18	19	19	21	23
*Tide Water Oil Company	0	0	0	6	10	11	11	12
Tide Water Sales Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	11	65	65
City of Tokyo (Japan)	0	0	0	0	12	19	19	19
Tokio Shigai Tidosha Company	0	0	0	0	3	65	65	65
Toledo Edison Company	0	0	0	3	4	8	13	13
City of Toronto, Ont (Canada)	0	1	3	4	4	11	12	12
Transcontinental Oil Company	0	0	0	0	33	41	37	17
Translas de Mexico Cia	0	0	0	0	0	10	12	10
Tribune Publishing Co. (Oakland)	0	0	0	0	10	10	10	11
O J Trudeau	0	0	0	1	3	8	10	15
E Arthur Tuteln Inc	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	15
Twin City Motor Bus Company	0	0	0	19	37	38	41	41

U

Ulen & Company	0	0	0	0	1	5	8	12
Unrivelled Motor Bus Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
Union Auto Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	7	12	19	22
Union El. Light & Power Co. (Mo.)	0	0	0	0	5	11	11	12
Union Ice Company	0	0	0	1	9	26	41	38
Union Gas & Electric Company	0	0	0	17	32	40	42	48
Union Oil Company of California	0	1	43	251	421	759	780	823
Union Pacific Railroad Company	0	0	0	0	1	2	11	13
Union Traction Co. of Indiana	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Union Transfer Co. (Philadelphia)	0	0	1	12	12	13	18	18
Union Wholesale Lumber Co	0	0	0	11	12	12	12	13
United Auto Service, Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	60	60
United Drug Company	0	0	0	5	20	10	11	16
United Electric Light Company	0	0	0	0	5	12	13	11
United Electric Railways Company	0	0	0	0	11	34	34	34
*United Gas Imp. Co. Interests	0	2	22	42	69	62	66	67
United Natural Gas Company	0	0	0	0	13	12	13	13
*United Railways Co of St Louis	0	0	0	0	2	12	14	17
United Railways & Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	19	35	55	55
United Service Motors	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10

U

	1910	'13	'16	'19	'22	'24	Dec. 31 '25	Dec. 31 1926
United Shoe Machinery Corp.	0	0	0	10	12	14	17	22
United States Bakery	0	0	2	20	22	25	27	29
United States Post Office Dept.	0	21	132	463	665	659	664	664
United States Rubber Company	0	1	5	16	25	17	27	25
*United States Steel Corp. Int.	0	1	5	17	30	27	38	41
*United States Stores Corporation	0	2	2	2	11	12	12	22
United Transportation Co	0	0	0	0	0	7	10	12
Updike Interests	0	0	0	13	12	13	13	17
State of Utah	0	0	0	0	6	6	11	18
Utica Gas & Electric Company	0	0	0	0	5	28	28	47

V

Vacuum Oil Company	0	0	0	3	5	27	47	69
Vahey Oil Company	0	0	0	1	5	9	10	12
A. Valdez y Cia.	0	0	0	2	2	13	13	13
Van Tassel Bus Company	0	0	0	3	3	5	6	10
State of Virginia	0	0	1	4	4	74	61	72
Virginia Electric & Power Co.	0	0	0	1	3	33	40	109
Viscose Company	0	0	0	5	6	11	11	13
Vogel and Hadley	0	0	0	0	6	8	8	11
Vogt Brothers, Inc.	0	0	0	1	4	9	11	11
F. G. Vogt & Sons, Inc.	0	1	5	14	15	11	12	12

W

Walgreen Drug Company	0	0	0	0	2	5	12	16
Walker Bread Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	8	12
John Wanamaker	0	0	27	63	86	99	98	102
Ward Baking Corporation	0	0	53	78	84	24	38	50
Warner Sugar Refining Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	12	17
F B Washburn & Company	0	0	0	0	1	7	8	10
Washington Bakery	0	0	0	0	0	40	43	43
Washington Ry & Electric Co	0	0	0	2	3	18	27	32
City of Watertown (N Y)	0	0	0	0	1	2	11	7
Wayne County (Michigan)	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10
Weber Baking Company	0	0	0	1	5	7	8	10
Weicker Transfer & Storage Co.	0	0	0	0	2	5	11	14
Weil McLain Company	0	0	0	1	6	7	7	10
Raphael Weill & Company	0	0	0	10	20	20	20	20
Percy Wenham	0	0	0	0	1	3	14	33
West Jefferson Trucking Co	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13
West Kentucky Coal Company	0	0	0	1	3	5	10	12
West Penn Electric Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	41	51
West India Oil Company	0	0	2	7	7	14	27	34
West Texas Utilities Company	0	0	0	0	1	2	5	6
State of West Virginia	0	0	0	0	0	22	22	22
West Canada Flour Mills Co., Ltd.	1	2	2	7	8	9	9	11
Western Contractors, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	14
Western Electric Company	0	0	4	0	24	39	39	40
Western Maryland Dairy Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	13
Western Meat Company	0	0	0	2	27	26	27	27
Western Motor Transfer Co.	0	0	0	2	8	16	17	24
Western Union Telegraph Co.	0	0	0	0	1	10	11	9
Westinghouse Elec & Mfg Co	0	0	0	1	4	11	15	20
Wheeling Steel Corporation	0	0	0	0	9	18	23	20
Whittle Bottling Companies	0	0	0	0	1	8	9	9
J. G. White Eng. Corp.-S. en C.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	18
R H. White Company	0	0	0	4	13	11	13	10
White Eagle Oil & Refining Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	4	9
White Line Tours Inc	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	13
White Rose Bakery	0	0	0	0	7	44	85	94
White Transfer & Storage Co.	0	0	0	0	0	6	13	13
White Transit Company, Inc.	0	0	2	10	36	45	52	50
White Transit Company Ltd	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	13
Whiting-Mead Commercial Co.	0	0	0	0	1	10	16	24
W A. Wieboldt Company	0	0	0	0	0	12	25	35
E H. Wiener Company	0	0	0	0	6	8	9	9
Wilbur Lumber Company	0	0	0	0	2	2	6	6
Willard Chocolates Limited	0	0	0	0	2	14	14	14
Williams Bakery, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	6
Wilshire Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	8	16	16
Ira Wilson & Sons Company	0	0	0	0	0	6	9	10
Wilson & Company	0	0	0	1	22	33	30	29
Winchester Laundry Corporation	0	1	1	4	16	29	30	30
Wm Winkler Steele Wedeles	0	0	0	10	13	20	20	20
Winona Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	6	14	14
State of Wisconsin	0	0	0	0	14	14	27	12
Wisconsin Power & Light Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10
Wise Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	14	21	25
Woco Pep Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	8
*Wofford Oil Company	0	0	0	0	4	16	30	38
Wood River & Alton Bus Lines	0	0	0	0	0	4	10	13
G B Woods Cartage, Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	4	9	21
Woodward & Lothrop	0	0	3	7	13	17	22	23
Woolner Brewing Company	0	0	0	0	0	8	11	12
City of Worcester (Massachusetts)	0	3	5	0	6	13	18	22
Robert F. Wordon & Sons	0	0	0	0	2	7	14	16
Jenny Wren Stores	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7
Wright Cake Company	0	0	0	0	1	9	17	29
State of Wyoming	0	0	0	0	0	0	30	30

Y

G H Yeager Company	0	0	0	2	5	10	12	10
Yellowstone Park Transp Co	0	0	106	135	166	304	328	322
City of Yonkers New York	0	1	1	1	4	9	9	14
Yosemite Park & Curry Company	0	1	25	25	37	52	51	51
York Sanitary Milk Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	14
Youngstown Municipal Ry Co.	0	0	0	0	2	26	46	69
Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co.	0	0	0	1	6	12	10	12
Ypsilanti Reed Furniture Co.	0	1	2	4	9	11	11	18

Z

Zamboanga Transportation Co	0	0	0	6	7	19	18	18
Zellerbach Paper Company	0	1	1	2	10	13	15	17
Zettlemeyer Coal Company	0	2	4	10	19	22	27	30
Zinsmaster Bread Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	13
Zions Co-operative Merc. Inst'n.	0	0	0	3	9	11	14	14
TOTALS	44	933	4 338	11,888	21 208	30,490	35 340	29,657

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W

A. E. F.

Continued from Page 29

time ambassadors and Allied missions in Washington pressed their suit with the President, the cabinet, Congress, the newspapers and the public, discreetly but tenaciously. Misguided Americans at home and in Europe were used as cat's-paws and approaches.

The commanding general was able to do it because of the knowledge that he had back of him such absolute and unanimous support of his Government and people as no American commander ever had been given before. Having entered the war, the United States did so unreservedly As Stonewall Jackson would have expressed it, "When we drew the sword we threw the scabbard away." There is no other instance in history of all the military, naval and civil resources of a powerful but unprepared nation being so promptly and completely mobilized and thrown into a conflict.

But neither our Government, the soldiers nor our people would have consented to our men serving as Allied replacements. Any general officer publicly advocating anything of this nature would have been promptly relegated whence he came. One day in April, 1918, I was returning to Neufchâteau from Chaumont, when I met an American major general on the road. He signaled to me to stop, and coming to my car, began speaking of the great advantages which would result were we to put our men under the highly trained command of the French. The French had made a convert.

Post-Graduate Courses in War

Neither my aide nor I took any part in the conversation until he had finished. Then I asked him where he was going. He answered that he was bound for Chaumont to press his views with the commanding general. I advised him to turn back to his own headquarters and sleep on his proposal for several nights, then to forget it permanently. He went on, presumably to his destination, but I am certain that he made no mention there of his new-found enthusiasms. Had he done so, and with a tithe of the earnestness with which I was regaled, there would have been a vacancy among our major generals—and justly so.

It is my conviction that Newton D. Baker was one of the greatest of American War Secretaries. If he had done nothing else than insist that American troops be put exclusively in the hands of trained soldiers, he would be entitled to the national gratitude. Mr. Baker, in turn, could not have held to this policy had it not been for the preparation of the War College and the Leavenworth schools. In the Civil War any politician with several hundred men was allowed to muster them into the army and to take them into action. There were not enough trained soldiers to go around, and under our military schooling of the time a civilian accustomed to large affairs and the handling of men not infrequently made a better field or general officer than professional soldiers who lacked experience or ability as executives, either civil or military. The Leavenworth schools and the War College had changed that by offering post-graduate courses in which our more studious and ambitious officers could anticipate the problems of high command and staff in a major war, and very possibly prevented a repetition of our Civil War blundering, with the important exception that this time we were going up against not fellow amateurs but the real thing. Almost without exception, our division, corps and army commanders and high staff officers were graduates of these courses.

On his visit to the United States soon after our declaration of war, Marshal Joffre had asked particularly that one American division be hurried to France at the earliest possible moment, regardless of training, as visual evidence to the French people of our intention to fight side by side with the Allies. Europe had been so propaganda-poisoned by this time that its peoples believed very little that their eyes could not confirm. So we formed the First Division of a skeleton of Regular Army regiments, stuffed it with the youth who rushed to the colors in April and May, and had the division in France by June twenty-seventh, less than three months after our declaration of war. On July 4, 1917, the division paraded in Paris. It trained intensively for the next four months, moving into the quiet Sommerviller sector on October twenty-first for actual experience in the line under French supervision.

Joffre had asked also for engineer and other service troops as quickly as possible, and a number of these auxiliaries followed closely behind the First Division. Under the new divisional organization we had adopted, the strength of our infantry regiments had been trebled. An American division now consisted of four regiments of infantry, three regiments of artillery, fourteen machine-gun companies, one engineer regiment, one signal battalion, one troop of cavalry and other auxiliary units, making a total of 28,000 men twice the size of a French, British or German division at full strength. This last should be kept in mind.

The 6000 officers of the old Army had been scattered so widely through the new Army as a leaven that half of them never did reach France. The noncommissioned officers had been distributed similarly, or promoted to commissioned rank. My adjutant general of the First Army Corps, and a most able one, had been a sergeant major of a regular cavalry regiment in 1917. Few of the able older officers were denied service in France, but a great many of the younger, much against their will, were still at home whipping new divisions into shape when the war ended.

An Anticlimax

From June until October, the First Division was alone in France except for some auxiliaries and staff, and our appearance on the scene became an anticlimax. The French are both a military and a provincial people, and they had no understanding of our unpreparedness as a nation. Instead of taking the arrival of one division as a pledge of good intentions, they had seen in it the advance guard of a great army about to stream across the Atlantic. In their distress they had seen us as a young giant from the West. In proportion to our numbers and resources as a people, and our conversation, our performance was ludicrous in their eyes. Their disappointment was intense and increasingly outspoken. In late October the New England National Guard division, the Twenty-sixth, arrived, followed immediately by the Rainbow, the Forty-second, made up of National Guard units from twenty-six states and the District of Columbia. The Second Division, regulars, was organized in part in France, its component parts arriving over a considerable period. Two of its four infantry regiments were regulars, the other brigade the Fifth and Sixth Marines. From the outset the Marine Corps had begged for active service, and the Secretary of War had accepted these two regiments for early employment.

We had much to learn from our Allies, but when our troops first were sent to train

A Thirtieth Brigade Coast Artillery Corps Gun, Hidden in Camouflage. Rekerry, April 27, 1918

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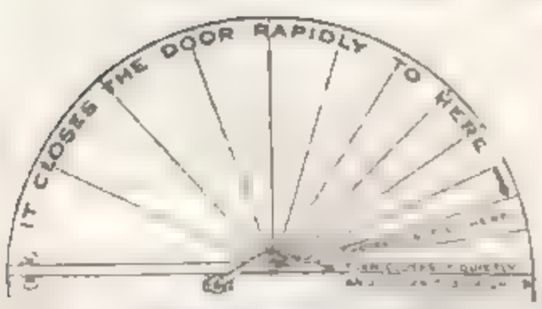

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with the French it was with this reservation from General Pershing: "Trench warfare naturally gives prominence to the defensive. To guard against this, the basis of instruction should be essentially the offensive in spirit and practice. The defensive is accepted only to prepare for future offensive. The rifle and the bayonet are the principal weapons of the infantry soldier. He will be trained to high skill as a marksman, both on the target range and in field firing. An aggressive spirit must be developed until the soldier feels himself, as a bayonet fighter, invincible in battle. All our officers and soldiers should realize that at no time in our history has discipline been so important. The standards of the American Army will be those of West Point. The rigid attention, the upright bearing, attention to detail, uncomplaining obedience to instructions required of the cadet will be required of every officer and soldier of our armies in France."

At the same time he cabled Washington advising that instruction in open warfare be the mission of training at home, leaving trench training to be conducted as far as necessary in France. The necessity of shipping when and in such numbers as ships offered brought many troops to France with their basic training unfinished, and the necessities of the Allies sent them and others into battle before their final training was completed, as we shall see.

A Bargain With the British

With about 175,000 troops in France by January 1, 1918, only our First Division had appeared at the front, and the Allies' annoyance at the added time required by our insistence on open-warfare training increased. The drive on Pershing and Washington to curtail the training to a strict minimum of trench requirements—as the French regarded them—and for the use of our infantry to fill up the French and British ranks, was renewed with every persuasion that they could command.

The answer was that while the Germans were practicing for open warfare and concentrating their most aggressive personnel in shock divisions, the training of the Allies was limited to trench warfare. As our troops were being trained for open warfare, there was every reason why we could not allow them to be scattered among the Allies, even by divisions, much less as replacements, except by sheer necessity. Any sort of permanent amalgamation would commit America's fortunes irrevocably to the hands of the Allies. Moreover, it was obvious that the lack of homogeneity would render these mixed divisions difficult to maneuver and almost certain to break up under stress of defeat, with consequent mutual recrimination. Again there was no doubt that the realization of the German people that independent American divisions, corps or armies were in the field with determined purpose would be a severe blow to German morale and prestige, as well as beneficial to the morale of the Allies themselves.

The Allies still were fighting more or less independently of each other, and General Pershing gave his whole influence to a unified high command. Although the morale of the German people and armies was better than it had been for two years, he believed that only an untoward combination of circumstances could give the enemy a decisive victory before American support could be made effective, provided the Allies secured unity of action. If the situation demanded it, he would lend our troops temporarily to the Allies for the defensive, but nothing in the situation justified the relinquishment of our firm purpose to form our own Army under our own flag.

At this time Washington was dispatching troops at a rate that would put 650,000 in France by June fifteenth, 200,000 of these for the rear-area services. We lacked the sea transport to speed up troop movements, our great new merchant fleet being scarcely under way, but in January the British struck a bargain with the commanding general and with Washington. They would transport six complete divisions for us in British ships if we would train these divisions by battalions with the British, behind their lines, where they could be used as reenforcements if necessary.

General Pershing insisted that the troops should be reformed into divisions when their training was complete and that their loan should not be understood to be permanent. However, we never did recover the use of the Twenty-seventh—New York National Guard and Thirtieth Divisions Carolina and Tennessee National Guard—they serving until the end with the British. The Second Army Corps staff was organized in February under Major General George W. Read to supervise the administration and training of these divisions, and he and his staff likewise were with the British until the Armistice.

Several times between January fifteenth and June first the First American Army Corps was on the point of taking over a sector in Lorraine, but the necessity of sending our older divisions to the relief of the Allies prevented. Once I had gone so far as to start moving my headquarters to Toul, where I expected to relieve a French army corps.

When the Germans broke through in March, 1918, and Foch was made Allied commander in chief, General Pershing had hurried to Foch's headquarters at Bombon and put the entire American Army, lock, stock and barrel, at his disposal for the period of the emergency.

"I have come to tell you," he is quoted as having said, "that the American people would consider it a great honor for our troops to be engaged in the present battle; I ask for this in their name and my own. There is at this moment no other question than that of fighting. All that we have is yours; use it as you wish. More will come, in numbers equal to your requirements."

At Their Best in Disaster

We had four divisions ready, equal to eight of our Allies or the enemy. The First and Second were in the line in quiet sectors. The Twenty-sixth, still without training in open warfare, now relieved the First, which moved into an active sector near Montdidier and, in turn, relieved two French divisions. The Forty-second released two French divisions from quiet sectors for battle. The Third, Fifth and Thirty-second Divisions were arriving. The Forty-first had been impressed temporarily into the undermanned Service of Supplies. The Thirty-second, also intended as a replacement division, likewise had been drafted into the S. O. S., but was reassembled and put into the line May twenty-first in the Vosges, releasing French troops. By the later date the Twenty-eighth and Seventy-seventh Divisions were with the British in training and six more of our divisions were arriving with the British under the January agreement.

Depression hung heavily over France in March and again in June. I saw signs of it even at our own headquarters at Chaumont. General Cyril Wagstaff, the senior of a group of British attachés stationed at Chaumont, used to visit me often at Neufchâteau. He was our guest at dinner several times during the great drive for Amiens, and was much downcast.

I got a smile out of him by telling him that the British Army, in all its history, never had won a battle except the last one. It is true that the British are at their best in disaster. The British regular army of 90,000 men that retreated from Mons was the best army in the world, at the moment, in individual training and particularly in the use of the rifle. These Old Contemptibles, terribly outnumbered, one corps commanded by Haig, the other by Smith-Dorrien, saved the day in 1914. They inflicted ghastly losses on the massed waves of Germans, who offered a shooting-gallery target for rifle and field guns.

There had been big talk at home of sweeping the boche out of the skies with

(Continued on Page 144)

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IPANA
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(Continued from Page 142)

20,000 American airplanes, but the first planes of American manufacture did not reach France until May. By July we had 200 DH-4's, British in design, but made in America and powered with the Liberty motor. On April third, however, we had only two air squadrons at the front. The machines were French single-seater Nieuports, already obsolescent, and the Lafayette Escadrille still was serving with the French. None of our machines was equipped with guns as yet, and the pilots of one of the two squadrons had not even been instructed in the use of airplane guns and had to return to school later. The enemy had no suspicion of this condition and the boys were making daily sorties over the German lines, but their value, either offensive or defensive, was nil.

Guns and other much-needed equipment arrived the first week in April. While Squadron Number 95 returned to Cazau to school, Number 94, the famous Hat-in-the-Ring group, was ordered on April tenth to active service east of Toul, taking over an old French airdrome. Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, who commanded this group later, already was a member of it. He had come to France with General Pershing as driver of the general's motor car and transferred to the air.

Four days later the Hat-in-the-Ring pilots went into action and immediately shot down two enemy planes in our first engagement in the air. At dawn of April fourteenth, Capt. David Peterson, Lieutenant Reed Chambers and Lieutenant Rickenbacker set off on their first patrol, leaving Lieutenants Jimmy Meisner, Douglas Campbell and Alan Winslow to stand by on the alert for emergencies. The patrol had just returned without event when the anti-aircraft station on Mont St.-Michel, just outside Toul, signaled the approach of two enemy ships above the low clouds. Meisner could not start his Nieuport, but Campbell and Winslow slipped their leash at once. The enemy ships still were hidden in the clouds, but the hum of their motors was plainly audible. Thousands, the populace of Toul and soldiers, craned their necks to watch.

America's First Victims

Just as Winslow and Campbell approached the cloud level, two Germans emerged from it. Winslow shot down the first, Campbell accounted for the second, and our pilots were back at the airdrome four and a half minutes after they had left it. The effect on the watching soldiers and civilians was electrifying. Toul had suffered much from German bombers, and its populace was ecstatic. At the request of the mayor the remains of the planes were set up in the town square, where the jubilant townsfolk still were admiring them and toasting Number 94 Squadron with many *"Vive les Américains!"* when Colonel Mitchell asked me over to congratulate the men. A section of the fuselage of Winslow's victim, containing the black Maltese Cross insignia, hangs in my home in San Francisco now, appropriately mounted and inscribed, a gift from the Hat-in-the-Ring group. The German pilots, who had lost their way in the clouds, both escaped with minor hurts.

Another time Colonel Mitchell took me to see one of his balloon companies. They showed me their operations office and maps, ran up a balloon, received the observer's report by telephone, and the like. Then, in their zeal, they threw out a sandbag with a parachute attached from an altitude of about 2000 feet to show me how the observers jumped. The sandbag snapped its rope and hit the ground viciously some fifteen feet from where I stood. I have no doubt that there were plenty of American soldiers who would have been most happy, upon occasion, to drop a sandbag 2000 feet upon a general officer, but this was an accident.

Number 94 Squadron may be said to have struck the first official American blow against the enemy. The Yankee Division received the first substantial blow from the enemy. It occurred due north of Number 94's airdrome six days after our opening air victory. Here the First Division had made its first trench raids, first repulsed enemy raids. Our first raids were attempted only after preparations as elaborate proportionately as those for a major offensive. The enemy's and our own trenches and the intervening No Man's Land at the point selected had been reproduced to the last detail behind the lines, and the attack rehearsed under expert French instruction as often as a play, and more carefully.

At that, the first raid proved to be a dud, and with General Pershing looking on. A small detachment of engineers who were to carry up the tubes of explosives from the dump through the approach trenches had failed to rehearse their part. When the night came the engineers were so slow in getting up that the foray had to be called off. Others, however, were carried out with success, and a German raid was handsomely repulsed.

A Costly Lesson

Profiting by what the French had taught them of the signs that usually precede an enemy raid, the division detected one an hour in advance. When the boche came over he found our front positions empty at this point, and before he could make up his mind what to do next, a counter attack annihilated him. In fleeing, the Germans became tangled in their own wire and left behind, besides prisoners, flame throwers and machine guns, a string of corpses hanging on the wire.

The enemy made more elaborate preparations for his next raid, by which time the Yankee—Twenty-sixth—Division had relieved the First. Slipping in extra artillery, he laid down a box barrage around the ruined village of Seicheprey on April twentieth. The barrage cut off reënforcements, and behind it came a force of picked enemy troops who captured some 200 of our men and a number of machine guns, and returned immediately to their own lines with light losses. Our first skirmish was a defeat. On the enemy's part, it really was only a large-scale raid for information purposes. We avenged it in the first ten minutes of the St.-Mihiel drive five months later.

The American Army gave battle, however, for the first time a month later at Cantigny. When the First Division relieved the French in the Montdidier region in April, the enemy held the ruined village of Cantigny at the apex of a salient that had been pushed into the Allied lines east of Amiens in the great March drive. It was the one weak spot in an otherwise strong front locally, and the French twice had taken it and twice lost it before the First Division came.

The enemy discovered the presence of American troops immediately and there was vicious artillery fighting daily, and constant trench raids and reprisals. In fact, the losses of the division averaged sixty a day during three months in this sector. We experienced our first bitter dose of gas here, too, 800 of the First being gassed in one night in and around the village of Villers-Tournelle.

In the midst of this constant harassing, General Bullard prepared, under French command and with the aid of French artillery, airplanes and tanks, to take Cantigny. The attack was rehearsed in the most minute detail for a week prior. Secretly moving in 175 French field guns to support the divisional artillery, Bullard opened on the enemy at 5:30 A.M. of May twenty-seventh, our first H day, with General Pershing looking on. At 6:30 o'clock, our first zero hour, the bombardment shifted to a barrage, behind which twelve French tanks, some French flame throwers and our Twenty-eighth Infantry, with one battalion of the Twenty-sixth Infantry, advanced. The attack was perfectly executed and the surprised and overwhelmed enemy were captured or killed almost to a man. The Twenty-eighth was commanded here by Col. Hanson E. Ely, now major general and president of the War College.

But the attack was merely the beginning of it. The artillery had obliterated the German trenches and most of the cover in the village. Now our infantry, aided by our engineers, had to dig themselves in while the enemy cut loose with everything he had. Shell holes were linked up, shallow trenches dug and three strong points found to shelter a platoon each, one in the cemetery north of town, another in the woods a little east and a third in the woods northwest, all under galling artillery fire.

In just two hours the Germans launched a counter attack in force. German planes directed the barrage, behind which their infantry followed from Framecourt and Laval woods. Their infantry, however, failed to keep closely enough behind the barrage, and when the curtain of shell passed over our lines, our infantry rose and cut the German wave to pieces at 100 yards with rifle and machine-gun fire. The enemy fell back in disorder, but five more bitterly pressed counter attacks followed in the next forty-eight hours, all smartly repulsed. The enemy was angrily determined to teach us a lesson. The lesson cost him 700 dead, as many more wounded and 255 captured, and failed to take. The First Division held its ground until called away suddenly on July eighth, on more serious business, and the enemy never again set foot in Cantigny.

As the war went, it was a small action, but important out of all relation to the numbers involved. Here was the first decisive proof that the American soldier could fight and the American officer could lead him. It was the first cold foreboding to the German that this was not, as he had hoped, a rabble of amateurs approaching. As an inspiriting promise of deeds to come, it was worth all our previous preparations combined to the Allies; it bucked up the morale of our own troops immensely and set a mark for other divisions to shoot at; and it strengthened the hand of General Pershing when he most needed such support.

The Old Question of Replacements

Upon the first German break through in March, the Supreme War Council and the Allied Military Representatives had urged us in Joint Note Number 18 to rush them infantry and machine gunners with all haste and let all other arms of the service wait. Such reënforcements, however, "must be obtained from other units than those American divisions now operating with the French." It was in these branches that the Allied shortage was most desperate. Such transport priority to one arm of the service would delay further the creation of a balanced and independent American Army.

Secretary Baker was in France, and he, General Bliss and General Pershing conferred on the terms of the note. They decided to permit in principle again the temporary service of such infantry and machine gunners, but under the specific condition that all should be under the command of General Pershing and be assigned for training and use by him at his discretion. "He will use these and all other military forces of the United States under his command in such a manner," our reply read, "as to render greatest military assistance, keeping in mind always the determination of this Government to have its various military forces collected as speedily as their training and the military situation permit into an independent American Army acting in concert with the armies of France and Great Britain."

On May first the Supreme Council met again at Abbeville and reopened the whole question of using our troops as replacements. For the first time the Allies were willing and anxious to give us every ship they could muster to ferry new American

(Continued on Page 149

STEWART-WARNER

WITH UNIVERSAL MOUNTING BRACKET

$7.25

$7.50 West of 100° Meridian
Higher in Canada

The Stewart-Warner *Vibrator* Horn

THIS is the age of quick action. High-powered motors for quicker acceleration—four-wheel brakes for quicker stopping—were developed to meet the demands of present-day traffic conditions. Simultaneously came the demand for a quicker-acting horn—one that would give instant response—get immediate attention.

The Vibrator Horn was the answer. Its response is instantaneous—its tone is different—it attracts attention—you turn your ear to listen. The demand for the quick-acting Vibrator Horn is sweeping the country. Everywhere it is supplanting the motor horn—which is too slow.

Now Stewart-Warner offers a *bigger* and *better* Vibrator Horn—perfected after extensive experiments in our laboratories—built to the same high standard of quality demanded of all Stewart-Warner products. It meets the need for quick response with a "hair-trigger" action—it is always on the job—its quick staccato warning sounds out above that of other horns. Big in size—14¾" long—big in volume—minimum in price. Battleship gray finish.

Naturally, the quality, design, materials and workmanship are of the very best. The Stewart-Warner trademark *insures* that. For 21 years this name has been the standard in quality automotive equipment. When buying horns, or any of the other safety accessories listed at the left, the name Stewart-Warner means everything. Demand it. Look for it.

Stewart-Warner Horns
Stewart-Warner Windshield Cleaners
Vacuum and Electric Models
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Stewart-Warner Speedometers
Stewart-Warner Shock Absorbers
Stewart-Warner Driving Lights
Stewart-Warner Vacuum Tanks

AND

Stewart-Warner Matched-Unit Radio

An attractive line of cabinet and console models, ranging in price from *$50 to $400. Any one of these receivers with the new Stewart-Warner Reproducer and Stewart-Warner Tubes will give you unequalled "matched-unit" performance.

***Somewhat higher West of the Rockies and in Canada.**

STEWART-WARNER AIR THEATER WHEEL
126 MILLION CUBIC IN

Stewart-Warner
The Trademark of Safety

DO YOU KNOW THAT-

Tonight as you drive home, a Stewart-Warner Vacuum Tank will be delivering gasoline from your rear tank to your carbureter and, most likely, a Stewart-Warner Speedometer will register your mileage. Other Stewart-Warner Safety Accessories, listed above, are no doubt, giving you protection or comfort.

As you open the door of your car, you will very likely grasp a handle made by the Bassick Manufacturing Company in Connecticut, makers of automobile hardware and furniture fittings. A division of Stewart-Warner

Undoubtedly your car will last longer and give more efficient service because of the Alemite Lubricating System made by the Bassick Company of Chicago. A division of Stewart-Warner

No doubt some of the cast parts in your car were made by the Stewart Die Casting Corporation, another Stewart-Warner division and the largest individual die-casting plant in the world.

Buying the products of such a tremendous organization is in itself a guarantee of absolute satisfaction.

If ever in need of service on any Stewart-Warner product, be sure to have the work done by an Authorized Stewart-Warner Service Station. There are now over 300 throughout the United States and Canada. Only there will you find factory-trained experts who use only Genuine Stewart-Warner Parts. We will serve you direct, or through your dealer.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION, 1826 DIVERSEY PARKWAY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

The New Viva-tonal Col

The Viva-tonal Columbia

Think of all you ever imagined a phonograph might be, but never was.

Then discard all you ever knew about phonographs, except that they play records.

Then rebuild in your mind an entirely new conception of almost miraculous tone-reproduction from an instrument that resembles a phonograph from without, but has completely superseded it from within.

The Viva-tonal Columbia does more than merely develop the art of sound reproduction farther than any former reproducing instrument. It has released to the ear an immense new range of musical and vocal tone and shading till now undetectable on even the most accurately made phonograph record.

Hearing the Viva-tonal Columbia for the first time, you will be amazed at its living tone, its full-throated reality. And you will become the possessor of one of these exquisitely fashioned models, and bring to your home, in full measure, all the beauty of all the music of all the world.

Model 810, illustrated here, is typical of the entire line—each one an exquisite example of fine cabinet workmanship in mahogany or walnut, suitable for a place of honor in any home. Each is a masterpiece in design and finish, embodying the utmost in dignity and appropriateness.

VIVA-TONAL COLUMBIA
MODEL 810 $300
Other Models
$275 $175 $160 $150
$115 $90

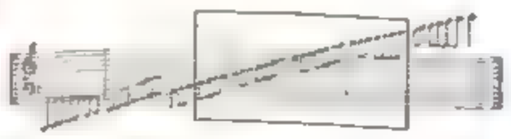
Just what is the difference in tone?

The Viva-tonal Columbia is a product of the application of newly discovered principles of acoustic science. In place of what was known as the "sound box," there has been substituted an *acoustic transmitter*, of almost unbelievable delicacy and sensitivity.

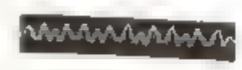
The "tone-arm," an essential feature of the phonograph, has been supplanted in the Viva-tonal Columbia by a *micrometered sound wave conduit*, while the "tone-chamber," formerly merely a horn adapted to confined space, becomes a progressively balanced continuation of the sound wave conduit; shaped, fabricated, finished and positioned in accordance with lately discovered acoustic principles.

No longer is recorded music indistinct and unreal. Through the Viva-tonal Columbia it carries a grandeur, a vastness, a refreshing sincerity superbly "like life itself."

The true way to judge the Viva-tonal Columbia is to hear it, but the graphic sound wave photographs, pictured below, tell their own story of how scientists have recorded their comparisons.

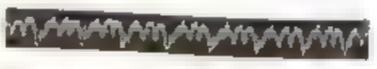


The restricted limits of the approximately natural tonal range of the phonograph, represented diagrammatically.



Sound photograph of phonograph reproduction—explanation omitted. In the absence of [illegible] that "phonograph tone" is as characteristic of all phonographs [illegible].

The vastly broadened tonal range of the Viva-tonal Columbia.



Sound photograph of reproduction by the Viva-tonal Columbia [illegible] means living tone and the [illegible] instrument is precisely "like life itself."

Columbia -like life itself

Columbia Records Made the new way ~electrically

Play any favorite record of yours —of any make, new or old, on the Viva-tonal Columbia, and you will think you never heard that record before. It will exhibit a depth of bass, a rich naturalness, that will certainly bring your incredulous friends in from the adjoining room.

Play Columbia Records, made the new way, electrically, and you get the full effect of the marvelous new discoveries that have displaced the phonograph and revolutionized the record.

Absolutely without scratching sound from the needle, Columbia New Process Records bring you music in true perspective. Every effect intended to be conveyed by the composer, exactly as interpreted by the singer or player, is there, in these new electrically recorded renditions of the world's best music.

Wherever you are or wherever you go, you will find near you an obliging music dealer displaying the familiar Columbia trade mark. You will find this dealer ready at all times to play for you any or all the latest Columbia electric recordings. He will enable you, as no words can, to realize the amazing brilliance and naturalness of vocal and instrumental music as transmitted to you this new way.

Columbia Records, while playable on any phonograph, old or new, are not merely phonograph records. The name Columbia New Process Record —Viva-tonal Recording—means something entirely new, more distinct, more real, more entertaining, than phonograph records as formerly made.

New Electrical Recordings for your library

Do you know the new Columbia recordings as they come out? Many pleasant surprises are in store for you. One of the most recent is the universally known

"Moonlight" and "Pathetique"
Sonatas—*Beethoven*
This is Columbia Masterworks Set 54. Four 12 inch double disc records.
Complete with album $6.00

Another is a splendid imported recording by the eminent conductor,

Mengelberg and his Amsterdam Orchestra

Wagner's Tannhäuser Overture
in four parts on two 12 inch double disc records.
67221-D and 67222-D *$1.50 each*

Perhaps you'll like to hear an exquisite piano record. Columbia now offers a superb rendition by

Ethel Leginska

Prelude in C Sharp Minor (Op. 3 No. 2)
Prelude in G Minor (Op. 23 No. 5)
Rachmaninoff
5068-M 12 inch $1.25

For those who also enjoy light entertainment, Columbia suggests a glance at the current vocal and instrumental listings exhibited at your music store. Among these is a new Ted Lewis Record -

"Lily" and "Wandering in Dreamland" both from "Rufus Le Maire's Affairs"
Ted Lewis & His Band with Vocal Choruses by Ted Lewis
895-D 10 inch 75c

Also another popular Ford and Glenn Record

"Along Miami Shore" and "Log Cabin Lullaby"
920-D 10 inch 75c

And two new musical hits by the Singing Sophomores

"Sing" from *"Betsy"* and "Where's That Rainbow?" from *"Peggy-Ann"*
927-D 10 inch 75c

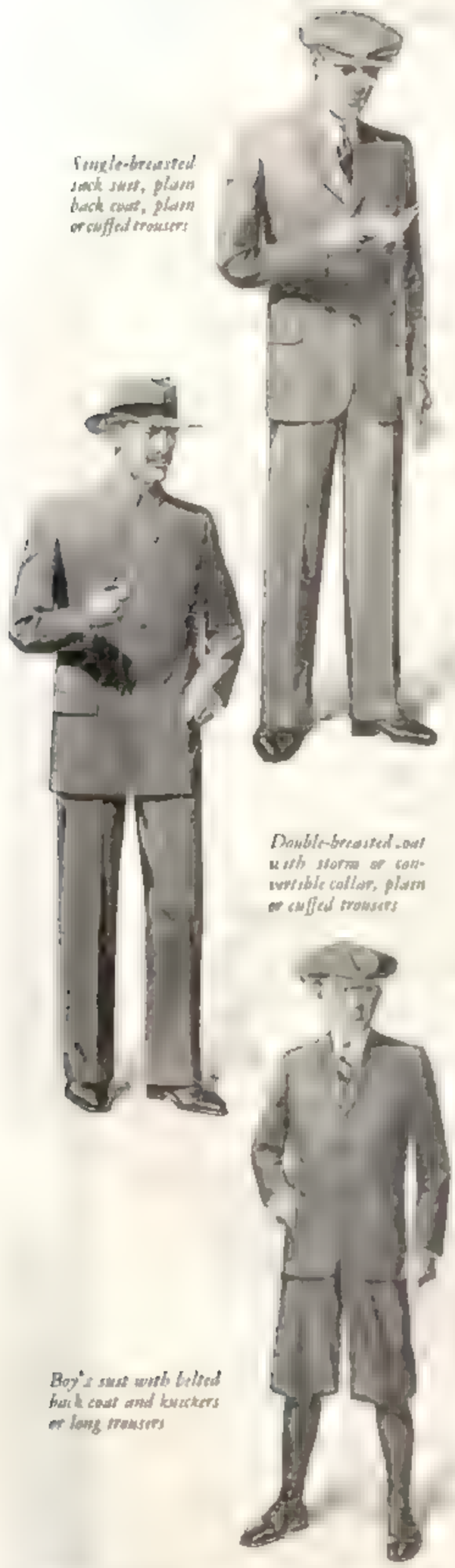
Keep your record library up-to-date. Ask the Columbia dealer to put your name on his mailing list. Columbia Records, made the new way—electrically—will bring you the widest possible selection of the music you like, played and sung as you like it.

If you do not know where to secure Columbia Records in your locality, write us and we will send you a latest catalog supplement and the name of a nearby Columbia dealer.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO.
1819 Broadway, N. Y. C.
Canada
Columbia Phonograph Co., Ltd., Toronto

The old idea that a working man must wear odds and ends is all bunk!

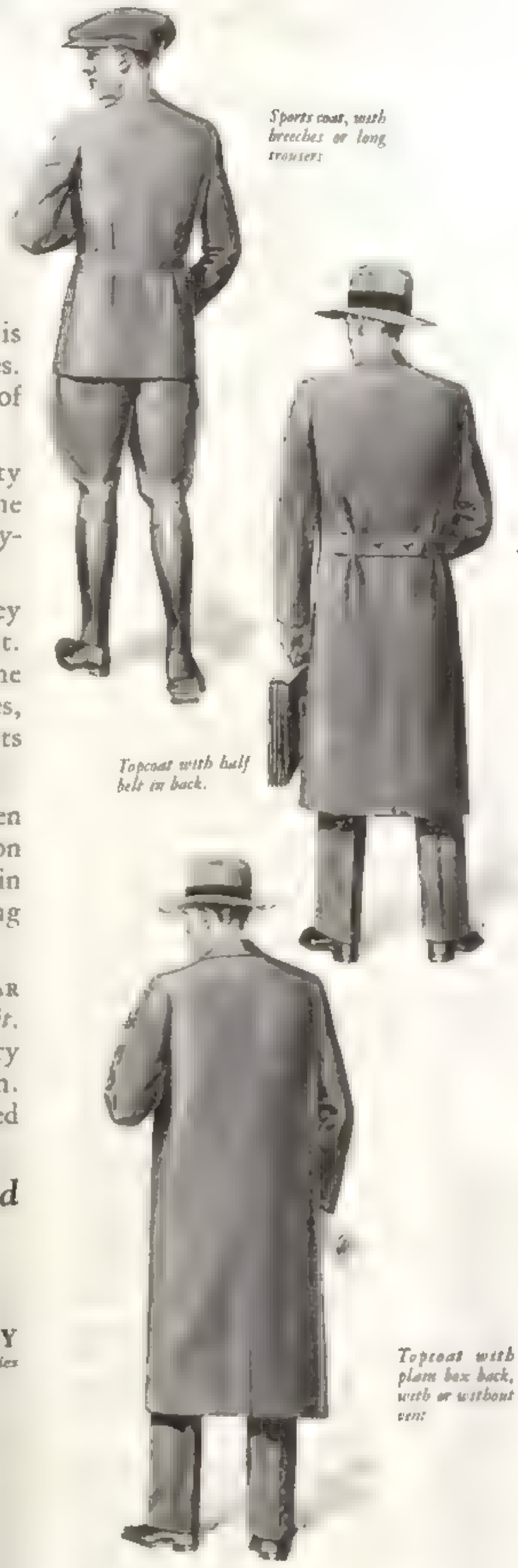
NOGAR Utility Clothes not only outwear other clothing but always look well—and save you money. Salesmen find every man a prospect.



Single-breasted suck suit, plain back coat, plain or cuffed trousers

Double-breasted coat with storm or convertible collar, plain or cuffed trousers

Boy's suit with belted back coat and knickers or long trousers



Sports coat, with breeches or long trousers

Topcoat with half belt in back.

Topcoat with plain box back, with or without vent

WHEN you look at the garments illustrated on this page, you'd never think they were work clothes. But that's what they are, even though thousands of men do wear them for business.

That is the whole secret of the wonderful popularity of NOGAR Clothing. It is strong enough to stand the hardest usage, yet it makes a good appearance anywhere.

These are some of the new garments for 1927. They have made the biggest hit of any we ever put out. Already we have had hundreds of letters praising the new features and the good styles. One man writes, "They sure are the stuff. I tried one of these suits that imitate yours, but never again!"

For years NOGAR Utility Clothes have given men service they never thought possible. Over a million wearers can testify to the satisfaction and economy in these garments. And we are continually improving them in strength, workmanship and style.

You can't get any other clothes just like NOGAR because *there is only one NOGAR Cloth and we make it.* Only garments shipped direct to you from our factory at Reading, Pa., are made of genuine NOGAR Cloth. And NOGAR garments are sold only by our Authorized Representatives and by *nobody else.*

YOU can be a Representative, too, and learn what real earnings mean.

Send coupon below for further information.

NOGAR CLOTHING MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Home Office and Factory, Reading, Pa. *Branch Offices in Principal Cities*

Nogar

CLOTHES

MADE TO STAND THE GAFF

Men's Suits and Topcoats

$12.50 & $13.50

Hunting Suits $15.50

Boys' Suits

$9.85 & $10.85

Slightly Higher in Canada

Mail this coupon today

NOGAR CLOTHING MFG. CO.
Dept. S-5, Reading, Pa.

Please send me further information about NOGAR Clothes for Men ☐ for Boys ☐. Check which you are interested in.

Name

Address

If you wish to represent us, check here ☐

(Continued from Page 144)

infantry across. The British pared their food supply to put more ships in the Atlantic ferry service. As a result more than 600,000 American soldiers landed in France in April, May and June, the rate increasing from 117,000 in April to 276,000 in June.

By odd coincidence, the very morning that the First Division attacked at Cantigny, May twenty-seventh, Germany launched its great and immediately successful drive on the Chemin des Dames, which carried the enemy swiftly forward to the Marne, where the American Army began to fight in force. By another coincidence, the drive came straight at the region in which most of our divisions were training.

In the first article I recounted the series of Allied disasters in March and April, and how Ludendorff had halted in early May to get his breath and realign his forces for another great blow, his fourth to date that spring. When he was ready he chose the heights of the Aisne, his nearest point to Paris. If he could make a bend here, then another to the right toward Compiègne, then unite these two with the Montdidier salient, he would be ready to administer the *coup de grâce* in one final smash.

The German excelled himself in the skill of this attack. He concentrated so secretly that the Allies were completely surprised. Foch was so sure that the next German move would be to exploit his advantages at Amiens, and so confident of the strength of the Chemin des Dames position, that he moved fresh troops out of that sector to reënforce Amiens and replaced them with tired troops, the Fourth and Fifth French Armies and part of the Sixth, and the British Ninth Corps, "withdrawn to a quiet place on the Aisne" after two months of bloody work in Flanders. It was well, too, for our Yankee Division that it had left the Chemin des Dames in March.

Converging on Château-Thierry

The Allied line broke like paper and the surprised enemy, who had planned for Soissons and Fismes at the most, took Fismes and put the Aisne far behind them the first day.

The second day he crossed the Vesle, and with the French line now so broken that it could not be repaired for days, he set off almost without opposition for the Marne. In seventy-two hours he advanced more than thirty miles, took 55,000 prisoners and 650 guns, overran more than a dozen French aviation fields, capturing 200 planes, and seized a stretch of country that had not been touched by war since September, 1914. With bells pealing the tidings in the Fatherland and the Kaiser graciously sharing the credit with God, the German Army now, on our Memorial Day, was at the Marne, forty miles from Paris, and still going.

I was still at Neufchâteau watching the final touches being given the Twenty-sixth, Second and Forty-second Divisions and keeping an eye on the newer divisions in training. A day or two before, I had seen the Second Division in rest billets at Chaumont-en-Vexin. They had been pulled out of a quiet sector and were preparing to go north to relieve the First Division. On Memorial Day I was attending exercises of the Third Division in the Châteauvillain training area, 150 miles southeast of Paris, when the call for help came from Foch.

The Third had not yet completed its training, but it was put under way for Château-Thierry at once. Its motorized machine-gun battalion, the Seventh, commanded by Major James G. Taylor, of the Regular Army, took the van, traveled 108 kilometers that night and reached Château-Thierry through tangled traffic the late afternoon of May thirty-first, to find French Colonials defending the bridgeheads. Lieut. John T. F. Bissell crossed the river with part of the battalion and joined the Colonials. The balance mounted their machine guns in the windows of houses on the south bank of the Marne, behind garden walls and in other natural positions commanding the bridges, all under increasing artillery fire.

At dawn of June first the German infantry appeared in force. A German machine-gun battalion, advancing toward the river through an open field, was scattered quickly by American machine-gun fire. We withheld our fire later while the German Red Cross gathered up the fallen. The battle for Château-Thierry itself grew hotter as the day advanced, and the French abandoned the north bank at nightfall. The enemy had filtered into the town so closely on the heels of the French that a number were caught on the stone bridge when the French engineers blew it up. Following detachments charged the bridge in the dark in ignorance of its destruction and were caught in a withering machine-gun fire from Major Taylor's men. A small detachment of his force had been cut off on the north bank when the French blew up the central bridge, but they managed to cross under the protecting fire of their comrades on the south shore. The enemy artillery fire now was blasting the town apart, but their infantry was checked. On June third the French blew up the last bridge and at three o'clock the next morning the Seventh Machine-Gun Battalion was relieved after eighty-two hours in action, during which they had helped signally in holding bridgeheads the enemy never did cross.

Meanwhile the balance of the Third Division and the Second Division were hurrying up by truck, train and forced march. In French lorries, in which springs were an afterthought, and driven by poker-faced little Anamites from French Indo-China, the Second rocked and bounced from Chaumont-en-Vexin, some thirty-five miles northwest of Paris, toward Château-Thierry. Meeting the retreating French the next morning, June first, near Montreuil-aux-Lions, the Second was thrown astride the great Paris-Metz highway, stopping up a gap in the French line. General Bundy deployed the Third Brigade, regulars, under General Lewis, to the south of the road and General Harbord's Marine Brigade to the north of the road; and quickly backed up by their division and French artillery, they and the Forty-third French Division stopped a smashing attempt of the enemy on June third and fourth to break through toward Paris along a front of twelve miles. The Germans gained ground only at Hill 123, and were thrown off that on June fifth. This was real fighting.

The Red Cross Cuts Red Tape

During that time the Third Division, less its artillery and engineers, traveling by train and truck to Provins, some thirty-five miles south of the Marne, and by forced march from there, passing on their way streams of refugees who had only half believed in the existence of American soldiers, reached the river on June first and joined the French Thirty-eighth Corps in defending crossings of the Marne from Château-Thierry to Damery, a stretch of twenty-five miles.

Ahead of the Germans came a pitiable horde of refugees, like the enemy, bound for Paris. Some had had time to organize their retreat and they marched beside farm wagons laden with their effects. Others had no draft stock, and women tugged between the shafts of carts or pushed barrows and baby carriages top-heavy with their cargo. Goats, dogs, kittens, burros, pigs, milch cows and crates of chickens were in the ragged columns. And as in the panic of fire we are prone to salvage the least essential of our goods, every last umbrella and bird cage in the department appeared to have been saved, whatever else was left behind.

The war-evicted peasantry plodded with dogged patience and resignation past and through the hurrying-up American and French reënforcements and the transport columns, but once they reached Paris they began to mill like frightened cattle. For the most part they had neither money, food nor a destination, beyond escaping the enemy. More than 1,000,000 of Paris' inhabitants, or about one in three, had fled the city as the German advance reached the Marne. The city's food supply was low and the municipal government was disorganized. The national government was straining every ligament to stop the breach at Château-Thierry and could not concern itself with civilian woes.

The possibilities of riot and looting, with a further breakdown of the national morale, were ominous, and here the American Red Cross performed one of the greatest of its many great services to the Allied cause. With an admirable absence of red tape, it waited neither for requests nor orders, but took over the task of feeding, sheltering and clothing this pitiful horde to the limit of its resources. I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that the Red Cross saved Paris from having pillage and riot added to panic in these early days of June.

An Appeal From the War Council

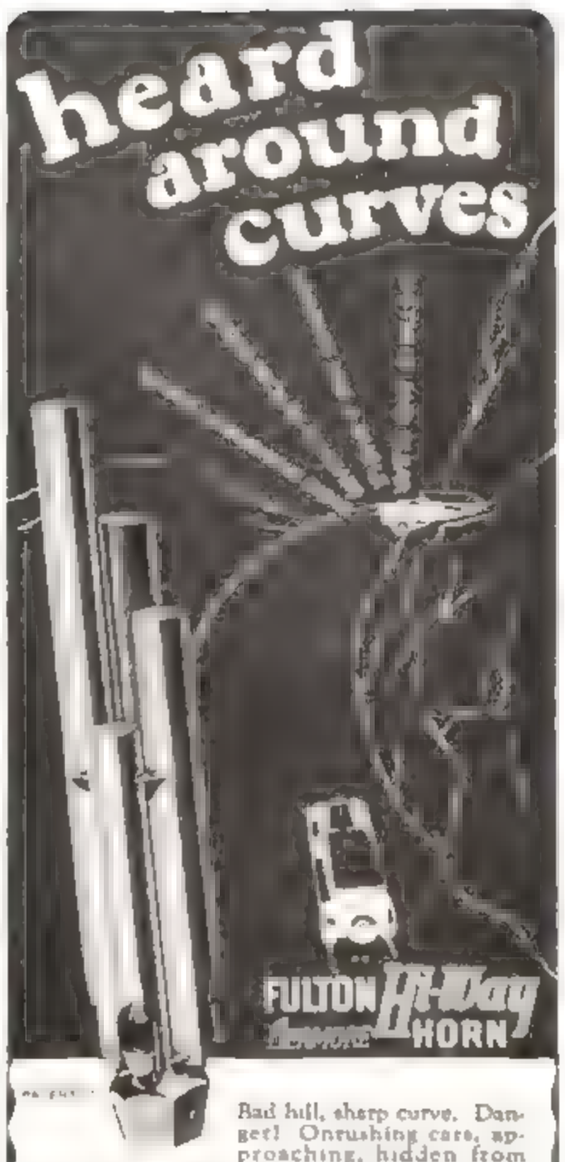
Paris had been the capital, metropolis and railroad center of France in 1914 when the Germans first reached the Marne. In the intervening four years it had become the great munitions center of the nation, its military heart in all senses of the word, and its capture now might well be decisive. On June fourth, with the refugee columns pouring in the north gates and the city's population pouring out the south gates, Clemenceau had faced the Chamber of Deputies and said, "*Je me bats devant Paris; je me bats à Paris; je me bats derrière Paris.*"

At a historic meeting of the Supreme War Council at Versailles on June first and second, Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Orlando had cabled a dramatic appeal to President Wilson.

"We desire to express our warmest thanks for the remarkable promptness with which American aid in excess of what at one time seemed practicable has been rendered to the Allies during the past month to meet a great emergency," the message read.

"The crisis, however, still continues. General Foch has presented to us a statement of the utmost gravity. . . . One hundred and sixty-one Allied divisions now oppose 200 German divisions. . . . There is no possibility of the British and French increasing their forces; on the contrary they are put to extreme straits to keep them up. . . . There is great danger of the war being lost unless the numerical inferiority of the Allies can be remedied as rapidly as possible by the advent of American troops. He therefore urges with the utmost insistence that the maximum possible number of infantry and machine gunners, in which respect the shortage on the Allied side is most marked, should continue to be shipped from America to avert the immediate danger of Allied defeat in the present campaign owing to the Allied reserves being exhausted before those of the enemy. . . . He represents that it is impossible to foresee ultimate victory in the war unless America is able to provide such an army as will establish numerical superiority. He places the total American forces required for this at not less than 100 divisions"—equal to 200 European divisions.

I have no doubt that Foch fully indorsed the urgency of this appeal; it was intended only for the eyes of the United States Government, but never did he let it appear to the armies in France that defeat could be humanly possible. I question that he admitted it even to himself. As teacher in and as chief of the French War College in past years, he had told his students that the general who refuses to admit the possibility of defeat can compel victory; that admission of the possibility is the better part of defeat. The commanding general, he taught, is his army's sword; his will and spirit are supremely important. Within three months of being given that supreme command which Great Britain had distrusted so long, answerable to other nations than his own,



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Foch had been badly deceived and defeated by the enemy. It was an unhappy situation in more than a military sense, but he held to his doctrine and justified it magnificently.

General Pershing, too, may have agreed with the urgency of the cable, in general, but he knew our own situation too well to be able to indorse it wholly. We had hurried infantry and machine gunners across so rapidly in answer to previous appeals that we had virtually none of any training left at home. Moreover, that priority had held back reënforcements for the Service of Supplies, now badly undermanned. Nor were the French supply services much better off. Later in the month, Foch, Milner and Pershing reached an agreement whereby 25,000 men for the railway services, and other absolutely essential auxiliary troops should be included in the June and July priorities. It was agreed also that as soon as Paris was safe we were to have a sector of our own in Lorraine.

These priorities also had accounted in part for our necessity of buying from the French and British most of our artillery, aircraft, tanks and much other combat equipment, although our own unpreparedness was principally responsible for our lack of military tools.

The Bois de la Brigade Marines

The new German wedge had extended the French lines by forty-five kilometers more on top of the sixty kilometers of line they had taken over from the British in their critical times of March and April. Now, on June third, Sir Douglas Haig agreed as a return service to part with five of the eight American divisions he then had. The Seventy-seventh and Eighty-second were moved south to relieve the Rainbow and Yankee Divisions for battle work, the Fourth and Twenty-eighth Divisions were thrown into the Château-Thierry region as reserves and the Thirty-fifth relieved two French divisions in the Vosges Mountains.

The moment the German drive down the Paris road on the Second Division and the French slowed and stalled, the Americans and French struck back here. The whole Second Division counter-attacked on June sixth, the main effort being by the Marine Brigade against the natural stronghold of Belleau Wood, now known on the maps of France as the Bois de la Brigade Marines. This wood evidently had been a game preserve. Its 300 acres were a tangled wood cut with rocky ravines. It gave the enemy excellent cover for concentration for a further advance on Paris, and important observation points. Already he had wired it and sowed it with machine-gun nests.

Attacking and beating off counter attacks, the Marines fought their way into the forest, while the French gained the heights of Torcy and Bussières. German machine guns, echeloned behind one another, and their artillery made it a bloody job; and if we made a mistake it was in the recklessness of our attack. The Marines took the machine-gun nests by hand and bayoneted the boche out rather than wait for the slower method of sifting in behind. But if they paid heavily, it was one more proof of the drive of the American Army—that it could stand the gaff.

With the Marines in the railroad station of Bouresches and on the summit of Hill 181 in Belleau Wood, the Regular Brigade attacked farther south and got a line abreast of Belleau Wood on the slopes of Hill 204, dominating Château-Thierry. The night of the seventh and eighth the enemy counter-attacked furiously and failed. Dingdonging ahead in a rain of shell, gas and machine-gun fire like wind-driven sleet, the Marines had all but the northern edge of the wood on June eleventh. On June fifteenth, after throwing back two successive counter attacks in force, the Marines were exhausted. The French had no troops to take their place, so the Seventh Infantry was borrowed from our Third Division. For six days they fought off the German until the Marines returned, and on June twenty-fifth threw the boche out of the last corner of the wood.

During this time Von Hutier, in an effort to widen the narrow pocket driven so far into the Allied lines at Château-Thierry, had attacked June ninth toward Compiègne in a general action and had been stopped short by the French, the first failure of a German offensive in 1918 and correspondingly heartening to the French morale.

On July first the Regular Brigade of the Second Division returned to the attack and by a very skillful piece of work, backed up by our own and French artillery, took the strongly held village of Vaux. The enemy counter-attacked quickly and our artillery dropped a barrage behind them, cutting off and capturing two companies of shock troops. That answer silenced them until the next day, when they failed again.

On June twenty-first the First Army Corps had been ordered to La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, between Château-Thierry and Paris, with instructions to establish proper relations with General Degoutte's French army and familiarize ourselves with conditions in that sector in preparation for taking over a command there soon. On reporting to Degoutte I was instructed by him to work for the present with General Lebrun, commanding the Third French Corps, in which the Second Division was serving.

Celebrating the Fourth

At his headquarters at Trilport every morning, General Degoutte held a conference of his corps commanders, Generals Mondesir, Massenet, Lebrun and Philipot, their chiefs of staff and other officers. I had as interpreter a French staff major. After the daily meetings I spent my time studying the lines, which lay a mile apart except at Vaux, and the surrounding country.

These meetings continued until July Fourth, when, with ceremony and a formal luncheon, the sector commanded by Lebrun's Third French Corps was turned over to the tactical command of the First American Army Corps. The troops then assigned to my corps were General Bundy's Second Division and General Schmidt's One Hundred and Sixty-seventh French division. It was the first time French troops had served under American tactical command since the American Revolution, and the beginning of the first tactical operation of an American army corps since the Civil War. The corps grew to nearly the size of a French army before the Château-Thierry fight was done.

On this same July Fourth, the Thirty-third American Division played a small but interesting rôle in a small but interesting battle in the north. I know of it only by hearsay. The British planned the operation to clear the Villers-Bretonneux plateau and take Hamel as a preliminary to a major drive to shake the German coils loose from Amiens. The task was given to the Australian Corps, with which the Thirty-third was training in the line. The attack was led by sixty of the newest type of British tanks.

In the past the tanks had suffered much from direct hits from German field guns, but this time they were protected by a barrage. They set a new mark in tank efficiency this day and made the infantry's work easy. According to Major General Sir Frederick Maurice in his Last Four Months of the War—and I have heard it elsewhere—the Illinois National Guardsmen were preparing eagerly to join the Australians in the fight when orders came at the last moment forbidding their participation, their battle training not having been finished. "Nevertheless," says General Maurice, "four companies went over with the Australians, who are reported to have said of them that the Americans were good lads, but too rough."

The Suave General Schmidt

The First Corps held the Paris road to the immediate west of Château-Thierry, but for the time being the Front was quiet, while the enemy prepared for the next blow and Foch waited cannily. Our staff had been working since June twenty-second with the corresponding heads of the French staffs with whom we were associated, but we continued to give every spare moment to getting better acquainted; you can't know too well the man you are fighting beside. I had with me a cook I was willing to compare with the best *cordon-bleu* chef of France, a Greek candy merchant from Seattle who had been cook of the headquarters company of the Forty-first Division, and I entertained General Degoutte and his corps commanders and staffs as often as possible to that end. My headquarters was a pleasant château, the country home of a Paris business man, and it permitted a hospitality not always practical in war. The owner traveled up from Paris several times to inspect it and complimented us on the care we gave it. I have had several letters from him since the war.

As always, we found the French good comrades and good soldiers. I had wondered mildly how a French division commander might accept the tactical command of an American corps commander, but General Schmidt was as easy as a fellow American to work with. He told me, in fact, that he preferred to serve under American command; that his own corps commanders were too inclined to annoy him with petty details. The French, as has been remarked, are a suave race.

The new German attack was about to break and the Kaiser was on his way to the Château-Thierry front in preparation for a gala luncheon at the Hotel Majestic, Paris, for which place cards are said to have been already written—with the date left blank.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by General Liggett and Mr. Stout. The third will appear in an early issue.

Suppose customers *Danced* on your floors

They do . . . in this Minneapolis department store—and the floor shows no signs of wear

SOME busy day just take a look at the feet of the public who walk on your office, store, or shop floors. You'll see many pairs of reasons why your floors never look well, why cleaning costs are high, and why repairs are often called for.

Now picture all these feet sliding and scraping, twisting and turning, in the rhythm of a dance. How long would your floors stand it? Or could they stand it at all?

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PORTRAIT OF A LADY IN SILVER

(Continued from Page 17)

Eleventh Street, John. And as luck would have it, the last bird who'd had it had left some of his pictures hanging on the walls. Sheer hopelessness, I guess. Or maybe it was spite. They were pretty modern."

"Oh," commented John, "so you're going to be a modern portrait painter? Well, that ought to make your life in art easier for you."

"I also have a whole bundle of new paintbrushes, lots of oil paint—it comes in tubes, John a palette and an easel."

"Have you got a smock?" asked John solicitously. "Or are you going to wear velvet like the boys in La Vie de Bohême? I certainly would like to see you in velvet, George."

"I wish you wouldn't try to be funny, John. In the first place, I told you I was modern. That means I'll paint in civilian's clothes. And in the second place, this is the most serious, the most important thing I've ever done in my life. What has my life been till now, John? I ask you! Eh? It's been a barren round of frivolity and—er ——"

"—— wassail," suggested John.

"I was going to say wassail. But now ——"

"Now," said John, beginning to do his daily dozen, "now your life will be—One, two! One, two!—will be a glorious round of oil paint, turpentine and insanity. And in the end you'll get your fool heart broken. You'll be discovered and chagrined. I have a feeling that you're going to be fatally chagrined, George. And—one, two, three, four—and in the end you may get an invitation to Miss Landseer's wedding, when she marries—as she's bound to do—the man of Mrs. Pendexter's choice. . . . One, two, three, four!"

"You don't understand," said George. "You're a good egg, John. But you just don't understand. Good-by, John. Probably won't see much of you for the next couple of weeks. Miss Landseer's coming for her first sitting tomorrow morning at ten."

"One, two—one, two!" puffed John. "And don't say I didn't warn you."

But George Fielding laughed, which only goes to show how light and joyous is the heart of a young man in love.

II

THE art dealer who had sold him his materials had taught George how to stretch a canvas. The blank brownish-gray rectangle that was somehow to become a portrait of Miss Landseer now inclined on the easel before him. On a near-by table were many tubes of paint, an assortment of brushes, some sticks of charcoal, a small bottle of turpentine, a wad of cheesecloth and a fine clean mahogany palette.

It was ten o'clock of a bright April morning. The conventional north light, falling through the skylight of George's newly rented studio in West Eleventh Street, was diffused rather coldly over the canvas on the easel, accentuating its blankness. How blank, oh, Lord! How unutterably blank it was!

For a moment George trembled. Then he glanced at the pictures of his predecessor which still hung on the walls. There was one called The Dancers that looked like four balloons doing a problem in higher trigonometry. "Well, anyway," he reflected cheerily, "I can't paint worse than that. And besides, faint heart never won ——"

But at that moment there came a knock at the door. He went and opened it. There stood his fair lady, swathed in a long cloak that concealed the costume she was to be painted in, and behind her stood a short, darkish foreign female with iron-gray hair and a face that would have interested a connoisseur in gargoyles.

"Miss Landseer! Good morning! So you've really come!"

"Weren't you expecting me?"

"Oh, yes, yes! But just the same, I've a feeling that it's rather a miracle."

"I had to bring Louise. My aunt insisted. I hope you don't mind. Louise is a darling. She used to be my governess. You don't mind, do you, Mr. Fielding?"

"Not at all, not at all," George assured her, with as much heartiness as he could muster. "Let me take your things."

"Louise," murmured Joan impersonally, as he helped her off with her coat, "speaks nothing but French."

"Ah!" said George.

And then his sense of the miraculous was renewed and increased, for there emerged from beneath his hands the lady in silver whom he first had fallen in love with at the opera. Walking a few steps away from him, Joan turned, smiling, her blue eyes fixed on his, her lips slightly parted, her bare shoulders, her throat and slender arms shining with a luminous pallor. She was young; even younger than he had imagined her to be. And in every line of her slim body there was a charming consciousness of her youth, of her right to life and loveliness.

"Oh, beautiful!" blurted out George, and was seized by such an overwhelming humility, such a sense of his own deception, that he almost confessed his secret then and there. But the next moment he remembered why he had invented this deception. He reflected that there were hundreds and hundreds of others who also appreciated the beauty of Miss Landseer. That stiff-backed Preston Heath, for instance. How else could he, George Fielding, who was merely a personable young man with fifteen thousand a year, hope to see his lady alone, to talk to her, and perhaps, if his luck held, to impress upon her consciousness the fact that he adored her?

He pulled himself together, gazed steadily at Joan and said in a cool, brisk tone, which he prayed would sound professional, "Now, Miss Landseer, shall we begin?"

Joan nodded and immediately mounted the model stand, on which she sat in a plain wooden chair. The phlegmatic Louise came and arranged her draperies; then retired to a far corner of the studio, where the good soul promptly, to George's indescribable satisfaction, went to sleep.

"You'll tell me how you want me to pose?" asked Joan, with charming deference.

"Oh, yes, certainly," said George. "Oh—er—I think you're just about right as you are."

"What shall I do with my hands? Funny about hands, isn't it? You never know quite what to do ——"

"Ah!" exclaimed George, feeling that he had not been entirely professional about her hands. "Let me see." And rushing over to the model stand, he took one of her hands in his, lifted it tenderly, and with an air of profound deliberation replaced it in her lap. "There!" he said. "And if you'll kindly look right at the cam—I mean, at me ——"

"Like this?"

"Splendid!" he enthused. "Absolutely perfect!" And crying, "Hold it!" he dashed back to the easel, picked up a piece of charcoal and advanced to the attack.

He had seen artists in plays do just this sort of thing. Somehow he understood the pose, the proper gesture. At least, he thought he understood the gesture. You held the charcoal at arm's length and made quick stabs at the composition before you. But as yet there was no composition. Well, by gad, there very shortly would be!

He glanced at Joan's dark head, swung recklessly at the canvas and was delighted to see that he had landed. A curved line appeared. Then another curved line. Then a third line, connecting the first two and representing progress. By heavens, it began to look like a head! He was getting on much better than he had expected.

"Are you tired?" he asked solicitously.

"Tired? But you've only just started!"

"That's so," said George, rather depressed by the thought.

He had a tendency, he soon found, to lose the fine freedom of gesture with which he had begun, to become cramped and finicky. He crowded the easel. He clinched with his art, squeezing the charcoal till his fingers ached.

Well, perhaps he had better do a little painting for a change. He took up his nice clean palette, hooked it over his thumb, and selecting such paint tubes as seemed interesting, pinched out upon the palette various gobs of color, the very sight of which filled him with a new enthusiasm. Seizing a brush at random, he once more waded into his art.

"You work fast, don't you?" queried Joan, with, it seemed to him, a genuine admiration.

"Oh, yes, very. I don't believe in wasting time. You see, life is so short, and there's such a general lack of opportunity for the—uh—the really worthwhile things."

"But what are the really worthwhile things? That's what I've never been able to decide."

He stopped painting and looked at her. "Don't you know?" he demanded.

"No, I'm afraid I don't. When I was young, and lived in Paris, I thought I did. I thought then that there was only one thing that really mattered."

"Ah, of course," said George, taking a step toward her. "You mean ——"

"I mean money," said Joan simply.

"Oh, money!"

"Yes. You see, we hadn't any. What did you think I meant?"

"Oh, I—uh—I thought that probably you meant —— That is, I had an idea that most young girls dreamed of ——"

"—— of love?"

"Well, yes. Especially in Paris," said George wittily.

Joan laughed. But the next instant, for no appreciable reason, she sighed. "I dare say they do," she admitted, with a kind of reluctance. "But if they're poor, they dream of love in connection with a large bank account."

"How large?" inquired George, taking another step away from the easel.

Her smile was rather vague.

"Oh, I don't know. When I was sixteen I could have done with a million, but now ——"

"Now?"

"Well, you see, my aunt—Mrs. Pendexter—says that a million isn't distinguished. It used to be, but it isn't any more. And she has such decided views on distinction ——"

"Miss Landseer!"

"Yes?"

"Do you—may I ask whether you agree with Mrs. Pendexter?"

"Aunt Madelaine is a wise woman. She's wise and she's good. She's been awfully good to me. And—oh, I do admire her! But there are times when I feel that I've really no one to talk to. I mean, no real friend of my own. Because, you see, I don't know anyone in New York except the people I've met through Aunt Madelaine."

"You know me," said George.

He was standing, by this time, at the foot of the model stand. Art was forgotten, practically abandoned for the moment. Life was the thing: and life, just now, throbbed with a sudden pulse, a sudden beauty that art could never hope to attain.

"Yes," answered the girl in silver slowly, "I do know you. It's rather strange, but I feel that I know you better than any of the other men I've met. I suppose it's because you're an artist."

"Only that?"

"Well, of course, I like you. I liked you the first time I danced with you. But if you weren't an artist I wouldn't be here now, would I? And then we'd never be able to talk or to know each other any better ——"

George was torn by conflicting emotions. "Miss Landseer," he began—"Miss Landseer, I ——"

"Oh, you may as well call me Joan," she said abruptly.

"Joan!"

"And you're George, aren't you?"

"I am!" he cried. "At least I always have been. But what a difference it makes!" He thought suddenly of the sleeping gargoyle and lowered his voice. "I've hoped all along," he said, "that we might become friends."

"You see," murmured Joan, "when I got up this morning I decided that it would be a lovely day to make friends with someone. I mean, someone whom Aunt Madelaine didn't know all about, and whom perhaps she didn't quite approve of."

"Doesn't Aunt Mad—uh—Mrs. Pendexter approve of me?"

"Oh, she approves of you personally. Mr. Desborough gave you a wonderful character, you know."

"Nice of him," commented George.

"But professionally —— Well, that's a different matter. Aunt Madelaine doesn't visualize artists. She has a notion, I think, that they're never quite perceptible till they're dead."

"And how do you feel about them?"

"Oh," answered Joan, "I've always liked artists. I knew a great many of them when I was growing up in Paris. . . . Why, what's the matter, Mr.—I mean George?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. Uh—I was just thinking that I'd better be getting back to my work."

"Yes, so you had. But I've had a nice rest. Let's see—did I have my hand like this, or like this?"

"You had it," said George, once more taking her hand in his, "like this."

"Oh, yes. I do so want you to get a good thing of me."

"Thanks, Joan. I—I'll do my best."

"Because if you got a really marvelous thing of me, perhaps Aunt Madelaine might feel a little different toward artists—in general."

George walked back to the easel. He looked at the canvas, gave a slight start, looked at it again, and then smiled fixedly at Joan.

"I find," he said, smiling fixedly, "that I've worked even faster than I'd thought I was working. In fact, I've accomplished about all that I—uh—that an artist could hope to accomplish at one sitting."

"Have you really? But I can give you another half hour."

"Then let's talk," he suggested casually. "I always believe in talking to my subjects—er—I mean, the people I'm painting. You see, it gives me an insight into their characters."

"Good heavens!" said Joan. "But suppose —— Wouldn't it be awful if you found I hadn't any character?"

"Not at all, not at all," replied George with gusto. Then, feeling that perhaps he had not said quite the right thing, he added, "That is, I'm sure you must have a very decided one."

She shook her dark head pensively. "I don't know. I'm afraid I'm a good deal like poor papa. Papa hadn't the slightest trace of a character. He just did what he wanted to, and died happy."

"Happy?"

"Yes, he was really quite gay up to the very last minute. . . . The darling! I simply adored him."

Then suddenly George saw that there were tears in her eyes. She continued to look straight at him, but her eyes were curiously shining; they were a brilliant, luminous blue. And when George saw how blue they were, and how bravely she looked at him, he went toward her impulsively and took her hand in his. "Joan," he said, "please know—please believe that I am your friend. I want to be. I've always

(Continued on Page 157)

Night *without*...but daylight *aboard* your train

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wanted I mean, ever since I saw you at the opera that night ——"

"Yes?" whispered Joan, gazing down at him.

But before George could speak again the gargoyle snored. It was rather a pointed snore. George dropped Joan's hand and stepped back, away from the model stand. She rose with a little sigh.

"I really must be going. I suppose you don't want to show me what you've done this morning."

"Oh, no," replied George hastily. "No, I—I'd much rather not, if you don't mind."

Joan nodded, smiling. "I understand. Most artists feel that way about their work."

"I—uh—I'd rather you didn't see it till it's finished."

"Oh, well, of course, just as you like. How many sittings do you think it will take?"

George was shoving the easel back against the wall. He stopped and appeared to reflect. As a matter of fact, he was wondering how many sittings would sound reasonable.

"I should say," he told her finally, "about eight or ten."

"Oh!"

"Six or eight at least."

"Well, I'll come as often as I can. I'm rather busy, you know. Aunt Madelaine makes so many engagements for me."

"Perhaps you'll come, one day, in the afternoon—say, day after tomorrow? Then we can have tea. I've a sort of kitchenette here."

"That would be fun!" she said; then, to the gargoyle: *"Eh bien, Louise. On part! Dépêche-toi!"*

"Voilà, voilà, ma petite! Je dors, mais je suis là."

"Till day after tomorrow," said George, as he shook hands with Joan.

"If I can," she answered, and gave him a quick look, a smile, and was gone down the stairs.

He closed the door, walked over to the easel, pulled it out and stared at his handiwork. Then he glanced at the picture on the wall—the one of the four balloons doing a problem in higher trigonometry. "I can paint worse than that!" groaned George.

He was appalled, but for some reason he was not depressed. In fact, as he started to clean his paint brushes, he burst into song. Which only goes to prove how volatile and heedless is the heart of a young man in love.

III

HOWEVER, as the days went by, and Joan returned for more sittings, the awful knowledge of his deception began to wear on him. It bit into his consciousness and corroded his happiness; for he was very happy, was George, in spite of everything. He had seen Joan frequently. He had had tea with her in his studio. They had become firm friends. But what the deuce was he going to do when the time came, as soon it must, to show her the portrait?

He had abandoned the first canvas and started another. Then he had abandoned that for a third. But each attempt was worse than the one preceding it. Somehow he did not seem to improve in his art. And what was to be done about it he frankly didn't know.

He decided to go and consult his friend John Desborough. Arriving at the latter's apartment early one evening, he found John in the process of dressing for dinner.

"I thought so," said Desborough, looking pityingly at George. "I thought you'd be dropping in about now for a little advice and sympathy. Well, you don't get it, savvy? Have a drink instead."

"No, thanks," said George. "I'm not drinking."

"Then go on and suffer!"

"But I'm not suffering! I'm just worried, that's all. Because, you see, I told Joan that tomorrow would be the last sitting, and I—well, I've got nothing to show her. I've got less than nothing to show her. And that being the ghastly truth, what am I going to do about it, John?"

"I tell you," declared John, "that I won't suffer with you. I refuse to suffer. I'm dressing for dinner."

"Of course," mused George, unheeding, "I might have hired some hack artist to do the job."

"That would have been intelligent, at least," growled Desborough, struggling with a collar button.

"But it would also have been darned complicated. And anyway, I wouldn't consider such a thing. Why, it would be sheer deception!"

"Yes?" said John. "And what do you call your own little flyer in art?"

"I call it strategy," replied George. "I call it —— Oh, well, suppose I have deceived Joan. But I did it because I ——"

"You did it because you love her—sure! I know. It's been done before, George. And as usual you didn't stop to think of the consequence."

"Hang the consequences!" shouted George. "I've had twelve days—nearly two weeks—of complete and perfect happiness. Almost perfect, at least. And if I have to pay for it now I don't care. I don't ——"

"Gently, gently," said John, pouring himself a drink. "My man will think you're complaining about the Scotch. He's very sensitive about the Scotch. He supplies it."

"There's only one thing to be done," decided George, suddenly growing calm, "and that's to confess the whole thing."

"I approve. Confession is good for the soul."

"Joan will understand. I'm sure she'll understand."

"And what about the Pendexters? Will they understand?"

George looked at him and grinned, rather feebly. "You know, John," he said, "I think I will have a drink, after all."

"Sensible man," observed Desborough. "Say when."

The next afternoon at three Joan Landseer arrived at the studio for her final sitting, and for the first time during their brief acquaintanceship she arrived unaccompanied by the gargoyle.

"Where's Louise?" asked George, hardly able to credit this happy phenomenon.

"She's asleep in the car. She went to sleep on the way down and I—I didn't wake her. After all, there's no reason—is there?—why I shouldn't see you alone. Besides I want to talk to you. I've got to talk to you, George."

"Why, Joan? What is it? You're trembling, and your hands are cold."

"No, no, I'm all right. I'm ready to pose. Let's start right in." She was already walking toward the model stand. "We can talk afterward," she said.

"But I —— Oh, never mind the darned picture!" he blurted out, following her. "It's no good anyway!"

"No good?"

George stopped short, thinking, "Now's my chance to confess to her. Now I'll tell her the whole silly story!" But somehow he couldn't. He didn't know where to begin. And she was so beautiful, so unutterably precious to him! Her eyes were so blue and she was so very young!

"I mean," he stammered, "that it—it doesn't do you justice, Joan. . . . Dear Joan ——"

"Don't," said Joan softly. "Don't—look at me like that." And then she sat down in the plain wooden chair and arranged her silver dress and arranged her hands—and looked at him. "You must work while the light lasts," she said, with a queer, almost prim little smile.

He hauled out the hateful easel and began to paint. He painted furiously. He painted with intention. Starting at the upper left-hand corner of the canvas, he covered the whole surface with a fine thick coating of cobalt blue. Why he had chosen blue as the color with which to obliterate his latest and most awful attempt at portraiture he didn't know. Perhaps it was because of Joan's eyes. Perhaps it was because blue expressed the present state of his soul. At any rate, he blotted it all out, and it was blue.

Then he threw down his brush, unhooked the palette from his thumb and crying, "It's done!" walked over to the girl, who sat, like a white-and-silver image, with a faint smile on her lips, on the model stand.

"Joan!" he said, holding out his hands. "May I see it now?"

"Tomorrow," he pleaded, suddenly panic-stricken. "I'll show it to you tomorrow. I want to let it dry, I —— You'll come once more? You must come—in the morning? Tomorrow morning at eleven? Then I'll show you—what I'm worth—as an artist. And you can judge me, Joan."

She looked at him for some time without speaking.

Finally she said, "All right, I'll come once more. I'll arrange it, somehow, with Aunt Madelaine. And now—I've got something to tell you, George."

There was a couch at the far side of the room. She walked over to it and sat down. George sat beside her, and when he took her hand she did not withdraw it. But he had, nevertheless, a curious sense of distance between them. He felt that she was eluding him, escaping him.

"Joan, what is it? What have you got to tell me?"

"It's this: Aunt Madelaine is planning—day after tomorrow—to announce my engagement to Preston Heath."

"To Preston Heath? You mean that you ——? Day after tomorrow! But you can't be going to marry him, Joan! You can't!"

"Why can't I?"

"Because you don't—that is, I can't believe—I can't get it through my head." He was staring at her in an agony of bewilderment. "You don't love him, do you, Joan?"

"No," said the girl simply.

"Ah!"

"But I don't hate him. He's really awfully nice. In fact, I like him—quite a lot. And Aunt Madelaine says it's the right thing to do."

"It isn't the right thing!" cried George, now fully aroused. "It's the wrong thing. You know it is!"

"But I don't ——"

"You do! You've already said you don't love him."

"But how much has love got to do with marriage? Answer me that, George. Tell me the truth. What difference will it make, ten years from now, whether I loved my husband when I married him or whether I didn't?"

"Joan, listen to me. It does make a difference, and I'm not talking sentimental nonsense when I say that. I'm talking from something inside me, something that knows what love is and that won't be robbed of that knowledge by all the Aunt Madelaines in the world. Darling, you know it's true! You—you—I love you! Oh, Joan ——"

"No, no, please! No, you're not to put your arm around me or kiss me, because I—because now it's your turn to listen to me!"

"All right," he said, feeling suddenly awkward and humble. "All right, I'm listening."

"You see, I want to be honest with you, George." He winced inwardly at that. "I want you to know exactly how I feel, though I'm not sure that I can tell you." She paused for a moment. He was poignantly aware of her beauty, of her physical nearness. The faint odor of her perfume overwhelmed his conscious mind. He couldn't think. He could only feel. Her words were blurred by this mist of feeling. "My life," she said, "has been one long uncertainty—nothing sure, nothing safe. All the time I was growing up there was no one to depend on, nothing to hold on to. It was like walking along the edge of a precipice. I used to dream nights of that precipice. And my one thought—my only

(Continued on Page 159)

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(Continued from Page 157)

hope was to think that some day I might marry well, that I might marry money."

"But, Joan ——"

"No, wait. Let me finish. What an impatient person you are, George!"

"I was just going to say," he blurted out desperately, "that I'm not exactly a pauper. I've an income of fifteen thousand a year, and I ——"

"Oh, George, George! Are you trying to take advantage of my weakness? Are you trying to tempt me with a miserable fifteen thousand when I might have millions? Foolish, foolish boy! Don't you know what it is that you must tempt me with, if you're going to tempt me at all?"

"But I've already told you that I love you!" he almost shouted, from the depths of his confusion.

"Ah, yes, so you have. But what is this love that you offer me? What is it, George? Is it just a kind of temporary insanity? Because that's what I see in your eyes at this moment."

"You're torturing me," he exclaimed. "You're deliberately ——"

"Or is it something that I can count on? Something that I can cling to and believe in all my life long? In other words, are you a dependable sort of person, George? You see, I know so little about you, really." She was looking at him now with a calm, remote scrutiny that was almost impersonal. "Forgive me for questioning you. I know it's horrid of me. But are you to be trusted? Are you, in plain words, an honest man, George?"

"Joan, I ——"

He paused, not to temporize with the necessity for the confession that he must make but to collect his wits for the task. There was so little to be said, really, that he must say it well: "Joan, I'm a fool. . . . Joan, I am an honest man, but I've deceived you about the portrait. The portrait's all blue. It's all wet. I'm not an artist. But I love you. I did it because I ——"

And then, before any of these phrases could take form on his lips, the door of the studio opened and the gargoyle appeared, puffing. Her face was red. Evidently she had climbed the stairs in a hurry. "*Je suis ici*," said Louise.

Joan Landseer sighed. George said something under his breath and they both rose. The good Louise did not speak English, but her mere presence made confession impossible.

"Tomorrow," mumbled George, furtively pressing Joan's hand. "Tomorrow morning at eleven. And please, can't I see you—this last time—alone? An hour—I want one hour—with you alone. Will you grant me that?" She nodded. "You promise?" he demanded.

"I promise."

"You darling!" whispered George, and walking over to the easel stood with his back to the room till he heard the door close. Then he sat down in a chair, took his head in his hands and began, deliberately and with a perverse enjoyment, to suffer. Later he went to his club, where he suffered even more frightfully. And that night, in his apartment on the upper West Side—"Oh, why," mourned George, "was I born to live West?"—he suffered till sleep overcame him. When he woke up the next morning he was surprised to find that he had slept rather later than usual. It was 9:30 o'clock, and he was to meet Joan in the studio at eleven. He rose, breakfasted, and dressed with great care. He even whistled the refrain of one of the late love songs. At ten minutes to eleven he arrived at the studio in West Eleventh Street. To his surprise, he found the door open; and on entering the room he saw, to his greater surprise, his friend John Desborough lying supine on the couch against the wall.

"John!"

"Oh, hello, George! That you? I was almost asleep. Been waiting for you, George." The plump figure roused itself and came toward him. "You see, old egg, I'm in a dilemma. I'm in one of those awful dilemmas that haunt the peace and contentment of civilized man."

"But what the deuce are you doing here? How'd you get in?"

"Your landlady let me in, George. I ogled her. Listen, I've got to have your advice."

"Sorry, John," interrupted George firmly, "I can't talk to you now. Joan's due here at eleven, and I've got to see her alone."

"Listen, George, I've come all the way down here just to consult you about my dilemma."

"Well, what is it? Make it snappy, will you, John?"

"It's this," said John solemnly, and pulled out of his pocket various samples of cloth; small squares of material representing every known color and design: "The time has come," said John, "for me to make my annual selection of summer shirtings."

"Shirtings!" cried George. "Shirtings! Are you, by any chance, trying to kid me, John?"

"My dear boy, I never was more serious in my life. Summer shirtings, to me, are fundamental. They're almost as fundamental as pajamas. And you know how I am about pajamas, George. Now what do you think about this particular blue shirting?"

"Blue! I hate blue! I —— Oh, for the love of Pete, John! Be a good skate and take the air, will you? I tell you Joan'll be here any minute. I've got to explain about that portrait. I've got to explain about everything. This is the most important morning of my life, and you—you talk to me about blue shirtings!"

"But, George ——"

"Get out, will you? Get out before I ——"

George stopped short, listening. There was a sound in the hall—a sound of footsteps, of creaking floor boards and of heavy breathing. Then a feminine voice—a voice that to George had a certain doomsday quality—uttered sharply: "Heavens! Those stairs! What a perfectly heathen place!"

Then, as George gravitated automatically toward the door, into the room stepped a large and beautifully upholstered lady whom he recognized vaguely as Mrs. Pendexter. Behind her came Joan, and behind Joan came—Preston Heath.

Faultlessly dressed, stiff-backed and breathing almost normally, Mr. Heath stood leaning on his stick in the doorway, a faintly derisive smile apparent under his neat blond mustache.

"Well, Mr. Fielding," he said, after a suitable pause, "we've come, at Joan's invitation, to have a look at the portrait."

At Joan's invitation! George's head was whirling. He couldn't believe that Joan would so betray him. But, of course, Joan didn't know what a betrayal, what a humiliation, it would be for him. Yet she had promised him an hour, alone!

"I hope you'll forgive us for not letting you know in advance," said Mrs. Pendexter. "And please, may I have a chair?"

But it was John who placed the chair under Mrs. Pendexter's slightly sagging person.

"Oh," exclaimed that lady, with a grateful sigh, "is it you, Mr. Desborough? So glad to see someone I know. Have you come for the unveiling—or whatever it's called—too? And please, mayn't we get on with it, Mr. Fielding? I've an engagement at my hairdresser's in just half an hour, and —— But you do the talking, Preston. It's rather beyond me to talk at all, after those stairs."

George hardly heard what she was saying. He was looking at Joan, who stood in the center of the room, staring at the floor as though fascinated by its scuffed and dingy parquet pattern.

"Joan!" he cried suddenly. "Joan!"

Preston Heath stepped forward. "Well, Mr. Fielding," he demanded, with a certain insistence, "aren't you going to show us the portrait?"

George turned quickly and faced the other man. "Not yet, Mr. Heath. Not quite yet. I've something to say to Joan before I ——"

"You find it embarrassing, then, to have Mrs. Pendexter and me here, in your—studio?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I've been making a few inquiries about you, Fielding. And I've discovered that, so far as anyone knows, you've never painted anything before you attempted this portrait of Miss Landseer. In other words, you turned artist very suddenly, and for reasons that you can explain—no doubt—to the complete satisfaction of us all. However, your enthusiasm for art is apparently so recent that I felt obliged to tell Mrs. Pendexter what I had learned."

"Naturally," said George.

"She was interested; and so, needless to say, was I. In fact, I was so interested that I felt I must come down and call on you."

"But not alone," observed George.

A faint flush mounted to Mr. Heath's close-shaven cheek. "That is beside the point, Mr. Fielding. The point is, are you an artist or are you not? More specifically, is your portrait of Miss Landseer the first thing you've ever painted, or is it not?"

"It is," snapped George.

"Ah! Then in that case I'm doubly anxious to see it, Mr. Fielding. Because I'm sure that if it turns out to be a good portrait you must be a genius, and I believe in encouraging genius. Indeed, if this portrait is a success, I should like, if you'll permit me, to buy it."

"To buy it!"

"I'll give you a thousand dollars for it—if it's satisfactory. And, so far as I'm concerned, Joan herself may be the judge."

Joan raised her head. She glanced at Preston Heath, at her aunt, at John Desborough, standing behind her aunt's chair, and finally at George.

"Well?" she asked quietly. "Do you agree to that, George?"

"Joan," he exclaimed, "I don't care what anyone else thinks. But I do care about you. You see, I thought I was going to get a chance to talk to you this morning, and I ——"

"But the portrait," interrupted Joan. "The portrait's the important thing. Let's see that first. We can talk afterward."

"Yes, let's see George's masterpiece!" unexpectedly cried Desborough and, bestirring his plump form, he sidled swiftly over to the easel, twirled it around and exposed to the view of the four others the finished portrait of a lady in silver.

There was a protracted pause, a silence that rapidly became unbearable. To George, this silence was a burden, an actual weight pressing down on him, affecting all his senses. He felt that he must make an effort to throw it off, because it was suffocating him. And, of course, as soon as he did, the illusion that now possessed his mind would vanish. He was staring straight at the canvas—at that dreadful canvas which he himself, only yesterday, had smeared over completely with a solid coat of cobalt blue! And yet now, by some miracle, that canvas was covered with an orderly arrangement of line and color, the sum total of which amounted to a perfect likeness of Joan Landseer.

Then Joan herself spoke, and the spell was broken. "Why," murmured Joan, "I think it's really quite good of me, don't you, Preston?"

Mr. Heath said, "Ah!" Then he said, "Quite!" Then he swallowed rapidly three or four times in succession. After which he turned to George and said, "Mr. Fielding, I—I must say I'm surprised. I must say I hadn't expected anything so—so finished. Permit me to congratulate you. And—ah—if a thousand dollars is a sufficient price for the portrait, I'll be most happy to send you my check tomorrow."

"This portrait," said George, speaking slowly and deliberately, "is not for sale. Nor is it quite so finished as you seem to

(Continued on Page 161)

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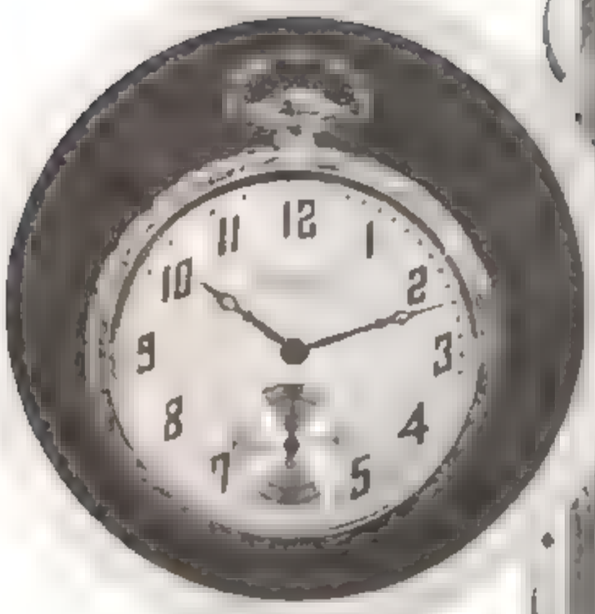

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(Continued from Page 159)

think, Mr. Heath. I have still a little more work to do on the—on the hands. You wouldn't understand that, Mr. Heath, because you apparently haven't the artistic eye, but—well, Joan has promised me another hour this morning, and if you don't mind ——" He was smiling pleasantly now. He turned to Joan's Aunt Madelaine, smiling most pleasantly. "Mrs. Pendexter, I hope you won't think me rude not to invite you to stay for the sitting." Then turning to his good friend Desborough, he concluded, with that quiet ferocity which is so often a characteristic of the artist, "Get out, John!"

"Oh, yes," cried John, blinking his eyes first at Preston Heath and then at Mrs. Pendexter. "Oh, yes, we must!" And as he urged them both to the door, he added, "Temperament, you know."

"Good heavens!" murmured Mrs. Pendexter. "Is that how it affects people? He looked quite violent, really!"

"I think," announced Preston Heath, from the doorway, "that I'll wait outside here, in the hall."

Joan's eyes flashed as she turned toward him. "If you do, Preston, I'll never speak to you again!"

"Oh, come along, Heath," advised Desborough, taking his arm. "I'll show you some samples of the latest summer shirtings. I've got 'em here—right here—in my pocket."

"Shirtings?" repeated Preston Heath vaguely. "Ah, indeed! Shirtings!"

The door closed with a bang. John Desborough had closed it with a backward kick of his friendly foot.

George looked at the girl who stood facing him; the dark-haired, blue-eyed girl whose likeness, there on the easel, repeated her loveliness like an echo.

"Joan," he asked, with the gesture of a man groping his way through a thick fog, "who painted that? Tell me quickly! Who painted it?"

But Joan did not tell him quickly. She stood looking at him with a curious appraising detachment. There was an enigmatical smile on her lips. Finally she said, "When I lived in Paris—when we were so awfully poor—I used to make money copying pictures in the Louvre. You see, my father was an artist."

"You! You did it yourself?"

"It wasn't much of a job—the portrait, I mean. Mr. Desborough helped me. He let me work in his apartment. And this morning he brought it down for me and put it up on the easel."

"But, Joan, how did you happen to—I mean, how did you know ——"

"That you were a fraud, George? I knew the very first day. At least, I suspected you. Then I asked Mr. Desborough and he told me the truth."

"John told you?"

"Yes; why not? It was for your own good. Because, of course, I knew that Aunt Madelaine would want to see the portrait when it was finished, and so I ——"

"And so you painted it yourself to save my face! But why did you, Joan?"

She came toward him, put her hands on his shoulders and looked into his eyes. "Do you want to marry me, George?"

"Do I want to!"

"No, wait! You're not to kiss me—just yet. You asked me a question and I'm going to answer it. You see, I've wanted to marry you almost from the beginning. You didn't know that, did you? How timid you were, George!"

"Joan! Joan, darling!"

"But I couldn't let myself go. I didn't dare decide to marry you till I was quite sure that I could trust you. No, not till I was quite, quite sure. Because I've got to make a success of my marriage. I've got to! Otherwise I'll never be able to face Aunt Madelaine."

"But I don't see," protested George, in a roseate daze—"I don't see why you should be so sure of me *now*. I mean, of course, you can trust me! But after all, I did deceive you about the portrait."

"You tried to, George," answered Joan, smiling clearly up at him. "But you didn't succeed. And something tells me that the most dependable sort of husband on earth is the husband who knows it's impossible to deceive his wife."

"You're wrong," retorted George, with spirit. "The most dependable sort of husband on earth is the husband whose wife is the most beautiful woman on earth. And that means you, my darling!"

"But you may not always think so. Some day you may forget that you thought me beautiful when you married me."

"Nonsense!" he cried, drawing her close to him. "And anyway, if I do, I've only to look at this portrait!" And he waved his hand toward the easel.

"Yes," sighed Joan, nestling contentedly in his arms, "that's one reason why I painted it. And—you can kiss me now, George, if you really want to."

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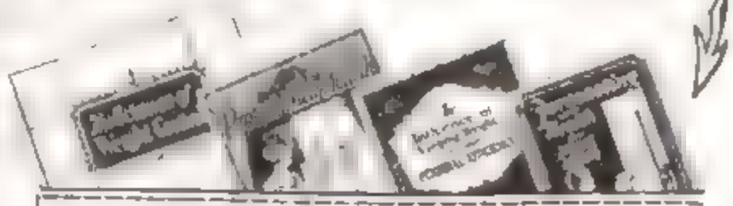

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WELL! WELL! HERE COMES SIXTY!

Continued from Page 15

lay down a few basic tenets and leave each person to work out his personal application of them.

Thus we come to the important phase of this discussion, which is the food requirements and practices of most persons of the age of sixty. The first precept of the creed for the sixtiers is: Don't eat so much. That is a plain and simple statement and it means exactly what it says. Cut down the chow. Reduce the quantity of your food intake. Instead of eating until you are 100 per cent full, eat until you are only 75 per cent full, and then cut that to 50 per cent as you get accustomed to the diminishing rations. Presently you will find that the 50 per cent of your former intake is the 100 per cent of your present requirements, and you will be on the way to happier days.

It is a pathological axiom that the American eats too much—the average American, I mean—regardless of what he eats. We are feeders. Many of our gorgers fool themselves by taking a light breakfast or a light luncheon and boast that they are temperate in their feeding. Given the light breakfast or the light luncheon, how about the two other meals? Think those over. Not one per cent of these light breakfasters or light lunchers who doesn't pack into himself at his two full meals more food than he took before he adopted the light breakfast or the light luncheon plan. We, as human beings, spend most of our time fooling ourselves, and there is no phase of that universal occupation where we are more expert than in this food business. Nor any phase of our lives wherein we are so stubborn, so slow to grasp essentials, so wedded to convention and custom, so reluctant to admit that the advance of knowledge, the result of experiment, the determinations of biology and the general findings of science may have virtue.

We accept discoveries in other fields and utilize them. We grab at new things in every science save the science of food. We are avid over the radio, for example, and take every step forward with the scientists who are delving into the mysteries of the air: but let a scientist, who has worked for years in a biological laboratory, say that his experiments have shown that certain proportions of carbohydrates, proteins and fats should be observed in the preparation of meals and we shout that it is all tosh and that we must have our food as our fathers had it before us. We must have our food! And we get it. Also, we get our fat paunches, our multiple chins, our creaky knees, our congested colons, our poisonous gases and acids, our appendicitis, our hardened arteries, our high blood pressures, our broken-down kidneys, our engorged livers, our impaired hearts, and so on to a catalogue of infirmities that is almost interminable.

Theory and Practice

It is pathetic, this food complex. They must have this and they cannot get along without that. Not that they ever have tried, of course. Far be it from these eaters to investigate a little and see for themselves if possibly there isn't something in all this food talk that has come up lately. We are fundamentalists in food, most of us. We believe that we must have meat and potatoes and bread and pie lest we perish. We cheerfully admit that a skilled electrician knows more about electricity than we do, that a skilled surgeon knows more about anatomy than we do, that a trained economist knows more about economics than we do, that a scientific specialist knows more about his specialty than we do—save as to food. With food we are deep wells of wisdom ourselves.

Professor Einstein comes along with his theory of relativity, which we do not understand. But we accept it on his terms and think he is a great man. Some biologist, who has given as much study to his practical subject as Einstein has to his theoretical subject, announces that certain vitamines are necessary to a well-balanced ration and we rise up and give him the coarse hoot. The villain is trying to deprive us of our meat and potatoes and bread and pie!

Nevertheless, there are certain facts relating to food that are deserving of consideration, and particularly deserving of the consideration of the sixty-year-old. I have no intention of going into the science of foods, save in a general way. I think there is a lot of hokum about this food business. I think that many a food expert is so obsessed by his own theories that he pays no attention to the useful and rational facts What I want to say is this: If the average citizen of sixty—or fifty, either, for that matter, or any other age, but particularly of about sixty, because that is my individual plane—will assimilate and practice the following few and simple food facts, that person will feel better, be better, live longer, be of more account to himself and others and have more fun out of life than he does now—and that goes as it lays, without regard to the present condition of said citizen, whether good, bad or indifferent.

Eat, Drink and be Sorry

First: Cut down the amount of your food. Don't eat so much. Eat what you like and what agrees with you, but diminish the intake. Do this gradually, until you are taking not more than 60 per cent of your former amount—50 per cent is better. Do not do this at a jump. Do it gradually. Get yourself accustomed to this decreased supply. Eat meat only once a day. Eat much less bread, particularly hot bread and such stuff. Be careful about mixing fruit and starches. Take plenty of fruit of all kinds, but eat it by itself as often as you can. Cut down on the butter and cream and rich gravies and oily salad dressings. Cut down on everything. If you are accustomed to a big slice of beef, take only three-quarters of a slice, and then half a slice. And eat lean meat, not fat meat, and never any kind of meat more than once a day.

Second: Eat a green salad twice a day, for luncheon and for dinner—lettuce, water cress, romaine, escarole, chicory, celery, shredded cabbage, which is one of the very best of green salads, or whatever other green stuff you can get. Lettuce and tomatoes are fine. Let this salad be a good generous helping. Don't skimp it. If you can accustom yourself to the California method of starting the meal with the salad, do that. It tastes better when it is served first, and it does more good. Use very little oil in the dressing—very little. Try it with half a lemon squeezed over it, and a little salt and pepper if you like condiments. But eat two green salads a day, sure.

Third: Eat at least one dish of a cooked green vegetable each day—two dishes are better—such as spinach, beet tops, broccoli, kale, chard or some similar vegetable three or four heaping tablespoonfuls. Never neglect this cooked green vegetable. Always one dish a day, at least.

Fourth: Be chary about sweets. If you like pie, cake, ice cream, puddings, and so on, take them, but in small portions. Cut your usual wedge of pie in half and eat it slowly, savoring every mouthful. You'll get just as much enjoyment out of the small piece as you did out of the gobbled big piece. Cut down on the sweets. You do not have to eliminate them entirely—just diminish them.

Fifth: Take your tea and coffee without cream, milk or sugar. Use a slice of lemon with your tea. After you get accustomed to coffee that isn't doped with two or three lumps of sugar and a lot of cream, you'll

Continued on Page 164

Jack *and* Helen *re-discover youth . . .*

THEIR Sunday afternoon drives ceased to give pleasure. Either they had to battle with congested traffic on the main thoroughfares—or struggle with the bumps if they took to the byways. So the car stayed in the garage. And life settled down to a humdrum. ¶ Then Jack came to life—and to action! Now he packs Helen and the kiddies into his car and off they go to the country. Away from the beaten paths . . . down the byroads into the full fragrance of spring where the meadow larks sing, the apple blossoms bloom, and the spirit or youth returns. ¶ And in a car that has been completely transformed! A car that sheds bumps, jolts and jars like a duck does water . . . a car now equipped with Houdailles!

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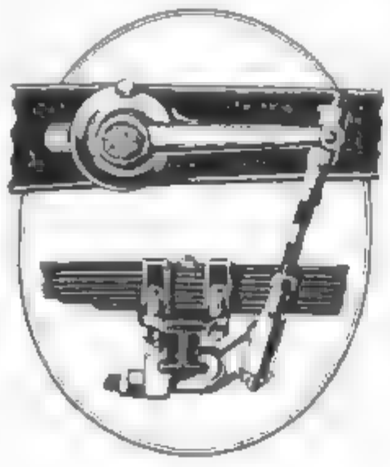

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(Continued from Page 162)

wonder why you ever took it any other way than clear. Two cups of coffee a day will not hurt anybody who is fairly normal in a digestive and organic sense.

Sixth: Drink at least six, preferably eight, glasses of water a day, and always take a glass of cool, not iced, water before breakfast, soon after you get up. Take two if you feel like it, and a glass before going to bed. Drink water with your meals, or not, as you prefer, but do not flood your food with water. A glass per meal is enough.

Seventh: Sleep eight hours a night. If you cannot sleep so long as that, stay in bed eight hours, anyhow, relaxed. If you get a chance to lie down during the day, grab it, if only for fifteen minutes. If you can get in a nap of half an hour or an hour each day, that is worth more to you than diamonds, rubies and pearls of great price.

There you are, colleagues of sixty, and that is all there is to it. If you cannot get sufficient variety from that diet formula, you are too finicky to bother with, and good luck to you on your pernickety path to seventy. If you cannot bring yourself to cut down your intake of food, you are too weak-willed to be of any consequence, and more power to you when one or another of your internal cogs goes wrong. You'll need it. If great gobs of food are of more importance to you than the slowing down that will inevitably hit you, even if nothing worse does, go your gluttonous way, and peace be unto you, which it won't be. The formula is biologically elemental, pathologically correct and easy to take. There it is. Take it or leave it, but it works, brothers, it works.

Now we come to the second precept, which is: Don't drink so much. Though I am of the personal opinion that if you drink at all, you drink too much, I am no hand for proselyting. It appears to me that any man who has reached sixty in fairly good shape, despite a liquor habit of whatever sort his liquor habit may be, should by this time have had enough and be ready to diminish his drinking even if he will not quit it entirely—especially in these days of bogus liquors. However, whatever I may have to say on the subject of liquor is reserved for a future article, and all that need be set down here is this: You will have a better decade from sixty to seventy if you do not drink. If you do drink, you will make for personal comfort and immunity from certain physical degenerations if you cut down your drinking to a minimum.

Getting Into Low Gear

Whereupon we arrive at the third of the precepts: Don't work so hard. Here we perch upon a precarious rostrum, because in this country we have made a fetish of work. We worship work. We boast about how much work we do, how much we formerly did, and how much we intend to do. We lie a good deal about it, also, but all worship of that sort is mostly prevarication anyhow, so that merely makes it more emphatic. To hear us tell it, we are the working fools, up and at it early and late, and this is especially true when we come along to the sixty-year period in our lives and know that we have slowed down either more or less as the case may be. The hardest task life sets to any man is the admission that he is not so good as he was. All of us fudge it and duck it and lie about it and evade it and compromise with it and hate it.

I was talking to the calm and philosophical president of a big university one day, aged seventy and looking good for twenty more years of service. And although he was the calm and philosophical president of a big university, he had a sporting flair. He liked horses, particularly trotting horses. He put his own case in a trotting-horse-vernacular nutshell.

"My greatest difficulty," he said, "the hardest thing I ever had to do in my life, was to make myself understand that I was no longer a two-minute horse and was a four-minute horse. It took a long time and a determined effort, for I was loath to admit, even to myself, that I had slowed down. Once I impressed the fact on my consciousness and made it stick, I became a useful member of the community again, altering my effort to my capabilities and getting along very well."

"When did all this happen?" I asked him.

"Oh, when I was sixty or thereabouts."

Every man loathes the confession of a personal depreciation. Keep Up the Bluff is our national slogan. I know scores hundreds of men past middle age who are walking around proclaiming they are just as good as they were twenty years before, and they are all liars, and so is any other sixty-year-old man who makes the same claim. He may have himself deluded by this self-hypnosis, but all that is needed is a test. Then you will see the cracks come Put him to the touch and he will wabble. Even if you do not see it, he will know it himself. Not that he will admit it. That would never do. But he'll wabble, just the same.

Do not misunderstand me. I am making no assertion that a sixty-year-old man is a weakling; that he, necessarily because he is sixty, has become slow, stolid, ineffective or what not. If he is a real sixty-year-old man he is at the top of his mental bent, better in his mind than he ever was, and should be pretty good physically. But by the same token, if he expects to be a real seventy-year-old man he will be wise if he prepares for that eventuality by getting into low gear once in a while instead of trying to bull it through all the way in high. That is my thesis.

Down From the Pedestal

I do not care if a man has all the money between San Francisco and Boston at the age of sixty, that man is a foolish man if he decides to quit all work. He is worse than foolish. He is absurd. If he has all that money, or any considerable part of it, as many of our sixty-year-old friends have, he has spent forty years in the intensive occupation of getting it, and if he thinks he can find anything so interesting, so amusing, so engrossing in the narrow list of diversions this world offers to a retired man who has worked for forty years, he is weak in the mind. It can't be done.

Absolute retirement from any work you may have been doing sounds well when you are working, but it has a disappointing consequence of boring the retired person to extinction when it happens. If you can show me any more melancholy specimens of the human race than American business or professional men who, having made their fortunes, are trying to amuse themselves by heavy devotion to golf and bridge, and taking trips around and about the world and seeking sunnier skies than those that bend over the old home town, I will award you the Croix de Pratique Extraordinaire, with palms—the palms betokening what greets these poor fish morning, noon and night in their search for relief from ennui.

Do not quit all your work. Quit some of it. Slough off on others all but the most interesting and important parts of it. Chuck a lot of detail out the window. Cut your business hours to three a day. Stop thinking that nothing can be done unless you are concerned in the doing of it. Slow down. Take days off and weeks off. Play around some. Stay in bed an hour or two longer than usual. You think this cannot be done, that you are the pedestal on which the entire institution stands. That is the egotism of achievement, strong in every successful man no matter what his business is.

It takes time and much travail of spirit to get a proper perspective on sixty years, but it can be done. It never will be done, however, until this work obsession is reduced to its proper proportions in the life of man.

Those were crafty old birds, those priests and potentates who saw to it that the doctrine of work lest ye die was inculcated in

the human race ages ago. They had no intention of working themselves, so they figured out the successful and luxurious plan of having all others work for them. They got into action the most effective, enduring and universal propaganda the world has ever known, which is the idea of the nobility and sanctity of work, and then they sat back at their orgulous ease and enjoyed the increment thereof.

It is atavistic in us now. To be sure, there are some natural-born idlers, but in most of us the work complex stresses. Now that is all well enough up to a certain point. Every young man, rich or poor, should work, work like a nailer; and every old man should work, but in a temperate, moderate and rational way. If he doesn't, he will be bored stiff with idleness. If he does, he will be happy, and will also get some pleasure out of his play.

This dying-in-the-harness stuff is all well enough for a spur to young men, but it is the veriest tosh for old men. Why die in the harness? Where's the good in that? It sounds well as typifying stern and unrelenting devotion to duty, but who is going to profit by it except your heirs? Why not spend some of your own estate, utilize some of your own time for fun? There isn't a gravestone in the world that has "Faithful to the End" on it that does not stand over what is left of some poor mutt who was forgotten by everybody but his own family three weeks after he died, and by most of his family in three months.

Nor should you be deceived by this stuff you read so often in our papers and magazines about the sterling example of the Hon. Peter J. Beegin, who began the study of the Abyssinian language when he was seventy-six; or of Arthur X. Perkins, who, at the age of eighty, still goes to business at seven in the morning, after breakfasting frugally on half a spoonful of birdseed and eight drops of cambric tea from a medicine dropper. That has two angles. One is that it is, largely, alibi stuff written by men who are getting oldish themselves and are jollying themselves along with smug essays on these remarkable but wearisome persons and, it may be, jollying along their employers also. The other angle is that these other intensely busy persons have not another single resource to their names, and if they tore themselves away from their routine they would evaporate to nothingness in six weeks. Furthermore, there is considerable propaganda in it, similar to that of the old boys who originated this idea of incessant work for the commonalty. It wouldn't do for the younger lads, who are doing the bulk of the work anyhow, no matter what the motions of the oldsters are, to get wrong ideas in their heads; it might lead, first, to cessation of their effort, or, second, to demands for more pay.

The Hobby Habit

The prescription is to slow down on the work. Play more. If you haven't a hobby, get one. There are a thousand fascinating things to do. If you have a bent outside of your business or profession, cultivate it, cultivate it intensively. If you are mechanical, do things with tools. If you like books, read them and about them and the men and women who write them. If you like politics, get into the game. If you like to hunt and fish, do more of those than you have been doing. If you like music, enjoy it. If you like art, learn about it. If the radio interests you, go to it. One of the happiest sixty-year-oldsters I know makes his own radio sets and gets Japan and Australia and England and Africa on them. If you like automobiling, drive a car. Collect anything that hits your fancy. Follow any line that interests you or attracts you, but for heaven's sake do not set yourself up as a connoisseur just because you have bought a picture or a bit of porcelain or a piece of jade or a chunk of Chippendale. Get a hobby and ride it unceasingly.

All this, of course, for those who are fortunate enough to be able to do these things. For those who are not so fortunate, but who are nearing sixty, or at it, these remarks about work may seem invidious, but are not so intended. Even if you must work full hours every day at sixty, you will work better, be better and have a finer life if you follow what I have said about diet and drink and heed what I am about to say about exercise.

Intrinsically exercise is a simple thing, but in the past twenty-five years there has grown up around it a greater mass of fake and hokum than has grown around any other of our casual or vital concerns save food. Also, of course, there has been a considerable preaching of truth about it, a wide discussion that has reached every community. The net result is that in the mind of nearly every American who does not do manual labor or work at a trade, there is constantly buzzing the thought, "I must have exercise," with the slightest concrete knowledge of how to enforce that thought into action; without knowing what sort of exercise he must have, where he is going to get it, how he is going to get it or what he is going to do with it after he does get it.

Exercise in Large Doses

Rush out somewhere and swing the arms and legs is about the sum of the average conception of exercise; rush out and swing the arms and legs as many times as they can be swung, to the point of weariness, and then forget all about it for a week, or ten days, or two weeks, at which point do some more swinging, followed by some more forgetting.

It is not my province to talk, at this time, about exercise for young men or for youngish men. That is entirely without the scope and object of this meeting. To be sure, exercise for young men and by young men is often as absurdly and calamitously overdone as is exercise for older men, and many a lad who can run a hundred yards between ten and eleven seconds when he is twenty finds he cannot run ten feet in eleven minutes when he is forty; but it is exercise for men of sixty and thereabouts that concerns us. When a man reaches sixty, even fifty, who has been so busy with his affairs that exercise has been the most fitful of his occupations, and finds that he is stiffening up a bit in the knees, creaking somewhat in the elbows, has too much paunch and feels slow and logy and old, they tell him he must have exercise. So he takes what he deems exercise, haphazardly. He walks a few blocks, or plays golf, or perhaps rides a horse now and then, and usually nothing happens. Or often, to look at the reverse of it, one fine day the papers print a piece about him stating that his funeral will be held at such and such a time, and that he died suddenly from heart failure. He was a fine citizen, a pillar of the community, and only sixty years old. What a pity! It surely is! And what a crime!

The truth about exercise for sixty-year-old men, and for men between fifty and sixty, and for men from sixty on, is that they do not need half as much exercise as the professionals who want to sell them golf paraphernalia, and their friends who want them to help pay the assessments at the golf clubs made necessary by the remaking of their course into such a sporty shape that not one in fifty of them can go round it in a hundred honest strokes to save their lives, and the doctors who can't think of anything else to say and assert profoundly "You must take some exercise" tell them they do. Not half. A quarter would be better.

We see men of this age who are busy all the week rush out on Saturdays and Sundays and play thirty-six holes of golf on each of those two days and then wonder what is the matter with them on Monday. They feel so old. They have no pep. That is the way we Americans do things. If we need exercise, let's get a lot of it all at once, and then forget it for a while. Let's play two rounds of golf on a Sunday, with a good heavy luncheon between and perhaps several snorts of Scotch afterward, and then

(Continued on Page 169)

"Can't you wait for the house to dry out?"

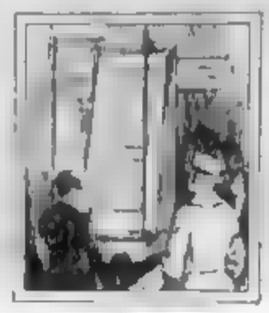
Avoid trouble—install Laminex doors—dampness won't warp them

In the rush to get finished before moving day, many a door is hung while the plaster is still damp. Architects and builders agree that damp plaster is one of the most common causes of warped doors — but no amount of dampness can warp a Laminex door.

Unlike ordinary doors, the stiles and cross-rails of Laminex doors are built on a core of stress-balancing blocks. Any attempt of one block to warp, swell or shrink is immediately neutralized by forces in the opposite direction exerted by neighboring blocks.

All parts of a Laminex door, including the plywood panels, are held together firmly by Laminex cement, which is absolutely waterproof and actually stronger than wood. You could soak a Laminex door in water for weeks at a time without making it come apart, and it wouldn't show the least sign of warping

The famous Laminex door soaking test, that you see publicly made in all parts of the country, proves that dampness will never make a Laminex door warp, split or come apart. Ask your dealer



Buy Laminex doors from progressive millwork and lumber dealers who carry ample stocks of popular designs. The replacement guarantee label and the word "LAMINEX" on the bottom of each door are worth looking for. Mail the coupon for valuable facts about doors and a sample of Laminex wood to test.

THE WHEELER, OSGOOD COMPANY, Tacoma

Gentlemen: Please send illustrated literature and samples of Laminex wood to

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LAMINEX DOORS

Will not shrink, swell or warp

New model Florence
with built-in oven

Pictured below is the new model Florence with built-in oven, the latest development in oil range construction. This is the type of range most highly recommended by leading domestic science experts. Oven and mantel form one unit, which is permanently attached to the range. This built-in feature keeps the oven in the correct position for the most efficient oven cookery and increases the strength of the entire range. This strikingly beautiful range belongs in your kitchen. Note also these outstanding improvements: (1) The new all grid top, so roomy, so substantially constructed; (2) The single giant burner under the oven, which gives better heat control than *two* burners and at less cost. This model comes in 4-burner size only. Our Standard Model with *removable oven* comes in 2-, 3-, and 4-burner sizes.

FLORENCE
Oil Range

Close view of new all-grid top

What a world of room on this new grid-top. How deep from front to rear. Perfectly smooth. Al space is useful space. Room for every dish you need to keep on the stove. Room for dishes that are cooking over the burners and at the same time, room for other dishes that are simmering or keeping warm. No danger of tipping or spilling when moving utensils about.

Florence Burner with outer jacket cut away to show how flame is focused on the cooking vessel. There is no wick, for the Florence operates on the most advanced principle of combustion engineering, mixing the vapor from oil with heated air. This assures complete combustion and intense heat

Amazing Cooking Speed *Focused* Heat—the scientific heat—brings cooler and fewer kitchen hours

FOCUSED heat, the kind of heat the wickless Florence Oil Range produces, puts speed into cooking that is truly amazing. Focused heat is a different kind of heat—different from any kind you have ever seen in an oil range. Combustion engineers have spent years in perfecting this principle of focused heat, the principle of utilizing all the heat and concentrating it on the cooking.

Look at the Florence Oil Range pictured here. Notice how close the burners are to the cooking—only 2½ inches below the cooking top. This distance was carefully figured out so that the utensil and flame are sure to meet at the hottest point. But that is not all. Florence burners force air *inside* the flame, giving a quick, and most intense, clean heat. This focusing of heat makes food cook quicker and keeps your kitchen cooler. For the cooking, not the kitchen, gets the heat.

Built-in oven with giant burner

The new built-in oven model, pictured above and on the left, is the last word in modern oil range construction. The oven and mantel form one unit, which is permanently attached to the range so that you can always be certain that the oven is in the proper position for the best baking results. This is the same solid, substantial type of construction you find on up-to-date gas ranges. It is the type which receives the highest recommendation of domestic science experts. This feature not only improves the baking efficiency of the oven but gives the range a truly de-luxe appearance. The Florence is the only range with all these quality features that can be had at so low a price.

Note the single giant burner under this oven. This is a departure from the usual twin standard burners. Experiments prove that a single giant burner does the work of two standard burners at less cost. The single burner also permits ideal heat control. There are two other outstanding devices in this oven which help to insure beautiful baking: the "baker's arch," which throws the heat currents down over the surface of the food; and the patented heat spreader over the burner, which keeps the food from burning on the bottom.

Improved top gives more cooking surface

The close view above shows all the details of the new all-grid top. This improvement makes the Florence one of the most spacious ranges on the market. Note how deep it is from front to rear! Every inch useful surface for warming and simmering while you are cooking over the burners. See how smooth and substantial it is. No danger of spilling when moving utensils about.

From every angle the Florence is a range that is sure to please your fancy. Easy to keep clean with its beautifully enameled black and gray surfaces. Sturdily built. Easy to operate. Economical. No wicks. Just strike a match and touch it to the asbestos kindlers.

All good hardware, furniture and department stores sell the Florence. Decide to see the range with focused heat today. If there is no dealer in your neighborhood, write us for the name and address of the nearest one.

New Florence Water Heater with automatic control. Assures constant hot water.

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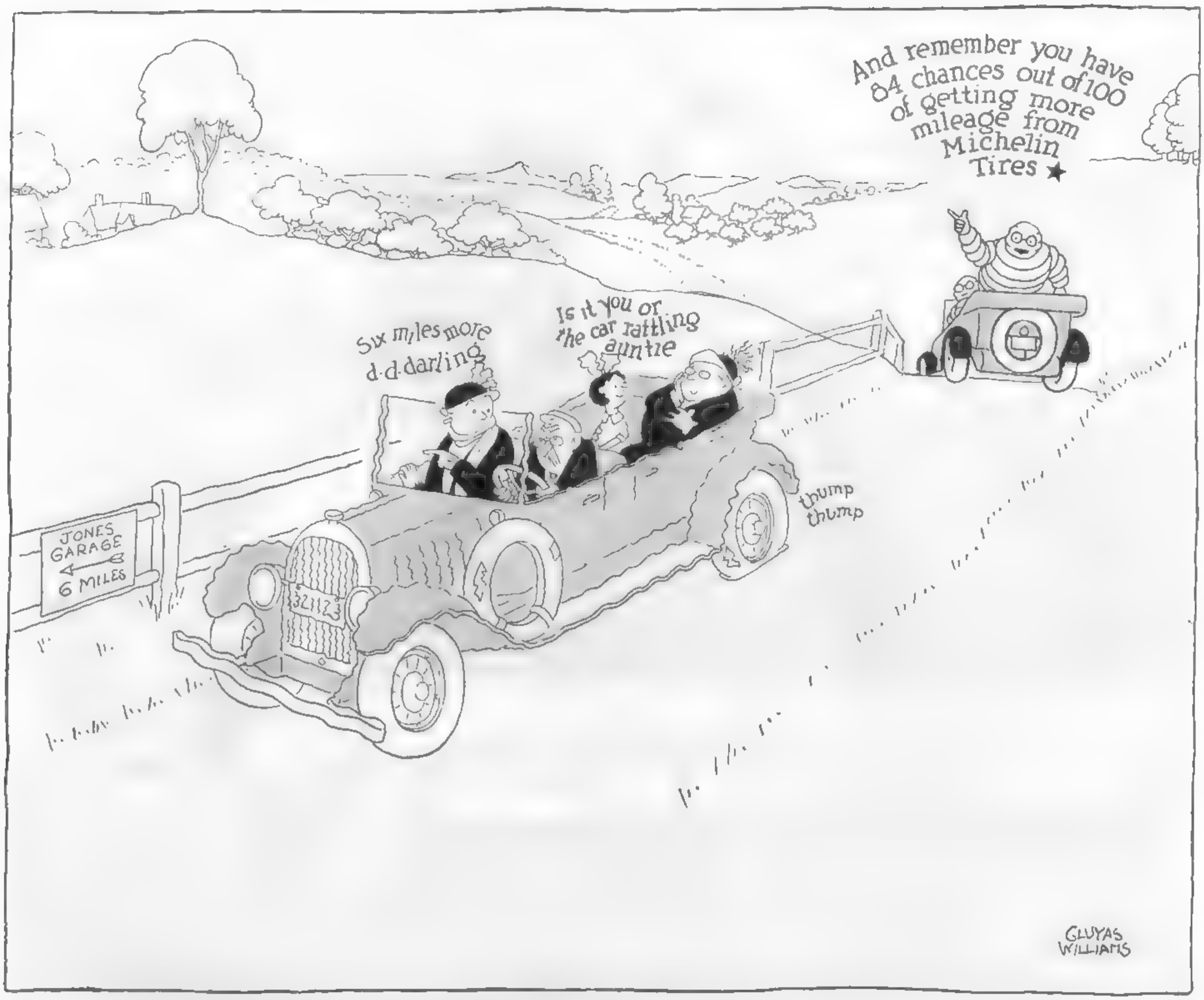
the Stove with Focused Heat


And remember you have 84 chances out of 100 of getting more mileage from Michelin Tires ★
Six miles more d-d-darling
Is it you or the car rattling auntie
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JONES GARAGE 6 MILES
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

84%

of all who try them say

MICHELIN TIRES

give more mileage

★This statement is based on facts. Written reports have been secured from thousands of motorists (picked entirely at random except that all were testing various makes of tires opposite Michelins). 84% said they obtained more mileage from their Michelins than from any of the various other tires they were using on their cars. In 1895 the world's first pneumatic automobile tire was a Michelin—and today Michelin Tires are still first.

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Pig-skin Case—25c Value $1

Insurance Service Free

A pig-skin key case worth about $1 will be sent upon receipt of this coupon and 25c. Each case is numbered, and contains a card offering a reward if the finder returns it to the Michelin Tire Co. (who, of course, will forward it to the owner). Thus your identity is not exposed No charge is made for this service. There is no advertising on the case. Send this coupon and 25c to the Michelin Tire Co., Milltown, N. J

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Address

(Continued from Page 165

think that we have gone a long way toward physical requirements and regeneration. That's the ticket. Of course, we'll be so dog-tired that night that we'll be useless around the house after dinner, and clump into bed early to give our aching bones a rest, but we've had our exercise.

The cardinal principle of exercise for those of the sixty flight is not the quantity of it but the regularity of it. All any man of this age needs is a few bending exercises and not more than two rounds of golf a week, taken on different days—on Wednesday, say, for the first eighteen, and on Saturday for the second. Or if golf isn't either congenial or convenient, a walk of three or four or five miles twice a week. But—and this is the point—he should have his two rounds of golf a week, or he should have his two walks a week, every week. The best way to fix it for those who live where golf is not possible in the winter is to do the golfing in the summer and the walking in the winter. For those who do not golf at all, either from lack of inclination or opportunity, walking solves the problem. In fact the best all-round exercise for the sixty boys is walking. That stands in a class by itself for the oldish person.

Bending and stretching exercises in the morning are good. It takes a stern will to do and a strong conviction of necessity to induce a man to engage in these calisthenics morning after morning. Still, if they are persisted in they become a part of the routine presently, like shaving, and then is when they exert their benefit—provided, of course, the utilization of them is not perfunctory and has some conviction in it.

Limits to Exercise

I have been doing these morning exercises for years, and I am familiar, I suppose, with forty or fifty formulas. I have bought every exercise book I have heard about and looked the text and diagrams over, taking one here and one there that seemed useful. Naturally, having done all sorts of morning exercises for years—twenty, at least—my body and muscles are fit and trained for them, and I could stand up and do a hundred of them, one after another, without fatigue.

But do I do that? I do not. I do about a dozen, principally deep breathing and stretching and bending exercises; and I'll tell you another thing about it: I recently cut down from a dozen times for each movement to ten times, and just lately to seven times. Now, as I say, I can do each of these fifty times hand running without getting winded, and with the greatest ease, but seven times is enough. What is the use of expending the energy I need elsewhere for the mere satisfaction of bending fifty times with legs rigid and touching the floor with the palms of my hands, for example? Especially when no one but myself knows or cares about it, and when seven times is sufficient.

That is the point. Take just enough exercise. Just enough is not nearly so much as you will think necessary after you get started, or as your friends will urge you to take, or the physical instructors, or mayhap the doctors will say you should have. Just enough is the amount that will bend you and stretch you and fill your lungs with fresh air a few times, combined with walks, or two rounds of golf, or a couple of horseback rides each week, or something rational and temperate like these.

What you must consider in exercise is your heart. By the way, how is your heart? Have you had a capable doctor listen to it lately? That's a good idea—excellent—that and a physical examination twice a year. Capital! Better do it. But to get back to your heart. It is on the capabilities of that indispensable pump that all your activities must depend, for if anything is wrong with your heart—and so many things are wrong with so many sixty-year-old hearts—you must be careful with your exercise, if any.

A Grateful Heart

If nothing is wrong with it the heart still merits your deep respect and your sedulous attention. If you will think about that cheerful and incessant servant for a moment, you will recall that it has been pumping at least 4500 times an hour for you since you were born, which is a good many times, and the moment it stops pumping you stop also, for good.

Also, it is stated on the authority of one of the greatest medical writers in England, where the heart specialists are supposed to be the wonders of the world, that no heart doctor ever prevented a case of heart disease and no heart doctor ever cured one. Wherefore, be informed about your heart, and recognizing its faithful service, do not impose any extra burdens on it now that it has stood you in such fine and faithful stead for sixty years. It is willing to go along and will, but do not make its going any harder than is necessary. Be regardful of your heart.

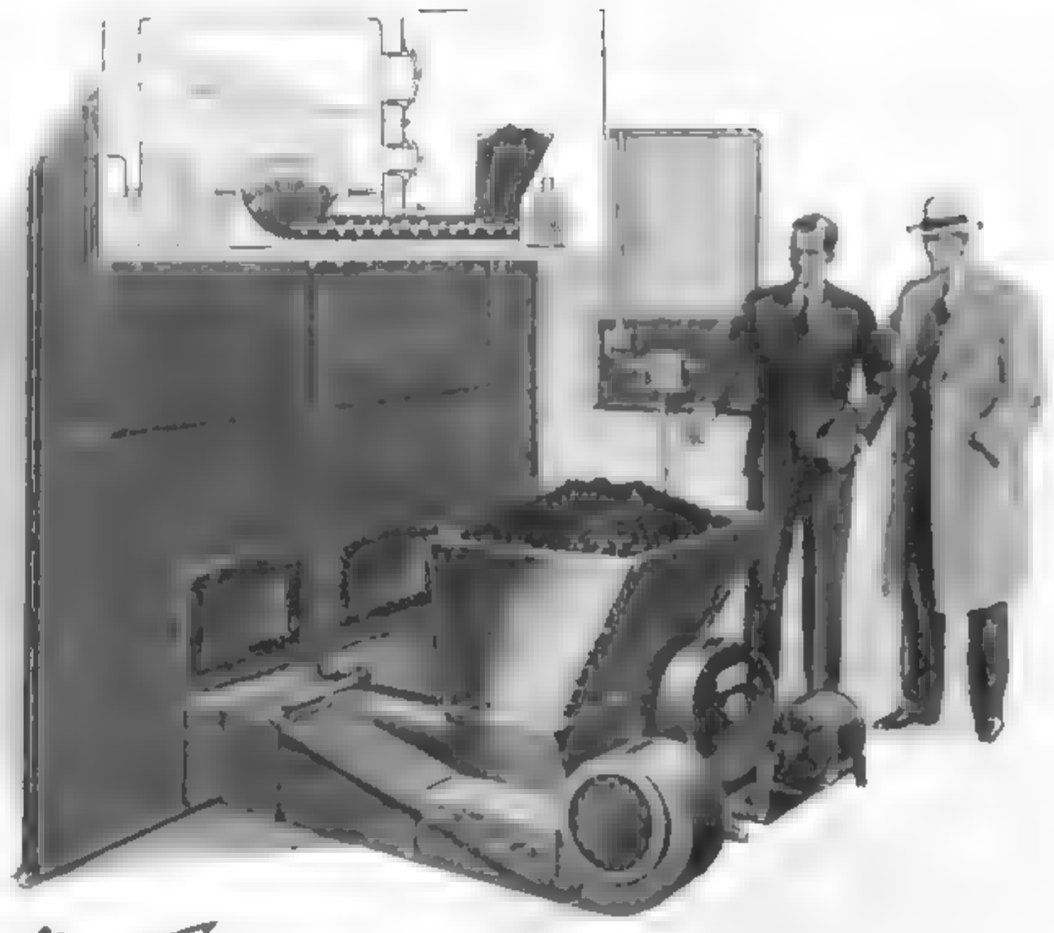
Hence, what those of sixty should do as to exercise is to do little. Take some, as outlined, but do not go to extremes, and set your limit of what will be extreme at a low mark. Dismiss every vestige of the folly of being athletic from your mind. You cannot be, anyhow, and you shouldn't be even if you can. Be calm as to exercise—calm and rational and judicious. Always have the welfare of your heart in your mind. Coddle it a little. Don't subject it to any excitements or strains. Rest your heart by stretching out flat on your back fifteen or twenty minutes two or three times a day. The heart is a grateful and appreciative little friend, as well as faithful, and will repay all favors extended fourfold.

It may occur to you, at this point, that nothing has been said about excess baggage—fat—obesity. It may dawn on many of the sixty-year-olds that they are too fat. Probably. A lot of sixtiers are. I wrote a piece for this magazine called Get Rid of That Fat and it was printed on April twenty-third. That piece will tell you how to get rid of the fat, which is the first and most important thing for any fat sixty-year-old man to do.

Before adjourning the conclave, here, at the end of this homily follow a man who will be sixty very soon to all who are in the same case with him, all who are sixty now or all who have come to sixty recently, I repeat the four precepts that will make for a happier, healthier and less hazardous decade from sixty to seventy:

1. Don't eat so much.
2. Don't drink so much.
3. Don't work so hard.
4. Be rational with exercise.

It is a simple program, and effective. It is not hard to follow. It works. Go to it and we shall have another meeting when we are seventy.



"I'd as soon take the carburetor off my car as to run our boiler room without the IRON FIREMAN"

What the carburetor does for your car the Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Burner does for your boiler room. The Iron Fireman supplies the correct amount of air for combustion of coal just as the carburetor mixes the right amount of air with gasoline for combustion. This is possible because of the unique combustion principle employed. Coal is carried from the Iron Fireman hopper and slowly forced *from beneath* into the fire box by a revolving worm. Before reaching the fire bed the coal is pre-heated and the resulting gases are mixed with the proper amount of air necessary to produce the greatest heat. These gases, which ordinarily create smoke, pass upward through the burning area of the fire, and are then consumed. The Iron Fireman produces a smokeless flame and a fire from 500 to 1000 degrees F. hotter than with hand firing.

The Iron Fireman cuts down power and heating costs by eliminating waste. It burns the cheaper grades of coal, mine screenings, slack, or buckwheat. It burns fewer tons of coal. It does away with the smoke nuisance. Being automatic, it releases the fireman or janitor for other work thus saving labor costs. Gives even, steady boiler pressure, automatically maintained.

For cutting costs and adding to boiler room efficiency, the Iron Fireman is an unsurpassed investment. Hotels, apartments, factories, and office buildings save many thousands of dollars a year on fuel costs alone. Can you afford to waste what Iron Fireman users are saving? Mail the coupon for full information.

A. W. Shaw Company, Chicago, publishers of *System, Factory*, etc., write: "A very nice saving in fuel costs, with even temperature throughout the building at all times, considerably better and very noticeable over hand firing. Absolutely no smoke. Burn screenings."

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The IRON FIREMAN
Automatic COAL *Burner*

Saves fuel Saves labor Maintains even heat Prevents smoke

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In Step
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STYLE moves swiftly these days. One's wardrobe must be extensive · · · clothes for this and that occasion. Simplicity is the modern keynote and that's fortunate · · · You can have the many frocks the times demand because you can easily make them yourself on a modern White Rotary Electric sewing machine.
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And besides their sewing use, what charming pieces of furniture are these White Rotary Electrics! Your local White representative will gladly arrange a demonstration. White Sewing Machine Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
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SINCE 1876 — THE SERVANT OF THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN

AN OCEAN OF LEMONADE

(Continued from Page 11)

another, I joined in an aquatic party with the young ladies and some young philosophers in a very good boat upon the Wabash. The beautiful Miss Virginia forgot her stable duties and regaled us in a sweet voice."

It was the complaint of many of the members that others were in soul greatly inferior, in race hostile, and in general undesirable. Owen went away, returned and left again for good. He had sacrificed some of his popularity by attacking religion and, according to the duke, a very high American official "gave Mr. Owen to understand very plainly that he considered his intellects rather deranged." To which the translator adds that "this is, perhaps, the most charitable idea that can be formed of the actions of such reformers."

A contemporary account of New Harmony, toward the end, is a tragic epilogue to the enthusiasm and faith with which it started:

"A traveler who saw the village at this time describes it as a scene of idleness and revelry. There were, he declares, 1000 persons of every age, sex and condition gathered in the town, with no visible means of support save the generosity of the visionary Mr. Owen. In the school, which was held in the old brick church of the Rappites, were 330 children who were under no control whatever, for the plan of education was that of Pestalozzi, in which the sole punishment for bad behavior was a short confinement. The teachers, he was amazed to find, had thrown aside the Christian faith and taught doctrines not unlike those held by German Illuminati at the opening of the French Revolution. In and about the village no man seemed to be busy. The houses were falling into a state of dilapidation, the gardens were full of weeds, the fences were down, the curious labyrinth constructed by Rapp had been destroyed by cattle."

Owen himself lost much of his fortune and became an "endearing old bore." In 1855 he called a meeting "to prepare the public for the introduction of the knowledge of the Millennial State of human existence and to explain how the people of the world might immediately commence it in peace and universal good will." He was in possession of the Universal Devastator, with which he hoped to terrify the universe into horror of war and make the invention a universal pacificator.

A Sawmill and a Printery

The experiments of the Owen period were not numerous and the dozen or so communities ranged from fifteen members to the floating 1000 of New Harmony itself. One inspired by Owen and aided by his son was a disastrous failure and brought upon its leader, Fannie Wright, such hatred and hostility as only the greatest reformers deserved. It was a community for freed slaves in Nashoba, in Tennessee, but it lasted only a few months and the freed slaves were eventually transplanted to Haiti. In none of the communities was the glaring lesson of Owen's experiments taken to heart. He had succeeded industrially in England and failed agriculturally in America. Many years later John Humphrey Noyes, the founder of the conspicuously successful Oneida Community, remarked this fallacy in all coöperative efforts, that they had a lust for land which led them into the wilderness and discouraged manufacturing. "A sawmill is the only form of mechanism which figures much. . . . It is really ludicrous to see how uniformly an old sawmill turns up in connection with each association and how zealously the brethren made much of it; but that is about all that was attempted in the line of manufacturing. Land, land, land was evidently regarded by them as the mother of all gain and comfort."

In the Owenite, and later in the Fourierite colonies, we catch glimpses of certain features common to all experiments in colonies, and the character of the leaders suggests that a great change has come over the spirit of reform since their time. It seemed inevitable, for example, that colonists should choose comparatively undesirable sites. They tried to escape from the cities, but they went to places which could never even become villages. With a certainty that becomes almost comic, one reads of failing water supply, infertile soil, and the absence of any means to acquire goods or sell produce. In addition to the sawmill, colonists always set up a printery, and often a forge. They built a large central hall where, after meager suppers, most of them congregated and indulged in "piping, drumming, dancing, and card playing," with arguments on social problems, on the exploration of the West, on the latest poets in England, on life! An unwary visitor to one community reports, pathetically, that "an elderly French lady, who presided over the department of young mothers . . . stuck by my side during a large portion of the evening and tormented me with her philosophical views." One can see it! Flour ran short in the granary, or the outlying cottages took fire; they talked on of the "ample sufficiency" which was due to every worker. Dissensions rose, and they spoke of the brotherhood of man.

Gloom at its Gloomiest

At one colony—long the most successful—there was a day each week devoted to "mutual criticism." One or more members would be chosen as objects for the frank comments of the others. Their conduct and character would be unsparingly analyzed, and they were permitted to reply. The purpose was to take away all ground for gossip by having everyone, in turn, subject to criticism, however unfriendly. It was a popular institution at this community, but seems not to have been imitated elsewhere. They were inspired and bitter. The world did not understand how utterly simple their ideals were, how easily all the ills of mankind could be remedied. And at moments they looked straight into the abyss of black pessimism and despair.

Brook Farm was one of the happiest of colonies, yet we get such a report as the following: "Respecting Brisbane's seriousness, Arthur Sumner tells of a group of Brook Farmers lying out in the moonlight. 'What a heavenly moon!' said one of them. 'Miserable world! Damned bad moon!' was poor Brisbane's reply. The 'Aye, it's a sad sight,' of the dyspeptic Carlyle as he looked with Leigh Hunt at the starry heavens hardly equals this cosmic despair."

It is the tragedy of a certain type of idealist that, although he loves beauty, he lives in ugliness, and although he loves humanity, he despises his neighbor. Obviously it is harder to love one's neighbor than to love an abstract conception, and harder to love a man than to let him alone. We have grown so accustomed to the type of reformer who wants the Government to interfere with the private lives of its citizens that we have forgotten the older type. Impracticable the theories of communism in the nineteenth century certainly were, but they were almost all marked by a feeling for liberty. "You are trying to reduce all men to one level," said their opponents; but the communists of that time answered that they were trying to raise all men to a certain level of physical comfort and freedom. There were colonies based on abstention; some believed that it was a sin to continue the race and others that it was a sin to make more than 5 per cent profit. But the typical reformer of the colonies did not envy happiness enough to forbid it.

There is another point at which the older type of reformer differs from the new. His bitterness, if he was bitter, was cosmic, not

(Continued on Page 172

Where cleanliness is most considered, paint and varnish are indispensable

PAINT makes dirt noticeable and easier to remove. Paint brings light into dark places. And where are cleanliness and light more needed than where milk starts its journey from cow to cup?

In cow barns, milk house, testing laboratory—paint and varnish assist in the business of making milk safe for infants and adults. Walker-Gordon plants are models of what surface protection means to all who produce or use milk. Painting is as regular a part of the program as milking.

The magic of paint and varnish is to give the user what he needs, be it sanitation, light, better appearance, preservation, alone or in combination. "Save the surface and you save all" states a very practical truth. The benefits are great —and open to everyone.

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The genuine bears this identical label. *The label is sewed in, woven in colors.*

These fine shirts are *doubly* guaranteed: Colors are guaranteed never to run or fade; wear is guaranteed to be satisfactory to *you*—or a new shirt free!

$2.00 *neckband*

$2.50 *with collar*

Always ask for Needles FRUIT OF THE LOOM Shirts, and see that the multi-colored, woven Fruit label shown above is sewed in just below the neckband.

It takes Needles to make shirts

Write your name and address below, tear off and mail to L. Needles Brooker Co., Eighth and Dauphin Sts., Philadelphia. We will send you fabric sample and style card showing season's smartest patterns.

(Continued from Page 170)

personal; he was almost always an enthusiast who kindled enthusiasm, not a fanatic who repelled. It is true that most of the leaders might well pray to be saved from their disciples -since for a malcontent it was not necessary to understand a rebel; it was only necessary to encourage his being "agin the government."

It is an observable fact that no matter how intense a reformer may be, especially if he is really a crank, he can always find time to indulge in a few side issues of reform.

To Robert Owen came every crank, every inventor, every unhappy man with every grudge. Owen was the universal fire to melt away every injustice. But at least he was a fire. In a recent book on another reformer, John Jay Chapman has written:

"The essential quality of all this old society was that it was cold. In the last analysis—after the historical and constitutional questions have been patiently analyzed, after economics and sociology have had their say—the trouble with the American of 1830 was that he had a cold heart. Cruelty, lust, business interest, remoteness from European influence, had led to the establishment of an unfeeling civilization. The essential quality of Garrison is that he is hot. This must be borne in mind at every moment as the chief and real quality of Garrison. Disregard the arguments; sink every intellectual conception, every bit of logic and of analysis, and look upon the age; you see a cold age. Look upon Garrison; you see a hot coal of fire. He plunges through the icy atmosphere like a burning meteorite from another planet."

The age has changed, and the reformer with it. He is—in the popular mind—a restrainer, not a liberator; an interferer, not an encourager. Owen, in a paternal way, wanted to make life's burdens easier. He even dramatized grammar, with General Noun, Colonel Verb, and Corporal Adverb, to make learning English a pleasure. Fourier went further. He knew that there was a sort of magnetism in work which could attract men and women. Put together the right man and the right job, and this magnetic attraction would make work a delight. Few things were forbidden, and those were noxious to the whole community. He would have cut a sorry figure as a reformer today.

Making Labor Attractive

The suspicion that the Owenites were all atheists and free lovers—the most common accusations against all colonies, and the one often easiest to justify—added to the indifference and contempt of the world at large, kept from these communities those sober elements which might have made of them a success. They passed, and it was a generation later before the new prophet arose. The wild imagination of Fourier's cosmic theories showed itself only in the decorations of the phalanstery. His social ideas, however discredited now, were considered equally mad by his opponents. They seem now to have a quaint and rather mild charm. In "a day of small, sour and fierce schemes," Fourier wanted only to make labor attractive and life harmonious. Labor was to be executed under movable tents, and "to inspire with enthusiasm the industrial armies" there were to be vestal virgins, four of whom would occupy a chariot "drawn by twelve white horses with violet trappings when a monarch was to be received at a phalanstery." "Behold then," says a disciple, "love performing miracles; behold industrial rivalries exalted into romance; the vestal inspiring the exploits of numerous heroes who face a thousand dangers in fertilizing deserts, in draining marshes, in directing the course of rivers."

Eighteen hundred persons, composing 300 families, were to live in a self-inclosed edifice and were to divide themselves into groups and subgroups for performing the work of the phalanx, or phalanstery. Albert Brisbane, the father of the well-known editorial writer, was the most energetic of Fourier's disciples in America, as Horace Greeley was the most prominent. It is to Brisbane that we owe the fullest description of the ideal working of a Fourierite community: "Each one of the subgroups will be animated by a strong passion for the parcel or branch of industry which it has chosen and will develop . . . the dexterity and intelligence which a fair and attractive occupation always calls forth." Brisbane further explains that, according to Fourier, labor is divided into the three classes of necessity, usefulness and attractiveness, and the payment for these labors would be in the proportion of $100 for the useful, $125 for the necessary, and $75 for the attractive. There remains the "uncleanly and repulsive work" which is to be intrusted to a Sacred Legion of lads from the age of nine to sixteen.

Music Hath Charms

At least thirty-five communities on the Fourierite plan sprang into being, from Ohio to Wisconsin. They called themselves Alphadelphia or Goosepond Community or the One-Mentians or, more simply, the Jefferson County Industrial Association. But none of these approached in interest the famous Brook Farm community, which was only partially Fourierite, as none of them approached in grandeur the unrealized project of the Guisite Pacific Colony at Topolobampo Bay, Sinaloa, Mexico. Robert Owen had passed through Mexico on one of his tours, and that General Santa Anna who was destined to be defeated by the American army at Buena Vista had tentatively promised him land for an experiment. From that time Mexico had always appealed to the imagination of colonists, impelled, as usual, by the necessity to escape from their own surroundings. A civil engineer also named Owen—A. K.—and Edward Howland, a publicist, were the principal figures in creating this somewhat ill-starred venture. Howland published a magazine called Social Solutions, in Hammonton, New Jersey, in which he expounded the financial arrangement of a *credit foncier*, or land bank, for the Sinaloa colony, and Owen worked energetically on the ground. Howland was an early anti-railroad agitator and was interested in the practical problem of going "across the continent for one dollar"; but if the idealist writer was concerned with practical affairs, the engineer made up for it in poetry.

The description of the site, the advantages, the architectural beauties, the industrial happiness of Sinaloa, rises to a height in Owen's plea for the Campanile bells.

"We want the carillons of Brussels revived—the bells of Belgium with their perfect sounds, and the perfected machinery of England, which is capable of transmitting to the chimes in the tower the most delicate of touches. With such combination a genius of the pianoforte may awaken to good impulses our citizens, in their shops, in their field and in their harbor, with opera, waltz, sonata and symphony. People must be attracted if they dwell in equity with one another. Their sentiments, their emotions must be engaged, or their animal natures will predominate. They must be educated, refined and entertained. Music and flowers may have influence not yet dreamed of. We must weave music and flowers into our lives; everywhere we must see and scent the one and hear the other—in the street, in the factory, in the home. The tone world is yet in its infancy. The tone waves

must be made to splash quietly, gently, regularly, against every individual at all hours of the day, at every watch of the night. The little wavelets will eventually wash away the sharp corners from the most adamantine nature—will soften the hardest character and widen respectful obedience to law—into love for every creature living. . . . Let us have music at all times and in every place. Our chimes—our carillon—will be our tocsin in case of danger; it will be a curfew to remind us of our duty to one another; it will be the vespers to call us to our discipline; it will be our nocturne to remind us that the day is over and that our nature counsels our repose."

The vision which inspired Brook Farm was not so highfaluting, and, in fact, the New England transcendentalists who went there seem to have been skeptical most of the time of the ultimate success of their enterprise. Later in life some of them declared the days spent at Brook Farm the most valuable in their lives, but at the time they must have taken it in the spirit of a masquerade with turns to spiritual exaltation and the occasional shadow of a tragedy. They seem to have gathered there a certain number of faddists. "There were the protestants against sin of flesh eating, refining into curious metaphysics upon milk, eggs and oysters. To purloin milk from the udder was to injure the maternal affections of the cow; to eat eggs was Feegee cannibalism and the destruction of the tender germ of life; to swallow an oyster was to mask murder. A still selecter circle denounced the chains that shackled the tongue and the false delicacy that clothed the body. Profanity, they said, is not the use of forcible and picturesque words; it is the abuse of such to express base passions and emotions. So indecency cannot be affirmed of the model of all grace, the human body. . . ."

From another report we gather that the water cure and the starving cure were both practiced. "Mrs. Kirby's account of the treatment at a cold-water cure a few miles from Brook Farm is vivid but not alluring. Thirteen barrels of ice-cold water were yielded up daily by a natural spring, and this supply was dammed up until a patient was ready for it. Then the sluices were opened and the water allowed to pour down an incline and fall a distance of twenty-five feet upon the back of the shuddering victim. The sensation is said to be that of pounding with glass balls. *Umschlag*, or wet bandaging, was a treatment reserved for the next day. Strict prohibition was put on visits to the farm in the interval between douches, for the reason that all excitement must be avoided in order that the cure might be efficient. The starving cure had an ardent follower in a young Hungarian, Count G——, who for a time shared the fortunes of the farm; but the simple menu of the community removed any pressing need for the general application of this treatment."

Transcendental Grubbing

There was also at Brook Farm some difficulty about the food served at the common tables. A number of the communists, disciples of the Reverend Sylvester Graham, ate bread of unbolted flour, refusing meats and, like Horace Greeley, rejecting tea and coffee "even in the most homeopathic dilutions." These dietetic transcendentalists considered it unfair that they should have to pay as much for their food as their more omnivorous brethren. There were the usual community troubles with, however, a rare and, in retrospect, attractive atmosphere of intellectual friendships and good breeding. As usual, one of the main buildings caught fire. What was not usual was a certain happiness even in the straits of poverty to which Brook Farm soon came. "There were never such witty potato patches and such sparkling cornfields before or since. The weeds were scratched out of the ground to the music of Tennyson or Browning, and the nooning was an hour gay and bright as any brilliant midnight at Ambrose's." From Hawthorne, who spent a shy and uneasy year at the farm, and from Margaret Fuller, whose descents upon it fluttered the domestic arrangements, we have records of Brook Farm which surpass in brilliance if not in ultimate optimism the bleak statistical epitaphs on fifty other associations.

Hawthorne went to Brook Farm early and wrote to his fiancée: "We have eight cows of our own, and . . . a transcendental heifer belonging to Miss Margaret Fuller." According to Hawthorne's latest biographer—Lloyd Morris—the Salem novelist worked for months on the manure pile, and hated it. But he found the fraternal meals "a delectable way of life" at the beginning, and Margaret Fuller's discussions on Education in its largest sense, or on Impulse, seem not to have disturbed him. He made friends with some of the queer farmers. There was one who "was given to loudly reciting the litany in the middle of the night" and another who worked only on Sunday, to annoy his more Christian brethren; Warren Burton's passions were "nature study, phrenology and the doctrines of Swedenborg," and Minot Pratt "took pains to rescue all the flowers uprooted during the morning's plowing, and faithfully replanted them by the roadside." Emerson, Alcott and Theodore Parker came and made addresses; George William Curtis and his brother came to the school which was to give instruction "from the first rudiments to the highest culture." By the end of six months Hawthorne was utterly disillusioned in Brook Farm; he found that this coöperative community was, in essence, as competitive as any other effort to buy and sell, and labor he found there more brutalizing than any he had known. He left the colony and within a few years it was reorganized on the Fourier system, the phalanstery burned, and the ideal of George Ripley lay in its ashes. Both Greeley and Brisbane were interested, and the life of Brook Farm might have been lengthened if the general difficulties of Fourierite communities had not diverted their energies elsewhere.

Faith Within, Hostility Without

In Pike County, Pennsylvania, the Sylvania Association collected 145 members and $8000 in debts before two years were over. Greeley was its treasurer and fought bitterly for its continuance, as he fought in the New York Tribune against his great journalistic enemy, Henry J. Raymond, who finally bested him in a series of articles on Fourierism which ran for nearly a year. The mortality among American communities was devastating. Of thirty colonies nearly one-half lasted less than one year, and every six months thereafter saw two or three others abandoned. One only, and that a religious colony, lasted seventeen years. According to Noyes, the democratic colonies collapsed more rapidly than those held together by a strong autocratic government. It is impossible now to recapture the two elements which gave these colonies their peculiar importance—the deep faith of the colonists and the hostility of the outsiders. A psychologist might wonder how much unhappiness and how much incapacity to deal with the common problems of life found their way out in these attempts to escape; he might also speculate on the reasons which made other people suspicious of these experiments; but no purely scientific account could do justice to the emotions which some of the leaders evoked and to the pathos when hope and confidence in the future broke down before the saddest of realizations.

A figure who was in himself too ineffective to have any great influence wanders through this history of Utopias pursued by such malevolent misfortune that it seems to be typical of all the others. It is that of Etienne Cabet, a French rebel who in 1840 published a book called a Voyage to Icaria. It was a Utopia like any other, but, unhappily, Cabet tried to bring it into existence. He collected means and colonists and brought them to America, with Texas

(Continued on Page 177)

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(Continued from Page 173)

as an objective. Coming after the Mormon trek westward, he brought about 1500 people into their abandoned settlement at Nauvoo. But he was wrecked by difficulties and dissensions, although in his Utopia propaganda must have been limited, since he declared against all newspapers. The disagreements were so violent that he was at one time exiled from his own disciples. A handful of men and women in Iowa struggled on for more than a generation to keep his communist ideas alive.

There were others. The Ruskin commonwealth, moving from place to place, settling where there was no water, establishing the usual printery and suffering from the usual fire, finally settled in Georgia, and a little book on "the end of the Ruskin experiment" served as an epitaph. On one of its migrations, Mr. Charles M. Skinner of the Brooklyn Eagle visited Ruskin and reported: "It sort of makes you jump when a rough, tanned specimen comes from the field with dirt on his hands and holes in his trousers, and begins to talk poetry to you. And you feel a pang when you see these people in their great bleak dining room, dressed like hod carriers and kitchen wenches, sitting down to bread, potatoes and bacon, because you see they deserve better. They are generously, gloriously sacrificing personal for general welfare, and that is heroism. You respect and admire them, and meanly look up the time-table to find a place where they sell steaks."

Where Time Was Money

The founders of colonies had a peculiar faculty for suffusing their economic theories with their emotions of human brotherhood. Josiah Warren, after an experience at New Harmony, became convinced that the system of payment for labor contained the radical fault of society. He established on Long Island a colony called Modern Times, of which the basic idea seems to have been a system of payment by labor notes, the value of which could hardly have been definite, since each individual was the assessor of his own worth as a laborer. The method of using these notes is illustrated by the experience of a visitor: "I made or procured a written labor note, promising so many hours' labor at so much per hour. Mr. Warren had similar labor notes. I went to the Time Store with my note and my cash, and informed the keeper that I wanted, for instance, a few yards of Kentucky jeans. As soon as he commenced conversation or business with me, he set the dial which was under the clock and marked the time. He then attended to me, giving me what I wanted, and in return taking from me as much cash as he paid for the article to the wholesale merchant, and as much time out of my labor note as he spent for me, according to the dial, in the sale of the article. I believe 5 per cent was added to the cash cost, to pay rent and cover incidental expenses. The change for the labor notes was in small tickets representing time by the five, ten or fifteen minutes."

Another experiment, wholly out of the range of economics, was that of the Lord's Farm, in which a real approach was made to complete individual liberty. There seems to have been no organization and no discipline. Yet the Lord's Farmers, in spite of the depredations of their neighbors, flourished for a considerable time. Even when someone drove off with the only horse and carriage, no effort was made to prosecute the offender or call in the police; no one even prayed. But it is recorded that the thief abandoned his loot, which was eventually returned to the owner.

Equally odd, although in exactly the opposite way, is the settlement of Celestia, in Pennsylvania, which was made by a religious sect, and was in 1864 deeded, granted, and conveyed by due process of law "to Almighty God and to his heirs in Jesus Messiah, to the intent that it shall be subject to bargain and sale by men's cupidity no more forever."

Always Against the Stream

The successful experiments in America have almost always abandoned the peculiar beliefs which gave them their character and have become great administrative and business enterprises. The successful reformers in America have seldom been solitary eccentrics. The figure of a John Brown stands out in American history with a sharpness equal to that of Benedict Arnold, because the lonely eccentric is as rare in our history as the traitor. The cranks, fakers and faddists of the nineteenth century in America spent themselves, with only an occasional success, in an effort to break down the indifference or the common sense of the community. Some of the worst of them found enough gullible followers to make them rich. But only the devoted ones who created settlements in the wilderness arrived at any degree of fame. The theories upon which they worked seem equally silly to the hard-shelled reactionary professor of economics and to the hard-boiled radical exponents of the new communism. As you go through a library index on the subject of these early American experiments, you are aware of a shock at finding them sharing a name with the communism of modern Russia. The communism of the American past was pacific and idealistic; the communism of the international present is fierce, direct and realistic. The international communist of today is not eccentric to the politics or morals of some countries, but the communist of the earlier period was a solitary eccentric wherever he appeared. He stands today as the perfect example of the prophet who was without honor in his own country and remains without honor in the verdict of time. In America, at least, time has given its approval to very few leaders who swam always against the stream, and it is an extraordinary fact that of these few the great majority have been women.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Seldes. The next will appear in an early issue

His Wife: "What's the Matter Here?"
Himself: "I Lost Control of the Sunday Paper."

A new idea *in* Hosiery—

Nine great companies are now able to offer you what would be impossible for any one of them alone

New low prices—Styles correct to the moment
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FOR years, hosiery prices have been too high. Millions of buyers have not been able to get right values for their money. And the reason has been simply this: A wasteful condition in the whole method of distribution.

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Three years ago the plans were laid—plans that have at last culminated in the formation of the National Textile Distributors Corporation and the brand—Ser-val Hosiery.

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Large buying power is the secret of Ser-val values. Each season a special style committee selects and plans each model in the line. Every detail is considered—the quality of the thread, the number of twists to each inch of thread, the character of the stitch, the colors and kind of dye.

With these specifications, orders are placed, representing the needs of the nine great firms. Thus, instead of each individual firm having its own brand of hosiery manufactured on a wasteful small scale, the nine together secure all the advantages of large-scale operations.

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Moreover, so flexible is the whole method of operation that the Ser-val line can always embody the last word in style

Ask your retail merchant to show you the new Ser-val Hosiery You will be astonished at the fine quality and correctness of style which you can obtain for even *less money* than you may be spending today. Each pair carries the Ser-val Multiple guarantee.

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Harmonizes with the furnishings of the living room or porch or bedroom.

Made in six attractive colors. Mahogany, Dark Bronze, Light Brown, Willow Green, Olive Green or Chinese Red.

Gets rid of messy ashes

Made of durable metal

28 inches high

Note the snuffer grips—two on each Smokador. They hold forgotten smokes and snuff them out.

Ashes and stubs fall through the bottomless tray and hollow stem down to roomy, air-tight bowl where they can't smolder or smell.

To clean, infrequently, simply unscrew stem and throw out contents of the bowl. No muss. No fuss.

PUTS all ashes, stubs and burned matches out of sight.

If Smokador is bumped into or tipped, the patented roly-poly "Rock-a-by" base brings it back instantly into upright position.

Four years ago, these ashless ashstands were a convenience undreamed of. Today, you see them everywhere—servants of cleanliness and convenience—in *smart* homes, clubs, hotels, offices, showrooms, on limited trains and ocean liners.

In many homes *extra* Smokadors are brought out, like card tables, when friends arrive.

With Smokadors around, there are no spilly, messy, smelly ashes to blow or lie about. *And no smoldering forgotten stubs to burn furniture or rugs.* Ashes, stubs and matches fall through the bottomless tray and hollow stem down to the generous-size air-tight bowl, where the stubs cannot smolder or smell.

Smokadors are such a relief! No muss, no fuss.

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Don't be misled into taking any but the genuine—look for the name, Smokador, on the match box holder and on the bottom of the bowl. This mark is a guarantee of genuineness, perfect workmanship and material. Sold by the better department stores, furniture stores, sporting goods, office equipment, men's wear, gift shops and other stores that sell smart things.

If your dealer can't supply Smokadors, send the coupon and $10.50 for each Smokador, check or money order ($11.00 if you live west of the Mississippi or $15.00 in Canada). Your order will be filled through your dealer

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☐ Mahogany ☐ Willow Green
☐ Dark Bronze ☐ Olive Green
☐ Light Brown ☐ Chinese Red

Smokador catalogue folder and name of nearest dealer on request

SEP 5-27

CLEANING UP

(Continued from Page 44)

go there and I will arrange for you to join him in his box if you like."

I did like. "What time shall I get there?" I inquired, with American efficiency.

"I would try between 4:30 and 5 A.M.," said Bismarck.

"You mean P.M., don't you?" I corrected him politely.

But he answered even more politely, "Four-thirty o'clock in the morning, for the emperor is an early riser and will be there when they start."

I ran all the way back to my hotel. "Dick," I cried to my pal, Outcault, "from now on I don't know you! But if you would like to take a peek at your erstwhile friend hobnobbing with Willie Hohenzollern, put on your best garters and we'll hop the next train for something called Homburg." Dick, like a real friend, traveled all over Germany with me that night, although all he was to get out of it was the chance to stand on the sidelines and watch me entertain royalty.

I had visions of myself negligently dangling a toothpick while lightly exchanging badinage with the emperor and empress. At the entrance to the box I gave my name to a fellow with a sword, who made sundry unintelligible and highly gargling sounds, after which he pushed me inside, introduced me to a chap with a negligible mustache and an even more negligible English vocabulary and left me to my fate.

Among Those Not Presented

I do not think the box was any larger than the Hippodrome, although perhaps a little more crowded. And there I was with nothing between me and royalty except some two or three hundred princes, dukes and counts, none of them taking the faintest notice of me. I managed to catch Outcault's eye, so that he might truthfully say he had seen me in the emperor's box. It would not be necessary to report at home that all I got out of my audience was a peek at an empress, a kindly looking woman, keeping the heat from her lord with a little push-button fan, the while that gentleman stood there giving an imitation of a statue of himself—never even acknowledging the attention by so much as a grateful smile. For the several long hours that I watched those autos go off and come back, that lady continued to show a beautiful wifely devotion I have never seen equaled. Somehow, the wives I know do not stand for hours fanning their lords and masters, at least not in public.

While bragging of kings, there was also the King of the Belgians, Leopold, whom I not only met but with whom I once enjoyed a brief partnership. Winchell Smith will agree that I have always had an excellent eye for partners. It is a pity to spoil a casually tossed-off "As I Said to Leopold of Belgium" by admitting how wholly fortuitous was my meeting with the king. I was never formally presented to His Majesty. Nobody even introduced me. As a matter of fact, I picked him up.

Riding along the beach at Ostend, I noticed an extremely tall, bearded gentleman some yards ahead. He had an escort of five men—two ahead, one beside him and two behind. I asked my driver in my best Belgian, "Who is that distinguished gentleman?"

To which he replied in equally good English, "That is Leopold, King of the Belgians."

My trusty camera hung across my shoulder and, unstrapping it, I commanded my driver, "Kick your horse and get up nearer, where I can get a photograph."

He obeyed me—not too literally—and, stalking my quarry carefully, I jumped out of my carriage and snapped a picture of the old gentleman. Emboldened by my success, I approached a little closer, when suddenly I found the camera snatched from my hands, and the next thing I knew there was my beautiful camera in the possession of the king, while I was the object of baleful glares from twelve eyes—ten common and two preferred.

Too startled for protest, I heard one of the guards say something to His Majesty, from which I gathered the word "American," and though the tone was not precisely insulting, it implied that that explained a great many things.

"May I have my camera?" I demanded almost bravely, to which the king replied in English as perfect as Sam Bernard's, "May I be permitted to look at it?"

"Certainly, Your Majesty," said I calmly.

"How do you work it?" inquired the king.

"Stand over there facing the sun," said I, "and I'll show you."

"No, no," he demurred, but he was laughing, and in a few moments, despite the expostulations of his officious officials, he thrust one hand into his pocket, threw out his game leg, and said, "Aw right."

After which I asked whether he wanted to practice taking my picture.

"Why not?" said the king. "You show me how to hold it."

"Would you mind," I inquired, "if I sit down in my carriage while you snap it?"

"Why not?" he shrugged amiably. I gathered from the gesticulations of his horrified guard that my impertinence was beyond even American bounds. But that didn't upset me, because I was aware of it. I sat down in my open barouche and the king took my picture. I hurried back to my hotel to tell my roommate how I had drawn a king. He was not impressed, even when I waved the camera with the proofs inside.

"The king," said my friend, "goes to the Kursaal every night. We'll go over there, and I bet he doesn't know you."

The Royal Flush

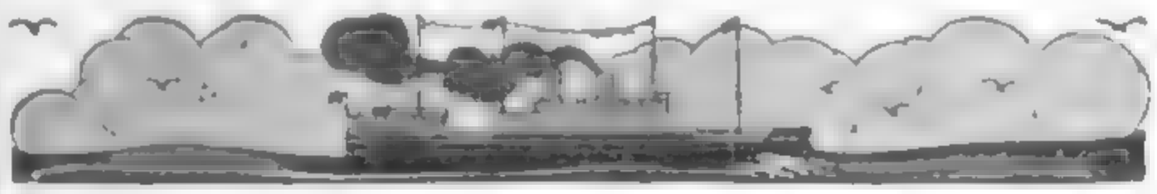
That evening the king, who was fond of gambling, was playing at the roulette wheel. I joined the crowd surrounding him. Finally he looked my way and, to the amazement of my pal, bowed to me. I began to play and the numbers came my way. The king, who had been losing, stopped and watched me win. I was playing my lucky number, twenty-seven. I was born on the twenty-seventh and I have always thought that was pretty lucky for me. I kept on playing twenty-seven, but my luck did not. For a dozen rolls I couldn't get that twenty-seventh number out. And suddenly I realized that I had only about two hundred and fifty francs left. I knew I must quit.

I turned to the king. "I wish I were rich enough to put a lot on that number," I sighed. "I feel certain that if I could play it once more ——"

"Well," said the king, "let us play it together."

Two hundred and fifty francs was all that stood between me and swimming the Channel—which in those days had not yet become a popular pastime. But when a king makes a partnership proposition to a young John Golden, it takes something superhuman for young Golden to decline.

With a half-despondent, half-defiant look, I said to my pal: "Here goes. But you have to admit I have no piker for a partner." (Continued on Page 181)



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Wichita, Kan.
Williamsport, Pa.
Winona, Minn.

(Continued from Page 178)

I put in a couple of the most excruciating moments I have ever lived through while that ball was making up its mind where it would come to rest. The king was in the middle of a yawn when the click of that ball, falling, stopped his yawn for the moment and almost stopped my heart forever. This being a true story and not a romance, I ought to record that I lost my money. But the fact is that I walked out of that place a rich man, as befits the partner of a king.

On my return to America I settled down to the serious business of song writing. I think the number of songs I have written reaches into the thousands. Those I have had published, however, would remain comfortably inside the hundreds, whereas those which were hits could be numbered among the early tens. I should say, answering a question which is still frequently asked of me, if a writer achieves one fair hit out of fifty songs, and one knockout in a hundred, he has struck a high average.

Because of my ability to write lyrics with one hand and music with the other finger—very often not letting one know what the other was doing—I had the opportunity of collaborating with a wide range of talented men, including, I believe, every composer or lyric writer of note in the country. My collaborators reach from no less a personage than Woodrow Wilson, down to myself, by way of such fine names as Silvio Hein, Irving Berlin, Oscar Hammerstein, Henry Blossom, Victor Herbert, Jerome Kern and even Douglas Fairbanks.

Lillian Russell's Present

The song I wrote with Douglas Fairbanks was intended for Will Rogers, and doubtless the only reason you have never heard Will Rogers sing it is because he never heard of it. However, Will is a good friend of mine, and if he wants this masterpiece I might use my influence with Doug to arrange it. I'm a Little Bit A-scared of Myself is the title of a ballad—lyric by Douglas Fairbanks, music by John Golden—which has never had the opportunity it deserved. I did finally induce Fred Stone to give it a try at a Lambs' Gambol, where it had a chance to be heard and judged and —— Well, Doug and I liked it. Here is one verse of Fairbanks' lyric:

I'm the toughest proposition on this little earth today,
My birth in Dead Gulch City out in Colorado way
Created more commotion than a herd of cattle makes,
They fed me cactus burs and rattlesnakes.

Which, making allowances for the fact that the meter of a song lyric usually limps when taken out of its musical stride, is not so bad as to make Doug blush.

One day I received an invitation to a birthday party at Lillian Russell's. I wanted very much to go to her party, and I wanted even more to give her a present. But one could not present with a grand flourish a box of chocolates to the most famous beauty in America, on whom people were showering horses, diamond tiaras and motor cars. When I looked over my assets I found that all I had was a knack of writing songs. But even a little talent is better than no money at all, and so I came proudly into the big house in Cedarhurst on the morning of her birthday, with my gift tied up in a blue ribbon under my arm.

"Here," I said, with a magnificent gesture, "is your birthday present—an operetta entitled The Village Beauty, written especially for you, and my only regret is that it may never be produced."

"Why not?" she said, taking it from me and looking through it. "We'll produce it tonight. There are enough guests here to make up a cast. We can have ——"

"I will do the casting," I suggested, running my eye over the house guests. All day long we rehearsed and that evening we presented my operetta to about fifty birthday guests, with an all-star cast consisting, as I remember, of Lillian Russell, her sister Susanne Westford, Digby Bell, Anna Held, De Wolf Hopper, Isadora Rush and Roland Reed, a great comedian and father of one frail Reed, named Florence.

It was a burlesque of the Gilbert and Sullivan type of opera and I subsequently made a one-man act of it which for years was my favorite parlor stunt. To this day there are people who, if they get me near a piano, ask me to do The Village Beauty. I have had offers for its use in vaudeville. But somehow it always seemed to belong to Lillian Russell. It was my birthday present to her at a time when I would willingly have given her all I had, and all I had was a penchant for making songs.

One week-end during a house party at the incomparable Lillian's country home, a young man about town named Billy Prime—he is still about town and still prime—came in and told of the rigorous training at Muldoon's farm, and what an ordeal it was to take the course.

"I think I'll go there," said I. "I imagine I'd like a place like that."

"You!" said Billy Prime, weighing down the syllable with all the contempt it would hold. "Why, you couldn't stand it."

"What do you mean?" I asked indignantly.

"Why, a fellow like you wouldn't last at Muldoon's a week."

I was about to retort with something withering like "Is that so?" when, to my chagrin, Lillian Russell, the most wonderful woman in the world and my very dear friend, turned and said, "No, Jack, you never could stand Muldoon's."

I am grateful to Billy Prime to this day for having put his remark in just that way. The following week I was up at Muldoon's. Many a time in the ensuing weeks I might have been tempted to take French leave from the terrible grind that Bill put us through, but my public boast made me grit my teeth and bear it.

Miss Russell, too, encouraged me to remain, pointing out that the improvement in my condition would react favorably on my work, as, indeed, it did.

For coincident with the vigorous course of physical training laid down by Muldoon, I was trying to complete my first musical comedy. Marie Dressler, who had had great success with one or two of my numbers, had engaged me to write the music and lyrics to a book by George V. Hobart. And I had this order when I went up to Muldoon's. However, I received a special concession from the professor—we called Muldoon the professor, doubtless because of his famous third degree—which permitted me to work whenever there was a space in the strenuous program.

A Refuge for Rusty Machines

The other mutts—which was the elegant and flattering cognomen under which we were known—objected to the added torture of my musical inspirations. But Muldoon permitted me to continue the outrage, perhaps feeling that they would benefit by the added lesson in self-control.

Muldoon was a great character who, after his historic handling of the champion of the world, John L. Sullivan, had for years taken all sorts of men under all sorts of conditions and made them over both mentally and physically. He could accommodate as many as thirty or forty at a time, so that literally thousands have come and gone from his training quarters. I have never, on my several visits to his place, seen one man who was not wonderfully improved before he left. Many famous men trained at this master manhandler's quarters at Purchase, New York. It was a favorite refuge of Theodore Roosevelt.

Some of my contemporaries were Henry Dixie, Kid McCoy, Chauncey M. Depew and a wonderful little old Pennsylvania judge. Muldoon treated them all like so much rusty machinery and he did not allow himself to be hampered by any delicate consideration for their finer feelings. I know that his frequent uncomplimentary

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See your dealer, or CHECK COUPON and give us your dealer's name. We'll ship on approval PREPAID. Add no estimate to THESE prices for express.

If your car is a 1925, 1926 or 1927 model of

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references to the shape of my head sent me to a phrenologist. He, however, said that its shape might betoken either what Muldoon said, or genius, and I preferred to take the latter view of the matter.

One day during the afternoon rest hour Muldoon told us to get into the coach for a ride. I had worked to the limit of time the night before on my show and hard all day on Muldoon's rigorous régime, and rather resented being dragged away. The little old judge, who had been reading his favorite Philadelphia paper, in soft Romeo slippers and a relaxed mood, rather welcomed the idea of a pleasant ride and no training. We all tumbled into the coach and went for a drive to an apple orchard in a valley about eight miles distant.

Speaking His Mind

Arrived there, Muldoon said, "Get out, boys, and pick some of those nice red apples."

We piled out and picked dozens of the nice red apples. But when we looked for a word of praise from Muldoon, there was none forthcoming, because there was no Muldoon, and no coach either—nothing but the road winding like a ribbon, as we novelists say, and for the most part winding uphill.

There stood the little old judge in his slippers. I hate to think what would have happened to Muldoon had Muldoon at that moment appeared before him on the bench.

He began to storm at the outrage. "I'll never go back there!" he cried.

"Oh, come on now, judge," I adjured him. The others, having no patience, were already under way, the foremost disappearing over the brow of the hill.

"I won't tolerate such an outrage!" he stormed. I took his arm and started him homeward. Outrage or no outrage, there was the matter of dinner to be considered. However, the judge found in me a sympathetic soul. I had never had the nerve to voice my resentment to Muldoon, but I had no objection to hearing somebody else do so.

I have seen men like Blakely Hall, once the owner of the Morning Telegraph, run away like a schoolboy, rather than face Muldoon with open rebellion at some order. I rather looked forward to having somebody step up and tell this Muldoon a thing or two.

The judge alternated between indignation and despair. "I'd like to tell that fellow what I think of this."

"Why don't you," I suggested, "when you get back?"

"I will!" he cried. But a little farther on: "I can never make it," he complained pitifully.

"Sure you can," I said, determined to get him there if I had to carry him. He was a frail little man and a good part of the way I did half carry, half support him, all the while keeping alive the flame in his soul.

"He has no right to do a thing like this."

"Certainly not! He's a big bully!" ranted the judge.

"I don't see why somebody doesn't tell him so," I sympathized.

"I'll tell him so!" he retorted.

I looked at him admiringly. "You're not afraid of him, are you?"

"Afraid?" The judge snorted. "Just wait till I get hold of him!"

"You'll tell him where he gets off, won't you?"

"You bet I will," snapped the judge.

"Don't forget what he did to us last week," I prompted.

"I won't," promised the judge grimly.

And so, while the afternoon waned and the twilight deepened, he managed, with my moral and physical support, to make the long miles. It was eight o'clock when we approached the farm.

"Remember," I reminded the judge, "this isn't training—it's cruelty to animals."

"I'll remember," said the judge between his teeth. "He can't do this sort of thing to me ——"

"The old coward," I said. "He won't dare answer you."

We could see the lights of the dining room. The boys were just finishing dinner. In the lighted doorway stood Muldoon, his arms akimbo, waiting to welcome us. And as we came up:

"Hello, there, boys," he greeted us cheerily. "Just in time for dinner."

I got behind the judge, to give him plenty of room. I looked away, a little afraid of the impact of this thunderstorm I had precipitated.

The judge walked up to Muldoon and stared him in the eye.

"Did you enjoy your stroll?" inquired Muldoon.

"Yes, indeed," replied the judge. "Golden was getting a little tired, but I pulled him along, and here we are, hungry as a couple of bears!"

But far from hurting me, the training at Muldoon's not only built me up physically but must have helped my work, because my show was accepted for Broadway production under the brilliant and outstanding title of Miss Print.

His Name in Miss Print

Securing the order for this first show had been quite a thrill for a youngster. Completing it under the unusual conditions of Muldoon's training camp was another. But the greatest thrill of all was seeing my name in print on Broadway and Forty-second Street, in front of Hammerstein's Theater, today more luxuriously appointed and known as the Rialto.

When that day came, I stood on Forty-second Street, and there was a huge sign announcing in large letters:

MARIE DRESSLER

IN A NEW MUSICAL PLAY ENTITLED

MISS PRINT

BY GEORGE V. HOBART

and somewhere down at the bottom, in type which could only have been achieved by a miniature painter using a dry-point needle, stood the words:

LYRICS AND MUSIC BY JOHN GOLDEN.

I happened to be on friendly terms with Will McConnell, the manager of the company. He was a well-known character in theatrical circles—a press agent, writer, business manager, and, rarest of all, a genuine humorist. His overflowing wit ran into a column in the Morning Telegraph, which was later edited by Rennold Wolf and since ably conducted by Leo March. They tell that at one time McConnell was Amelia Bingham's business manager. Amelia Bingham is still a fine actress of great personality and charm. Twenty years ago she was a star of the first magnitude, perhaps best remembered in a play of Clyde Fitch's called The Climbers.

McConnell was in the habit of considering his day's work ended after seeing that the box-office receipts were put away. It seems Miss Bingham, who was not aware of this, sent a call boy one evening for McConnell, only to learn that he had gone home. She had him located at the Lambs' Club and finally got him on the phone.

"Why aren't you at the theater, Mr. McConnell?" she inquired.

To which McConnell replied, "I thought I had finished all that was required of me."

Too Much Rope

"Indeed," said Miss Bingham; "how could you be sure that something wouldn't develop which might need your presence?"

"What, for instance?" demanded McConnell.

"Why," said she, "the theater might burn down."

"Well," said Mr. McConnell, "I am a manager, not a fireman."

There was nothing Will would not do if he felt like it. I hadn't so many shows on Broadway that I couldn't find a little time to hang around Miss Print. On one of these occasions I called McConnell's attention to the minute lettering of my name on the sign.

"Why," said Mac, "that isn't anything. I could have your name in letters so big it could be seen two blocks away."

"How could you do that?" I asked in awestruck tones.

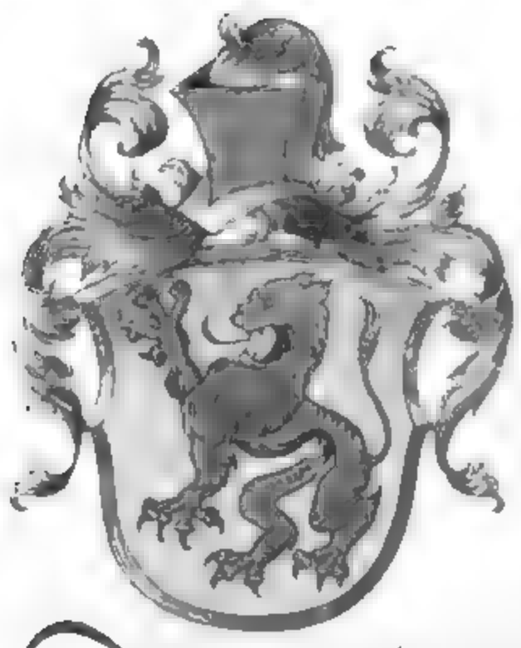
"By having the painter change the sign," he replied, "if I felt like it."

"What would make you feel like it?" I inquired.

"Well," admitted McConnell, "a box of cigars might."

I knew, and most of Mac's friends will remember, his weakness for a certain brand. I went out and bought a box of them, and sure enough, the next day there was the sign with JOHN GOLDEN bigger than anything else on it. It costs some people a lifetime to have their names in the biggest type on Broadway. But it only cost me a box of cigars. Of course, you can't expect a few dollars' worth of publicity to last forever. Mine lasted only until Miss Dressler had one good look at it. But it certainly did prove the old adage: Give a man enough rope ——

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Golden, in collaboration with Viola Brothers Shore. The next will appear in an early issue



Family Pride

TO keep constantly in mind the welfare of its members, that is true family pride.

In such a family there is cooperation, respect, honesty and sentiment. Perhaps the greatest of these is sentiment.

Everything is done the best it can be done. True pride tolerates no compromise.

After a loved one has passed, there is no vain regret, no bewilderment of sorrow, no outward display of emotion.

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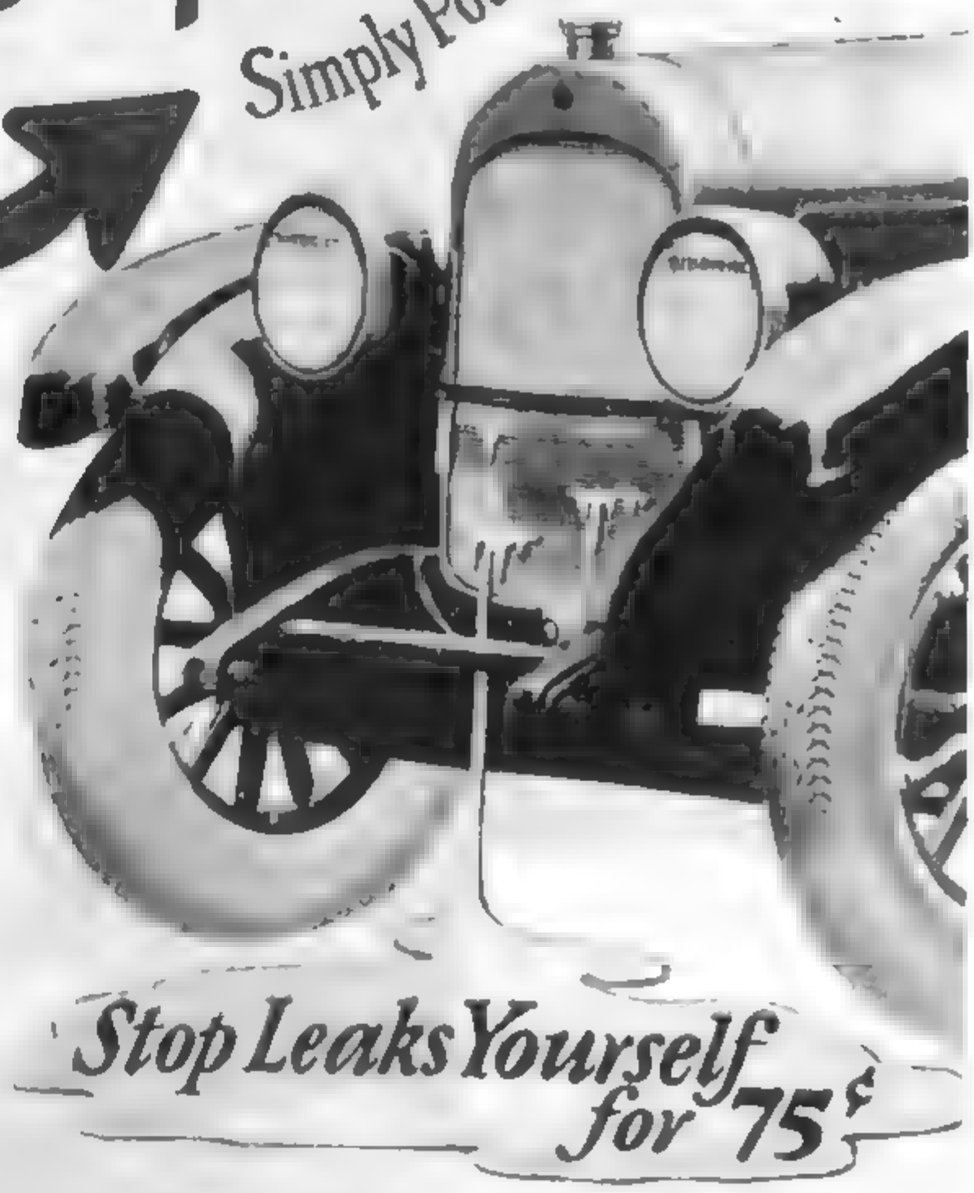

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OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES

(Continued from Page 25)

"He gave you good advice anyway," I says. "We ain't got no jail here, but it don't do no harm to act like there was."

"Would it be acting like there was if you done took other means and measures—like if you whupped him right good for the mangy hound he is?" Jule asks.

I told him I reckoned I'd be within my rights and privileges as a free American citizen in so doing, if I'd tried peaceable means and measures first.

"That's just what I was a-trying to find out," he says. "It's what I had a notion to do right along, but I wanted to get some advice on it. He's a-bringing his truck out of the store now. I reckon I've got to hurry."

He started up the street without a single, solitary word more. I called to him to come back, but he kept on a-going. Toynbee had got all his truck in the wagon but one package that he had under his arm, seemed like, and he was a-standing in front of the store, talking to Charley Fargo when Jule started for him. Then he turned away and walked tords the hitching rack to untie his mules and Julius hollered for him to wait and started to run. As Toynbee didn't pay no attention, except to turn his head, Julius snatched up a rock.

I seen that rock afterwards. It was what the Cousin Jacks call a dornick, round and smooth and weighing clost on to a couple of pounds. Julius stopped long enough to send that dornick on ahead of him and it took Toynbee in the pit of the stomach and doubled him like a jackknife. It's a wonder it didn't go right through him, but I reckon the package must have took up some of the shock and force of it. Anyway he sat down and waited until Julius arrived, and he didn't have long to wait before the young man lit square atop of him and all spraddled out.

About fifteen minutes later—or maybe ten—Mr. Toynbee was being assisted into his wagon by Charley Fargo and me, and Julius was a-standing with a blanket roll and an old valise at his feet and his hands full of dollar and two dollar bills and red whiskers.

"I reckon I can take your advice now and get me a haircut," Julius says to me.

I let him take his blankets and his war sack to the barn, figuring to give him a place to sleep, and then he asked me where I'd go to get that haircut if it was me. I advised him to go to Ed Phernetton's, seeing Ed was the onliest barber we'd got, and he ambled off and was gone until near noon, and when he come back I didn't skassly know him. Ed had certainly done a good job. What with the trim to what hair was left on his head, and having it all brushed and slicked down and his face a smooth, even brown, with only the beginnings of his black mustache spared; and what with the new overalls and jumper that he'd got him at Fargo's—he wasn't nowheres like the same boy. It was a cinch that he'd looked at himself in a glass somewhere and realized the improvement, for the red come up in his face before I'd hardly begun to inspect him.

He told me it was the first time he'd ever been operated on by a professional tonsorial artist or had a razor laid to his cheek. "But I reckon it was worth paying money for," says he. "Grandma Briggs always cut my hair ever sence I can remember," he tells me. "She just upended one of her yaller mixing bowls on my head and cut around it up to the rim; but her eyesight was kind of bad and she certainly jabbed me cruel with the points of them shears of hers, and I'd feel like I had the itch for a week after. Now this feller Ed—I'd just as soon have him work on me as not if he wasn't so limber-tongued. He'd talk the hind leg offen a dawg. Well, it's give me an appetite, anyway. Where would you go to get a meal if you was me?"

If I'd known beforehand, I don't know as I'd have taken him to Ma Turgoos', she being a widow and prob'ly an orphan to boot, and according to the Good Book you ain't supposed to consume the substance of such. But that's what I done, and when he said he had an appetite he didn't lie none whatever. I'd go so far as to say he was hungry. Ma set up a right liberal two-bit dinner, and if you wanted a second helping of anything extry good she'd give it to you with a cheerful smile and a willing sperrit. If you'd cleared your dish clean, she'd press it on you without asking. And she was never known to make more'n two cuts crossways on any pie ever come out of her oven. Well, she didn't have to press Julius any. Soup, oyster crackers, beefsteak, Irish stew, spinach greens, b'iled beans, apple sass, light bread, biscuits and corn bread just naturally melted away before him like a snow bank with a steam hose turned on it. The third time that ma come in with a plate of biscuit she stooped down and looked under the table. I asked her if she'd dropped anything.

"No," says she; "I was just looking for the dog." And then she laughed and took Jule's cup away for another refill.

"What dawg's she talking about?" Julius asks me in a whisper. "I ain't seen nothing of no dawg."

"Mebbe she thought she heard one a-barking," I says.

"I know what she meant," he says; and when ma come back with his coffee and another dish of the Irish stew he says to her, "I ain't just eating my dinner, ma'am; I'm eating my breakfast and last night's supper and the first three square meals I've et since I left Missouri, and I aim to pay for what I get."

"Bless your heart, boy!" says ma, patting him on the shoulder. "Eat all you want, and the more you eat, the better I'll be pleased. I just got to have my joke. You ask Mr. Stegg."

All the same, I reckon his feelings was hurt, because after he'd 'tended to the Irish stew and drunk his coffee and got outside of two sections of pie, he pushed his plate away and quit; and when he went to pay ma he gave her six bits, and when she wouldn't take more than the quarter he stepped back to the table and laid the half dollar down and skipped.

"Right's right," he says as we walked back tords the barn. "There ain't nothing small about me but my feet. Maybe I et six bits' worth. Anyway it's like I told her—I aim to pay for what I get."

"If that's the way you feel you'd better go back and give the pore woman the rest of the money you've got and your note for the balance that will be a-coming to her," I says.

"You're another of these humorous jokers, ain't you?" says he. "You don't mean for me to take that serious, do you?"

"Maybe I don't," I says. "But the question now is what are you a-going to do next?"

"I was a-going to ask your advice on that point," he answers me. "I'd better hunt me a job, don't you reckon? How would you go to work to find one if you was me?"

"I'd ask around if I was in your place," I told him. "That's my advice," I says.

"Well, do you know anybody that wants a good man?" he asks.

Right then I seen old Bill Timmey a-driving up the street with a load of pitch pine he'd brought in for Doc Lewis. I hollered for him to stop, and he done so. "You was asking me the other day if I knew anybody that wanted a job, wasn't you?" I says to him.

"Yes," says Bill.

"Here he is," says I. "Drive around to the barn when you've unloaded and you'll find us there."

I felt a considerable relieved when finally Julius climbed into the seat with Bill and started off. There had been some argument

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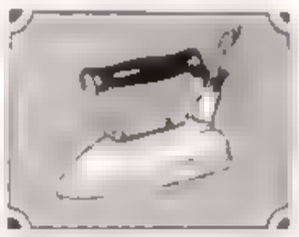

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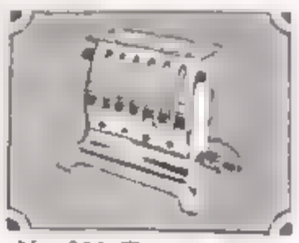

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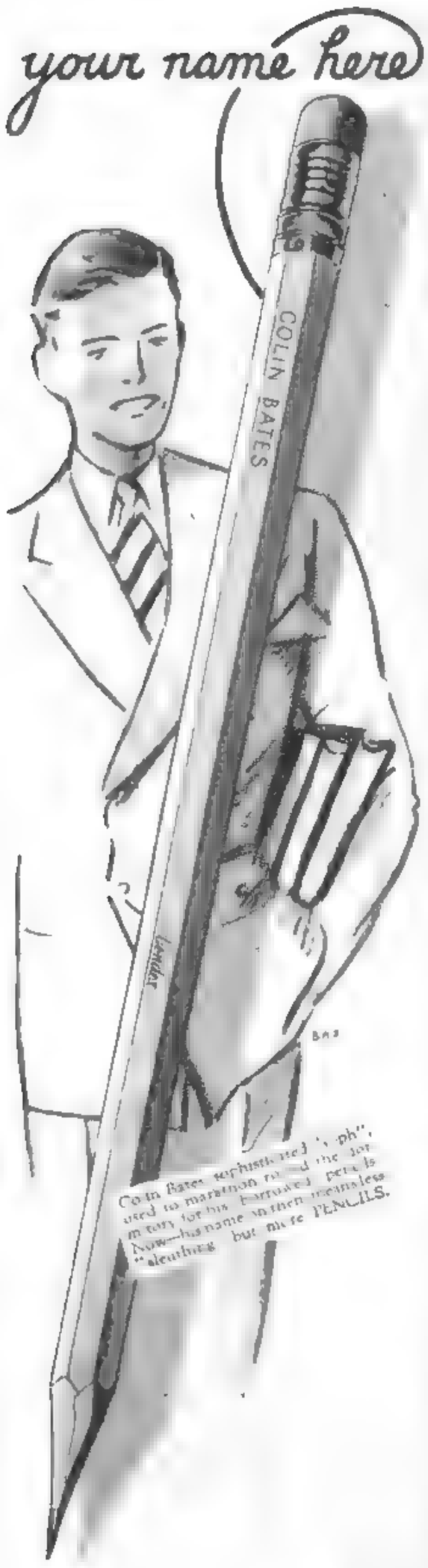
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about wages, Toynbee having told Julius that big wages was the rule in Dakota and forty a month wasn't considered big. Bill was willing to pay him twenty on a gamble that he was somewheres near worth it, for one month, after which, if he was extry good he might think about twenty-five; but his name was Timmey—T-i-m-m-e-y, not Vanderbilt—and all the money he made was got by the sweat of his brow, raising garden truck and oats and corn and such—if he didn't get hailed out—and putting up hay and hauling pitch pine into town at two dollars a load or a dollar a jag, and not a single, solitary gol-darn gold mine on the whole of his three hundred and twenty acres, and Julius could take twenty dollars or leave twenty dollars, but he wanted to make up his mind which.

"What would you do if you was me?" Julius asks me.

I told him that Bill wasn't as ornery as he looked, and that twenty dollars was twenty dollars better'n rumors and caynards of forty, not to mention that board was included in the terms—which was reely worth mentioning; also, that he'd have home influences, Bill having on the premises a lovely wife and two fair, blooming daughters, in view and in consideration of all which, I'd advise him to take Bill up with a snap before he changed his mind, and then strive to deserve his good luck.

"Well, if you say so, I reckon it's the best I can do," says Julius. And so he went, and, as I say, I felt a heap relieved. Not that I had anything against the boy, but owing to his confidence in my judgment I felt I'd have a heap of responsibility on my shoulders if he stayed around. Another thing—he'd promised to play that mouth organ for me and I was afraid that he would keep his promise.

It was a couple of weeks before I seen Bill Timmey again, and I asked him how Julius C. was a-conducting himself.

"I ain't got no partic'ler fault to find with him," says Bill. "He's a rustler, all right, and he's got savvy. He knows how to handle a hoe and swing an ax and plow a straight furrow, and he can stack hay as good as I can, or better. I'll have to jump him to twenty-five if he keeps up his lick, but he's a new broom yet. I kind of suspicion that his legs is holler, but there ain't no denying that he moves 'em lively."

"A hearty eater, is he?" I says.

"Heart and soul is what he puts into it," says Bill. "He's sure a famine breeder, that boy is. But then he's still a-growing, I reckon, and as long as the hens keep a-laying and my hogs don't get the cholera, I don't grudge him his victuals. All is, I've got to put in another two-three acres to buckwheat and beans if he winters with us—and I reckon he will. The womenfolks seem to like him all right, for all the extra cooking they have to do, so I oughtn't to kick. You know he plays the mouth organ, don't you?"

"He said he had one," says I; and Billy said yes, and he sure could make it talk. I ought to hear him. The women were plumb crazy about it specially Estelle. When Fern Jones was over the other night he, Bill, had to laugh. Fern had been a-leaving his guitar at the house account of him being there more frequent than any other place, and Estelle liking to hear him pick on it and sing the songs these greasers sing to their girls, and then telling her what they meant in English. Well, when Fern went to get the guitar out of the case, Estelle she says, "Oh, don't let's tonight, Fern. I want you should hear Julius play Listen to the Mocking Bird. Play it, Julius."

"So Julius he played that," says Bill, "and then he played Juanita, and Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now, and The Yaller Girl That Winked at Me, and Dixie, and Hop Light, Lou, and quite a mess more, until finally Fernando got up and allowed he'd be hitting the trail for the ranch—and he took the guitar with him, or he was a-going to; but Estelle she followed him outside, and when she come back she had the guitar with her, so I reckon she talked some sense into him." Old Bill chuckled.

"I reckon he wasn't so much to blame," says I. "It looks to me as if you'd be afraid Julius would make trouble between them two."

"That kid!" says Bill. "I reckon not! Estelle may act flighty at times, and she likes to string the boys, but she's got a mighty level head on her, and she knows which side her bread's buttered on as well as Cecilia does, for all she don't look as sober. No, I ain't fretting about her, no more'n I am about her sister. It looks to me like both them gals has picked good men, well fixed and well behaved; and when you think of the raft of no-account young roosters I had to stand off before Fern and Ed come along, you wouldn't worry about a green, half-growed, half-baked young johnny-come-lately just because he can play the mouth organ."

Come to think it over, I concluded he was right. It didn't look reasonable to think he wasn't. I knew both of them girls of his tol'able well, and even when the competition was mighty brisk, before Fern cut her out of the bunch, Estelle would most always save a dance or two out for me when there was doings. I wasn't so well acquainted with Cecilia, but she was the kind that was sort of quiet and not so easy to get well acquainted with. She was keeping company with Ed Walsh, and Ed had quite a bunch of cattle, although he made most of his money gambling. He was a square gambler, though, and stood high in the c'munity. Kind of a chunky, red-faced feller, with hair and eyebrows as white as a Swede's.

Fernando Jones was from Texas and he'd been foreman of the X Bar 7 for a couple of years and was getting good pay. Considerable of a dude, Fern was, but he was a good cowman and none of the X Bar 7 boys made objections to the fit of his pants or the mother-of-pearl butt to his gun. There was a feeling that Fern wasn't a good man to monkey with. And once he had sort of declared himself in with Estelle, he was give the right of way. Same way with Ed and Cecilia. Nothing def'nite or settled, so far's anybody knew, with either one; but they had the inside track at Timmey's and there couldn't be no doubt that they'd hold it.

As soon as his month was up, here come Julius, a-riding into town and into my barn on a little bright bay horse that had the X Bar 7 brand, vented, on his left hip, and which I reco'nized as the property of Miss Estelle Timmey, presented to her with the kind regards and best wishes of Mr. Fernando Jones

Now I knew that Estelle thought so much of that horse that she wouldn't let her father ride him; so the first thing, when Julius was unsaddling, I asked him how come. He looked at me kind of round-eyed.

"Why not?" he says. "He's gentle and it ain't no trick to ride him. That's the reason Estelle made me take him, I reckon. That saddle horse of Bill's, he throwed me twicet, and the last time he come near breaking my neck. . . . Say, I want to ask your advice about something."

"Didn't you never learn to ride?" I asked him.

"Not before I left Missouri," he says. "I wasn't raised to horses. In the mountings where I come from, the onliest thing you could have learned to ride would have been a goat, so we used Shanks' mare when we traveled. But I can make out now all right if the horse stays on all four legs the way he was created and intended for to do, and keeps tol'able clost to the ground. These here broncos, though, as you call 'em, act like they was Injy-rubber bouncing balls and aim to see how high and hard they can bounce. They ain't no pleasure for me to fork, and if they was, the pleasure wouldn't last long. When I want to go up in the air I'll take one of these here b'loons. I was a-going to ask you something."

"What brought you to town, anyway?" I asked him.

"I'm a-going to buy me a suit o' clothes, if it don't take more'n my pile," he answers. "Bill's give me an order on the store for my wages, but mebbe I won't have enough. Bill's going to pay me twenty-five after this. . . . Where'll I put the horse? I promised Estelle I'd give him a feed of oats at noon."

I pointed out a stall and he led the horse in and tied him to a manger of hay. As he come out he says, "Say, I want you to tell me what you'd do if ——"

I didn't have no more manners than to interrupt him. "How do you like it at Bill's?" I inquires.

"I like it all right," he says. "I'd as lief work for him as anybody if he'd pay me forty a month. . . . What I wanted you to advise me ——"

"There's two-three able-bodied young fellers I know that would be willing to pay Bill forty a month to be let to work for him," says I, and he said he'd heerd about that loco weed, but how come did they all three eat it? I explained to him that they wasn't locoed, but would be glad of the priv'lege of living in the same house and breathing the same air as Estelle and Cecilia.

"They're right nice young ladies and they ain't bad looking, and Cecilia bakes elegant cakes, but the air seems about the same to me one place as another," says Julius—"excepting mebbe when they're making coffee or a-cooking cabbage. Estelle, though, she's got some kind of stuff in a fancy little bottle that smells awful good better'n what that barber slapped on my face when he'd got through shaving me. She put two-three drops on my handkerchief last Sunday, and you can still smell it."

He untied the handkerchief around his neck and poked it under my nose.

I told him that it wasn't according to Hoyle for a man to go around with scent on his handkerchief, only when he went to a dance or something like that.

"I wish't they'd get up a dance somewheres," he says. "I'm a-going to get me a suit o' clothes today if I got enough money Bill's give me an order on the store for my pay and mebbe I can make the riffle with what I got already, and then I'll be fixed Estelle she's been a-learning me some steps and I've got 'em down pretty good. I reckon I'd like it. But what I crave now and what I'm a-going to get is a drink of good liquor. I ain't had a drink since I left home. Toynbee he had a jug along, but he was never gentleman enough to invite me to join him. Kept it under lock and key in the mess box. Yes, sir, under lock and key, the small-souled son of a gun!"

I allowed that Toynbee was right and that whisky wasn't no good for a man until he got his growth. I said it made a runt of him and give him the collywobbles to boot. He said he wasn't no runt, and he didn't b'lieve he'd got any kind of a misery, and he'd been raised on co'n liquor; but I told him that I was referring to the whisky they passed over the bar here, which, owing to the slow transportation, wasn't no longer fresh and wholesome like he'd got it, right from the still. "It's all turned brown with age and decay," I says. "If you'll take my advice," says I, "you won't touch a drop of it until you get back to the Ozarks. Keep away from it. Go to the store and buy you what you need, and some stick candy, and then get back to work. Another thing," I says, "don't let anybody get you into a card game, because they'll just take your money away from you before you know it. That's my advice to you, m' son."

"Well," says he, "all the advice you've give me so far has been good, and I reckon I'll take that and do like you say. Otherwise, I was a-going to ask you to join me if you could get away. But what I wanted your advice on ——"

I didn't get to hear what it was then, account of Dave Shaw driving in with his buckboard and having to help him with his team. Julius hung around a while longer, but the next thing Harvey Bloss got back

(Continued on Page 191)

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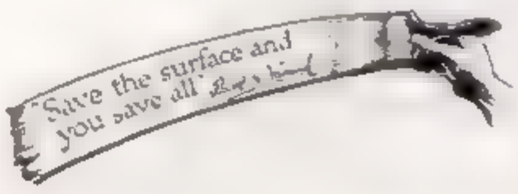

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West Coast Hemlock

from obscurity to importance in six short years

In 1921 West Coast Hemlock was little known to the country at large. Today it is recognized as one of the nation's important woods. This rapid development has come without exploitation — through proof of worth by actual use.

WEST COAST HEMLOCK is a distinct species — it grows only in the Douglas Fir forests of the Pacific Northwest. It is a wood of high character, free from the shake and brashness usually ascribed to the hemlock species. It has only to be used once to be favored for flooring, finish, siding, studding, framing, boards and boxes.

—for flooring:

West Coast Hemlock flooring has a light, even color and a uniform texture. As it ages it becomes harder — it wears evenly and stays smooth—it wears down instead of slivering up.

—for finish:

Much of the beauty of a home depends on the wood for interior finish. U. S. Forest Service Bulletin 115 says, "*As a finish lumber western hemlock has the advantage of containing practically no pitch; it has a beautiful grain, works smoothly, takes stain readily . . . It presents a comparatively hard surface and consequently does not mar easily.*" Its smooth, satiny surface and comparative hardness make a splendid base for enamel.

—for framing and boards:

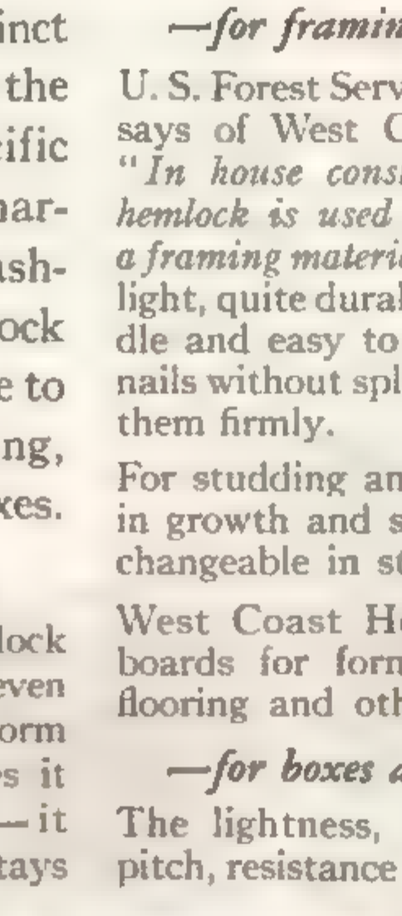
U. S. Forest Service Bulletin 115 says of West Coast Hemlock, "*In house construction western hemlock is used a great deal as a framing material.*" It is strong, light, quite durable, easy to handle and easy to work. It takes nails without splitting and holds them firmly.

For studding and framing, its uniformity in growth and small knots make it interchangeable in strength with Douglas Fir.

West Coast Hemlock makes splendid boards for formwork, sheathing, underflooring and other structural purposes.

—for boxes and crates:

The lightness, strength, freedom from pitch, resistance to splitting, and nail-holding ability of West Coast Hemlock have made it a favorite material for boxes, crates and other types of containers. The less expensive grades of West Coast Hemlock common lumber offer necessary strength without excess weight. Foodstuffs may be safely shipped in such containers because they are odorless and tasteless.



—for siding:

West Coast Hemlock siding is easy to nail without splitting. It is free from pitch; takes paint easily and holds it well.

—the principal uses of West Coast Hemlock:

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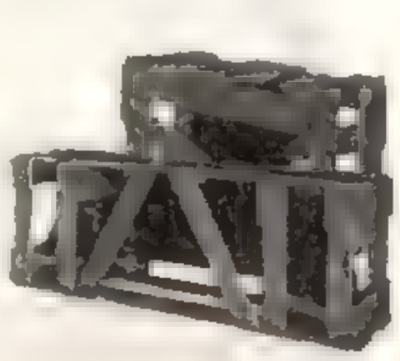

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Interesting and valuable information about West Coast Hemlock and its uses will be found in our new, illustrated booklet on this choice wood from the Douglas Fir forests of the Pacific Northwest. We will be glad to send it to you if you will address West Coast Lumber Bureau, 562 Stuart Building, Seattle, Washington.

Buy West Coast Hemlock from your retail lumber dealer

(Continued from Page 186)

with a horse I'd sent him after, and he give up and santered off.

Business was a-rushing that morning, and it was away past noon when I got to go to dinner; and Ma Turgoos told me that Julius had been and et and gone; but when I got back to the barn Estelle's horse was still there. I gave him the feed of oats Julius had asked me to give him and then went on with other things, figuring that it wouldn't be long before the young fool showed up. But he didn't, and it got along pretty clost to suppertime. I thought then that I'd mosey up to the store and see if he was there. He wasn't, so I waited until Charley Fargo was through with a customer and asked him if Julius had been in. "Yes," says Charley, "he come in early this afternoon and bought him a suit of clothes, a necktie and a pair of suspenders and a hat an' shoes and some other things. Quite an outfit he got."

"Get it on time?" I asked him.

"Not so's you'd notice it," he answers. "I see myself a-selling forty-dollar suits to ranch hands with liquor on their breaths that I don't know nothing about, only that they licked a man out in front of my store one time! No, sir-ree! He had an order on me for twenty dollars from Bill Timmey, but he paid the spot cash for the balance before he went out of the store. Then he come back and bought him a dollar's worth of stick candy. I guess he went back to Pat's after that."

I meandered over to Pat Lynch's. No, Julius wasn't there. Joe Williams was behind the bar and I asked him if he'd seen anything of a young slim-jim in a brown jumper who was a-working for Bill Timmey.

"Seen him!" says Joe. "I ain't seen nobody nor nothing else, I've been so busy a-watching him. A fool for luck! Ain't that right? Yes, he come in here this morning when Lou Green was a-setting up the drinks for the crowd, and Lou invited him to get into the line-up. I asked him what he'd have and he says what would I have if I was him? I says that I'd have about two fingers of bourbon if I was in his fix.

"'That's whisky, ain't it?' he asks me, and I told him he was a-shouting it was whisky. 'Then I don't want it,' he says. 'It's old, ain't it?' All the time the line a-waiting on him.

"'Old enough to vote, mighty nigh,' I says, and he says that that was what he was give to understand, and I'd have to excuse him; but how about applejack?

"I told him the nearest I come to that was Three Star brandy, and he said he'd try that, and I'm telling you he poured himself a drink. It might have been bigger if the glass had held more. I looked to see him keel over when he'd downed it, but he never batted an eye; only turned to the crowd and asked 'em to have one on him now and took the same for his, and no less and no chaser. Said it wasn't so bad, but he misdoubted it must have lost some of its stren'th.

"Then he walked over to where Ed Walsh and Cass Gurney and a couple of boys from the T A N was playing stud, and he stood and watched 'em a while. Presently Cass said that he was busted and got out of the game, and Ed looked up and says, 'Hello, Julius! Want to sit in here?'

"'No, I reckon not,' says your friend. 'I passed my word to let cards alone.'

"Ed looked at him kind of hard, and then nodded and went on dealing, and the boy goes over to the wheel and stood and watched that for quite a spell. Finally he went down into his pants and brought out a two-dollar bill and put it on the red, and call me a liar if there didn't come a four run of red before somebody told him that he'd better pick up his money. He grabbed it quick enough, though, when he got it through his head that he'd win thirty-two simoleons; and seeing it come black the next time, it was just as well he didn't lose no time. The same feller that had told him said that he could play numbers now, but —— His name Julius? Well, Julius allowed he'd go buy him some things he needed at the store first, and then eat; but he'd mebbe try the numbers after dinner.

"After dinner he come back with a big package under his arm and asked me to take care of it for him for a while; and then, after he'd refreshed himself with another jolt of Three Star, he begun to play, and he was still a-playing ten minutes, mebbe, afore you come in. Sometimes he'd win and win, and then he'd get down most to bed rock, and then climb out of the hole again. No sense or rime or reason the way he put down his money; but all the same, Jerry says he went off with clost on to a couple of hundred of the bank roll. Yes, if you'd come in ten or fifteeen minutes earlier you'd have seen him."

I went on to get my supper. Ma told me that Julius hadn't been in, but I didn't wait for him. Then I went back to the barn, where Harvey Bloss was a-waiting for me, and Julius had been and gone.

"He waited mighty nigh half an hour for you to come back, and then he lit out," says Harvey. "He said he'd promised Estelle Timmey that he'd be back with her horse by suppertime and he had to go. Told me to tell you that he was mighty sorry he missed you, because he wanted to ask your advice about something, but he'd be around again before long."

"Did he act like he wasn't quite himself—like there was anything wrong with him?" I asked.

"I dunno as there was anything wrong with him," says Harvey. "He tried to get on the horse wrong side, but he don't seem to know which end's which about a horse. I didn't notice nothing."

Well, I wasn't p'tic'larly sorry myself that he had missed me at the time; but he didn't get around like I had expected he would, and I caught myself a-wondering about things. Bill Timmey told me when I seen him that it was busy days around the ranch.

He told me that Julius was still a-keeping up his lick and on some accounts he'd like to keep him, even if he had to pay him higher wages. I asked him what the other accounts was that made him want to run Julius off the ranch, but he didn't tell me; only that who said he wanted to run him off, and that if he took a notion to run anybody off he'd do it so quick it would make your head swim. All the same, he said, he didn't think that Julius would be with him many more moons longer—wouldn't be contented to stay.

"I heard he made quite a win when he was in town," I says.

"I heard about that too a considerable," says Bill, kind of short.

So I didn't broach the subject no more, and got to talking about some hay he'd promised to haul me and hadn't got around to. He said that he'd sure let me have it inside of a week, if I had enough to run me that long, and he done so; but he brung it in himself, instead of sending Julius in with it, like I had sort of expected he would. The way it was, I got more and more cur'ous about what Julius wanted my advice on, and whether it had any bearing on what. I reelized that my interest in Julius was a-growing. I didn't know whether I liked him or not, but I felt kind of disappointed when Bill come in himself with the last load of hay.

Finally Hal Wolcott give a dance as a sort of a housewarming for the new story-and-a-half hewn log that he'd just put up at his ranch in Shep's Canyon. I don't know as I'd have gone away out there, but some of the boys around town made up a party, and I drove 'em out in a wagonette I'd got that would hold six couple that didn't mind setting clost. Well, there was a big crowd there, and Wolcott had got Johnny Mueller and Matt Bingham for the music, and the doings was already under way when we got there. I stood in the door with some of the others that wasn't dancing and watched 'em waltzing. I see Fern Jones and Estelle Timmey the first I noticed, and then I seen Ed Walsh dancing with Cecilia, and the next thing, there was Julius.

I had to look twicet before I knew him. Talk about your dudes! When I thought of the first time I'd laid eyes on him, and the way he was then, I just had to laugh. All slicked up and as fresh as a pippin, coat bound with silk braid an inch wide, pants a'most as tight as a person's underwear, button shoes with patent-leather tips, high stand-up collar and old-gold yellow all-over tie and a old-gold silk handkerchief to match hanging out of his breast pocket. Fern Jones didn't have much the aidge over Julius that night anyway. He was a-dancing with Pearl Wolcott and making it tol'able well for a new beginner, only he got mixed and tangled up once or twice when he tried to reverse. But there was worse than him that I've seen in my time. He was sure attracting a heap of attention.

He wasn't proud, though, I'll say that; and the moment he seen me after he'd led his lady to her seat, he made a bee line for me and pump-handled me until I had to jerk away from him. Then he caught me by the arm and took me off to one side. "What do you think of this outfit?" he says, a-beaming with pride. "Pretty flossy and lah-de-dah, ain't it? I'm sure giving the gals a treat tonight, ain't I? I'll say yes! Forty dollars I paid for this here suit—cash money—and the shoes and the other fixings I got when I was in town and ——"

"I know," I says. "Charley Fargo give me the invent'ry."

"Know how I got the money to pay for 'em?" he says.

"I know all about that, too, and how much you took away with you when you left Pat's—all the p'tic'lars," says I.

He looked kind of disappointed, but he brightened up again. "It all come through taking your advice," he says. "All along, ever since I left the trail, all my good luck has come account of doing like you advised me. I reckon maybe I'd have let Toynbee go if you hadn't recommended other means and measures, and I wouldn't maybe have gone to work for Bill if you hadn't said it was the best thing to do—although I aim to get me a forty-a-month job before long. And then, if you hadn't warned me against playing cards, I'd maybe have got into a game with Ed Walsh and got skinned. I prob'ly wouldn't have took notice of that there turn-around jigger that I won on, and I figger I've got you to thank for that."

"Don't name it," says I. "I'm always glad to help out a deserving young man."

"I won't forget it," says he. "I've got to go hunt Estelle now for the next dance, but I got something else I want to ask your advice about this evening."

I allowed I'd go with him, and we found Estelle without much trouble. She was certainly a-looking sweet, and I thought that she oughtn't to be kept in ignorance of it, so I told her, mentioning particulars and details.

"Don't quit," she says, when I stopped for breath. "I've got a real sweet tooth along with all the other sweetness, and if there's one thing I like more'n another, it's taffy."

I said it wasn't taffy, but a plain, straight, conservative stating of a small part of the undeniable, honest-to-goodness facts, and if she'd give me a dance I'd tell her some more of 'em. She told me that owing to having give me up in despair she'd been promising dances right and left, but I could bank on the Ladies' Choice and the next one after this. "I'd give you this'n if it was anybody else but Julius," she says, making eyes at Julius. "But, you see, I got him on my hands and more or less on my feet this evening, and I look on it as a duty to make him have a good time if I do suffer for it. The next one is reely Fern Jones', but you can have it."

Julius kind of looked down his nose. "You don't need to fret about me having a good time 'thout you suffering on my account. Mr. Stegg can have this'n."

"Oh, now he's mad at me!" says Estelle, kind of broken-hearted. "What's a poor girl to do? Julius honey, I don't mind you stepping on my feet a particle; I like it.

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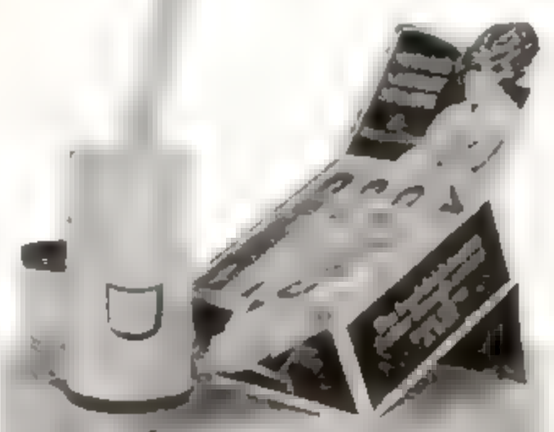

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Come on and don't be mad with poor Estelle."

She led him off a-laughing, and when I turned around I seen Fern Jones a-looking after them with his eyes half closed and a-pulling at his mustache. The next thing I seen him and Cora Wells a-dancing in the same set as Julius and Estelle—side couple—and when they set to corners I took notice how Estelle danced at him, sassy and smiling, and how his face was black as a thundercloud. I thought I seen a heap in the glimpse or two I got, and I made up my mind I wasn't a-going to horn in and take Fern's dance away from him.

According, I made for the door as soon as the quadrille was over; but I didn't make it, because Estelle seen me and came a-skating after me, and got me by the arm and asked me where I was a-going and had I forgot that I was engaged and tied up to dance the next with her. I told her I was a-going to go see to my team and for her to quit fooling and the next dance belonged to Fern Jones

"Oh, does it?" says she. "You don't tell me! Well, I guess I'm the one that has the say about that, and your old horses can wait. Besides, I want to talk to you—ask your advice." She held me by a button of my coat, a-twisting it and looking sassy.

"What about?" I asked her.

"Well," says she, a-fluttering her eyelashes and trying to look modest, "supposing you was a beautiful young girl with a warm, loving heart and a first name beginning with E, and you had been, out of pity and the kindness of your heart, a-going with a young man who worked for a cattle company; and supposing you was reelly in love with an—ahem!—a sort of middle-age gentleman with lovely sandy whiskers and awful handsome and sweet-dispositioned, in the livery business, name beginning with S; and supposing he ——"

"Listen, little sister," I says. "You leggo of that button and behave yourself. I'll give you some advice if you want it, and if you don't want it, I'll give it to you just the same. Julius ain't ——"

"Don't you think he is?" she interrupts. "I do. I think he's just perfectly lovely and as handsome as he can be; and don't you think those clothes are elegant on him? I do. And he dances real well, too, considering."

"There ain't no need of you giving him any more lessons, anyway," I says to her.

"Not very many more," she answers. "But it ain't no trouble for me to learn him."

"It's just a-going to stir up a heap of trouble for other folks," I told her. "Like lending special gift horses—which is worse than a-looking 'em in the mouth in some cases," I says.

"If you go on talking thataway I ain't a-going to love you near so passionate," says she. "You never heard Julius play on the mouth organ. He plays it like an angel, or like an angel would play it if mouth organs was provided instead of harps. Don't he, Fern?"

I looked around, and Fern Jones was a-standing right by me, looking mighty glum.

"This here's our dance," he says to her as Matt begun to scrape his fiddle.

"You dance it with Cecilia," says she, mighty flip. "Mr. Stegg and me are a-going to set through it. We're talking of something mighty interesting."

"Mr. Stegg ain't a-going to do nothing of the kind," I told her. "He's a-going to dance it with Cecilia." And with that I quit 'em and walked over to where Cecilia was a-setting, near where Matt and Johnny was a-playing. She didn't seem to be paying any attention to the music, although she was tapping the floor with her foot The way she looked around the room, here and there, I figured she was a-waiting for Ed Walsh, and that Ed was due to get a piece of her mind when he did come.

"Here I am, my dear," I says to her, crooking my arm. "I was unavoidably detained and kept from getting here sooner, so please excuse me."

Well, right then I got the jolt of my life. Instead of smiling at me pleasant and welcoming, she just turned her head and looked at me like no girl or woman had ever done in all my born days. I'd always thought Cecilia was a real pretty girl in her way, for all her freckles. Not so much so as Estelle, although she was two years younger, but above the av'rage, maybe. But she didn't look pretty to me then. Her lips drawed tight and her eyes opened wide and angry at me, and like I'd been dirt. If she had hauled off an' slapped my face I don't believe I'd have noticed it, atop of the look she gave me. "What's the matter?" I asked her.

"I'd advise you not to come around mydearing me," she says, and there couldn't be no doubt but she meant it.

"I hope you'll excuse me taking of the liberty, but I never knowed you to make any objections to it before," I says, polite but firm.

"I'd advise you not to speak to me nor come anywheres near me no more," she says, and flounced around in her chair and begun tapping the floor with her foot harder than ever. I reckon I'd have kept on at her, only I noticed a couple of women a-looking at us and whispering, so I laughed as hearty and natural as I could make out to and walked away and went outdoors, a considerable dazed.

There was two-three of the boys out by the hay corral, a-drinking in the fresh air or something; but excepting for them and the horses, it looked like I had all outdoors to myself. The moon had just come up, near the full, so that I found my team without any trouble and saw that they was all right. Also I seen that Fern Jones' new buggy was right next to my wagonette, and being as the seat of it was more comfortable than mine, I climbed in and lit my pipe and tried to figure out what that little snip Cecilia had got against me to make her act up the way she'd done. My feelings was sure hurt. Like I said, I hadn't never been as well acquainted with her as I was with Estelle, but that was part because she was sort of shy and part because I hadn't seen her real often, being as Estelle had had two years the start of her, going to dances and such.

Still, we'd always been good friends, and I couldn't think of nothing I'd done or said to get her mad at me. All was, I'd have to find out from Estelle or Ed Walsh.

I knocked the ashes out of my pipe and started to get out, and felt something hard under the cushion of the seat. It was Fern's pearl-handled gun, and I looked at it a minute, thinking of Fern's face when he watched Estelle walking off with Julius, and then I broke it and dumped the cartridges in my pocket before I put it back. One of the robes was a-hanging out of my rig, so I took and folded it, and while I was a-doing that Julius come up to me. I hadn't seen him come out of the house. The moon was right on his face, and he looked kind of agitated.

"I was a-looking for you," he says. "I want right now to ask you about what I was a-going to ask you about. I mean what I told you about. I mean—what I mean ——"

"Take your time, boy," I says. "Make up your mind what you do mean and then tell me."

"What would you do if a man acted like you wasn't nothing at all—no person, anyway—if he spoke up when you was a-talking to another person 'sif what you said wasn't worth listening to and looked at your feet when you was a-wearing brogans and at your legs when you was a-wearing overalls like they was something that hadn't ought to been allowed—kind of making small of you in every way, shape and manner? I wanted to ask you that when I was in town that day. I know what I want to do right well, but I don't know what I ought to do. It ain't manners to fuss when there's a lady present, is it?"

"It ain't considered so," I answered him. "Is ladies always present?"

"Whenever he comes around there is—or one is, and sometimes they all three is when I'm a-playing my mouth organ. It ain't no manners to say 'Oh, my Lawd!' when a feller starts to play, either, is it?"

"It may not be manners and it sure ain't reverend, but I can understand a man saying it if he ain't got no ear for mouth-organ music," I says. "But if a man looks hard at your boots or pants, it ain't no breach of etiquette for you to look right back at his and see how he likes it himself."

"He'd like it," says Julius. "His boots is the finest kind—high-heeled—and when he rides over he wears them silver-inlay spurs of his with the dingle-dangles on, and them bearskin chaps. You couldn't look at him nowheres but he'd be tickled to death. Buckskin gloves, too, so his white hands won't get sunburned, and that pearl-handled gun with silver doodads on the scabbard. But that don't give him no license to make small of me. I'd as soon raise corn as cows, myself, and I'd make more money at it than he does wages if I had Bill's place or a place of my own, and could run it the way I wanted. But what would you do if you was me? If he'd say something it would be different."

"He's a cow-puncher, is he?" I asked.

"It's Fern Jones," says Julius. "I won't make no bones about telling you. One thing, tonight there ain't nothing wrong with my pants nor yet my shoes. It done me good to get all them fixings, you bet! I'm a-going to try that turn-around jigger again the next time I'm in town, and maybe, with what I've got now, I'll have a plenty to start me a ranch of my own in good shape. But what I wanted to ask you about was this here Jones. What would you do if you was me?"

"I'd treat him with silent content," I says. "If he acted like I wasn't around I wouldn't be around. I'd shun him like one of these here pestilences, particularly when there was a lady present name of Estelle Timmey, and in general I wouldn't make more of a cussed fool of myself than I could help. If a man insulted me I'd climb his hump; but if he let me alone I'd let him alone."

"And I'll give you another piece of advice," says Fernando Jones right behind us. "Don't you let me catch you a-dancing with Miss Estelle Timmey no more, and if you ride her horse one more time I'll drag you offen it and jam you into the ground post-hole deep."

We was both of us taken by surprise. I don't say that Fern had come up atiptoe or anything like that, and he had a right to go to his buggy for anything he needed; but he sure didn't make any racket to speak of.

"Sabe?" says he.

Julius savvied. He let out a Comanche war whoop to signify the same as he took a flying leap, much the way he'd jumped Toynbee, and he lit on Fern much the same way, feet and fists both in action. The difference was that Fern was tolerable celerious himself and didn't get much out of the perpendicular, and he give the Wildcat of the Ozarks something else to do with them side-button, patent-leather-tip shoes besides planting 'em in Fern Jones' stummick. They was both needed on the ground and moving lively.

It was as rangy a fight as ever I seen—back and forth and give and take, and Julius doing most of the taking. But that didn't last long. Somebody'd left a pitchfork a-standing by one of the wagons and Julius must have seen the tines a-glistening in the moonlight and concluded he could do a heap better with that there agricultural implement than what he could with his bare fists, so he jumped back lively and got a holt of it. Fern jumped back, too, and his hand went behind him and come out with his pearl-handled gun, and he was quick enough to snap it three times before Julius stumbled over a foot that I'd put in front of him and lit on the top of his head, turning half a somersault. That ended the business, as I promptly sat down on Julius, and Wolcott got his arms around Fern, while another fellow twisted the gun out of his hand.

(Continued on Page 196

Mother, Guess what I have for you!

Mother's Day
SUNDAY, MAY 8TH

She would like a watch, too—or possibly a jewel.

It *is all arranged* that Daughter is to present the Surprise. You stand in the doorway waiting while she tiptoes in with her eager cry, "Mother, guess what I have for you!"

Never will you forget that look on Mother's face. Pleased? Why she is so happy she tries to laugh and cry and hug you and Barbara, and say "Thank You" all at the same time!

And the best of it is that years from now, when daughter is a grown-up lady with a personal interest in velvet-lined boxes, Mother's jeweled gift will still be counted among her treasured possessions. For jewels, untouched by Time, remain our constant companions through the years. Like the love that prompts their purchase, they become more precious with the memories of each passing year.

for GIFTS THAT *LAST*

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The superiority of the Interwoven process of manufacture is now recognized in every country in the civilized world where socks are worn

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(Continued from Page 192

Wolcott was mad. "What kind of a honk-a-tonk do you think my ranch is?" he says to Fern when he'd turned him loose. "I figured I was asking my friends and neighbors here to have a pleasant, sociable time and that they would act like gentlemen. Now see here, you two! I want you to light out of these here premises right away, if not sooner. If you want to raise merry hell and kill each other, there's aplenty of suitable places elsewhere. I don't want no more trouble, but I want you, the both of you, to git!"

"I reckon you've got a right, Hal," says Fern, "and I ain't going to make no trouble. But I brung a lady here."

"I'll see to the lady," says Wolcott. "You get your team and hitch up. And you, young man, you climb your horse and light out, and I hope you enjoyed your evening."

"Would you do it, or would you crawl his hump?" says Julius to me.

"I'd do like he says—and quick," I says, and he took my advice.

The dance broke up tol'able early. Word of the trouble had got to the folks inside the house, and what with Estelle telling Wolcott that she thanked him kindly, but she'd go home with Cecilia and Ed—which she done right away—and what with Wolcott being glum about that and about Mis' Wolcott being mad because he'd run the boys off, the life sort of went out of the party.

I got back to town with my bunch not much after twelve, and about an hour later Ed Walsh drove in with the rig he'd hired from me. I asked him right away if Cecilia had mentioned to him that I was a low-down, disgusting, mis'able cur dog.

Ed looked at me with his buttermilk eyes blank and his face like I'd just raised him five chips. "Why, no," he says, "not as I remember. No such references was made regarding you—not regarding you. But I wouldn't put it past her."

I told him that she'd as good as said I was, and I'd been wondering what I'd done, not seeing no reason. He told me that he thought I had more sense than to expect reason from a woman, and then I asked him if Julius had got back to Timmey's safe and sound, and he said "To hell with Julius!" and walked out. I didn't feel like blaming him. Two's company and three's none, even if the third party is a dear sister, and he'd prob'ly thought that moonlight drive home with Cecilia would be the best part of the dance. And I was getting sort of satiated with Julius myself. Altogether I was glad to roll into my blankets and forget other folks' troubles.

But the first thing in the morning they come on me again, and all through breakfast I was wondering whether Fern and Julius had met up and finished what they'd begun, and whichaway Fern had headed when he drove off from Wolcott's, which I'd forgot to inquire about. There was a heap I wanted to know.

I didn't have to wait long for some of it. When I got back to the barn and into the office cubby-hole, the first thing I seen was an old valise and a blanket roll that looked kind of familiar; and when I called Harvey Bloss and asked him how come, he told me that Julius had drove up with Len Terbush in Len's wagon and had dumped the things and left word that he'd be back after a while and please to let 'em lay. Also, along with the valise and blankets was the information that Julius had quit working for Bill Timmey.

In the same breath Harvey tells me that Jerry Bloss, his old man, who run the wheel in Pat's saloon, had took sick, and that he'd have to take a day off if I didn't care.

I was peeved. "Why didn't you tell me before?" I asked him. "Pat don't want you to take your pop's place, does he?"

"No," says Harvey, grinning. "All the wheels I get to spin is buggy wheels. Pat says that he'll maybe get Ed Walsh to help him out. I'm needed at home anyway. Reason I didn't tell you before is I thought maybe you'd feel better after you'd et."

I had to let him go, but it prevented me from going out to make a few investigations and inquiries. I stepped out to look if Len's team was tied anywheres, but I didn't see it, nor yet anything resembling Julius, until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when he comes dragging along, looking mighty sick, with his eyes like two burnt holes in a blanket. Parker's dray had just unloaded a couple of sacks of oats right outside. Too plague-taked lazy to pack 'em into the barn. Julius slumped down on one of 'em like he was weary.

"Hello!" says I. "I was beginning to think something had happened to you."

He nodded and looked down at his feet. In a moment or two he looked up again. "Something has," he says, in a sort of a croak. "Most ever'-thing has. Say, why ——"

"Yes?" says I.

"—— why didn't you warn me against that turn-around jigger?" he says. "I done told you last night that I was a-going to try it another whirl, and you never said aye, yes or no, and now I'm flat busted and, what's more, I lose my mouth organ. He offered to let it count for five dollars, and I lose it."

"Who's this you're talking about?" I asked him.

"Ed Walsh," he answers me. "He was a-running the jigger, and when he'd cleaned me out, he says, 'Where's that mouth organ of yours that you make such lovely music on? Put that up and I'll let it count for five dollars on any color or number,' he says. So I put it on the black, because I'd been losing right along on the red—and it come red."

"Mighty cur'ous!" I says. "You won when you played it the last time you was in town too."

"Yes, I won; but there was two other fellers a-playing it the same time, and they lost a-plenty," says he. "I noticed they was a-losing before I started, and I played contrary to what they done. I didn't have nobody to guide me this time."

"Well," says I, "I'm sorry I didn't think to give you a piece of advice that I'm a-going to give you now, and that's to let all kinds of gambling alone, and all kinds of liquor and all kinds of girls that's got other fellows. You do that and keep out of jail and work hard and save your money and you'll maybe come out all right in the long run. . . . I hear Bill Timmey fired you," I says.

He nodded and leaned his chin on his hands and looked at his boots again. He sure looked mis'able, and I couldn't help feeling sorry for him, as big a fool as he was. Seemed like he was born to trouble.

"And that there is another thing, talking of girls," he says, after a spell. "That there girl of Bill Timmey's. Say, what would you do if you was me, and a girl kind of took a notion to you, and you'd took a notion to her ——"

"See here," I says, "you get Estelle Timmey out of your fool head. She's a real sweet, nice, well-behaved young lady, if she wasn't an outragis little devil, but whether she's took a notion to you or not don't make no difference. Last night, if there had been any cattridges in Fern Jones' gun, you'd have been cold meat right now, and the next time he pulls trigger on you you'll have a bad case of lead poisoning. Fern had to self-defend himself once already, back in Texas, and the results was fatal."

"I ain't afraid of Fern Jones nor no other man," says Julius. "But I ain't a-talking about Estelle." He smiled for the first time. "I reckon if you'd have heard the tongue-lashing Estelle give me last night you wouldn't have thought she'd took a notion to me. Cecilia had to slap her face before she'd quit."

"Cecilia!" I gasps.

"Sure!" says Julius. "She stood right up for me, and when Bill told me he reckoned I'd better pull my freight, she told me not to do nothing of the kind. I did, though. I didn't want no hard feelings betwixt Bill and me, so I piled out before daybreak, before they was any of 'em up. Yes, I'd took a notion to Cecilia right from the start. I figured I'd mebbe win me another two hundred dollars and then I'd have enough to take up that claim near Timmey's. I didn't say nothing to Cecilia about it, account she's dead set against gambling. That was why she broke off with Ed Walsh. But now I'm flat busted. What would you do?"

I studied a minute, then I says, "The thing for you to do is get right out of these here parts, and don't lose no time about it. Go up north somewheres—St. Onge, or up in the Belle Fourche country. Or you might get better pay if you went to one of the mining camps and got a job. I'll tell you, the Deadwood stage will be along in the morning and I'll stake you to the fare up there. You'll find it a heap healthier than here. And then there's the mail a-coming here regular, if ——"

"Here she comes now," says Julius, and scurried into the barn like a rabbit into its hole, and then up the ladder to the haymow. Just as his legs was disappearing a fiddle-headed brown horse was pulled up sharp in front of the barn and atop of him sat Miss Cecilia Timmey.

I come forward. "Good evening, Miss Timmey," I says, cold and haughty, and took hold of the bridle to lead the horse in.

She reined back. "You needn't to trouble," she says, mighty snippy. "I was a-looking for Julius."

"What makes you think he's in here?" I asked her.

"I reckon it's because I seen him a-sitting here a-talking to you," she answers. "Most likely it was that. Wasn't that him?"

"If you seen him it must have been," I says. "On the other hand, if it was Harvey Bloss you seen a-talking to me it couldn't have been Julius."

"Oh, Julius!" she calls out. There wasn't no answer, so she starts to turn around, but I still had hold of the bridle.

"Before you go, I'd like to have you tell me what made you act like a silly little spitfire when I wanted you to dance with me last night," I says.

She had a big quirt a-dangling from her wrist and she give it a flip and got her hand tight around it. "You let loose of my bridle," she says, drawing her arm back. For all her freckles and her square-set chin, I couldn't help admiring the little skeezicks, a-setting up as straight as a ramrod, with a red spot on each cheek and her eyes a-flashing.

"As soon as you tell me what I done to you, my dear," I says, firm.

She raised her arm, and then dropped it and let loose of the quirt and kind of slumped in her saddle. There was tears in her eyes. The next thing she straightened up again, just as I thought she was going to start a-crying. "You was in big business, ribbing Julius up to do the things he's been a-doing, wasn't you!" she says, loud and excited. "Mighty big business," she says, "ribbing him up to drink and fight and gamble, just because he trusted you and thought you was a good friend of his! You must have thought it was great sport! A good, simple-minded, trusting, hard-working boy like Julius! Just because he was new to the country and come to you for advice! I'd be ashamed!"

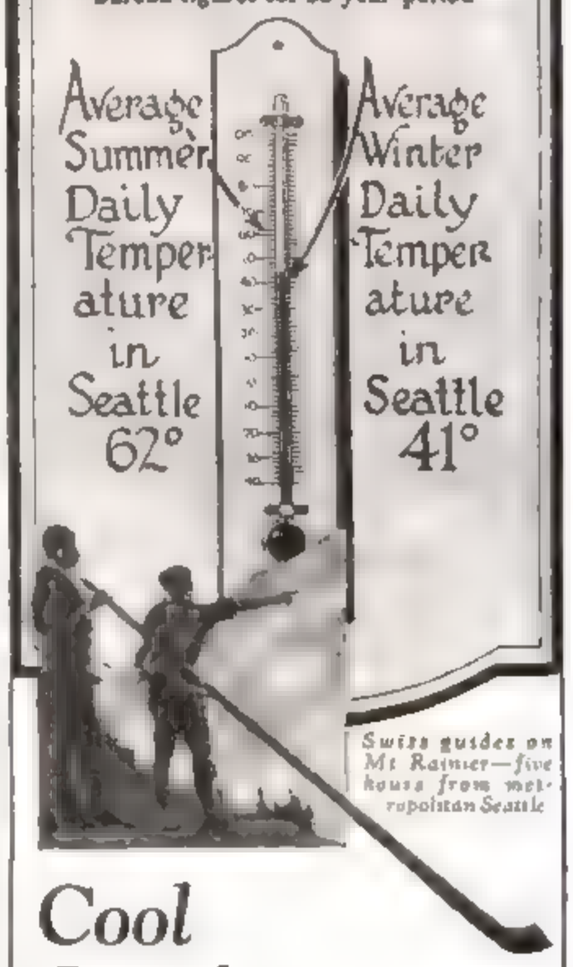
"I would be if it was so," I says; "but you and Julius both have got hold of the wrong end of the stick," I says, and went on to give her the straight of it—just what advice I'd give the simple-minded, trusting boy, and how he'd twisted it around in his simple-minded, damn-fool way.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she says. "I'm so sorry! I wouldn't have —— You just wait until I see Mr. Julius! You just wait!"

"You come in and light down from your horse, and I won't have long to wait," I says, and I led her in and helped her down from her horse; and right then I knew she was sorry, account of actions speaking

(Continued on Page 197)

U. S. Weather Bureau figures for 33 year period



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(Continued from Page 195)

louder than words. And after that I hollered for Julius so's he could hear me, and here come his trusting, hard-working legs down the ladder, follered by his simple-minded head, and when he got that clear he stopped for a moment with his mouth open, and then come the rest of the way. I took the horse into a box stall, closing the door behind me, and stayed there maybe two or three minutes. When I come out Julius and Cecilia was standing a good two feet apart, but they showed signs of having been closer.

Cecilia was the first to speak. "Julius is a-coming back to the ranch," she says. "Pa and ma and me had a talk before I left, and pa said I could tell Julius to come back and all would be forgiven and forgot."

Julius looked at her kind of sheepish, and then he looked at me and I looked up at the rafters. "I—I don't see how I can, Cecilia honey," he says. "There's Estelle."

"There ain't," says Cecilia. "Estelle is Mrs. Fern Jones by this time, and you won't find her at the ranch. . . . Where's your valise?"

"In the office," says Julius. "But it's thisaway, Cecilia, and I reckon I might as well tell you: I didn't aim to—to do it more'n the once, knowing you was set aginst it, but I done it account of you, as much as anything, being wishful to take up that creek claim. So—so I—I tried that turn-around jigger and—and it busted me flat, Cecilia. But honest to goodness, I'll never gamble again."

Cecilia bit her lip and looked at him steady for a moment, and Julius sure squirmed. "You won't if I have anything to say about it," she says at last. "Well, I guess we'd better get Mr. Stegg to let us have a rig. Can you let us have one, Mr. Stegg?"

"If you'll do the driving, my dear," I says.

"I'll do the driving," says she.

"But," says Julius, "s'posing I was to go up into the hills and work in a mine for a while. It's good pay, and Mr. Stegg was just advising me ——"

"I'll give you all the advice you need from this on," says Cecilia. "Get your valise into that rig."

"And I reckon she did, and seen to it that he follered it exact," Mr. Stegg concluded. "Anyway, he's prospered. He worked for Bill Timmey for about a year, and then Cecilia married him, and Fern Jones and Estelle was at the wedding. Ed Walsh wasn't there, but to show his heart was good and he didn't hold no grudge, he sent 'em the mouth organ for a wedding present."

THE ROVING DOLLAR

(Continued from Page 39)

companies trying to fix the price of a piece of property. What would be thought of a subordinate official in one concern sending a letter to someone in the other company advising him to hold out for a more favorable price? Somewhat the same effect is created when the policies of a President and Secretary of State, charged by the Constitution with the conduct of foreign relations, are under attack; foreign peoples thus obtain an impression of divided counsels among us. There is nothing illegitimate or illegal in editorial or partisan criticism—sometimes it acts as a restraint on the misguided policies of a Chief Executive—but its very existence adds to the problems of diplomacy and sometimes makes more difficult the reaching of a peaceful conclusion. Since everybody in America has a right to be heard and every American interest has a right to ask for such changes in public policy as will be to its advantage, inside or outside of the United States, the Department of State, in the next ten years at least, will find itself burdened with problems such as have never before in American history been developed, because never before have we possessed abroad such tremendous investments in capital and trade.

Exhausting Legal Remedies

There are undeniable sources of friction in foreign trade. There always have been and there always will be. Yet no nation timidly draws in its horns and ceases to do business with the rest of the world simply because there are elements of potential danger in commercial relations. To confess that there is no way except by the sword to settle international disputes is to admit that the generations to come will have learned nothing from their predecessors. The basic desire of sane Americans, as well as sane citizens of other parts of the world, is that respect for law and equity shall become universal and that all disputes shall first run the gamut of deliberate consideration, so that all legal remedies may be exhausted, including those in the realm of arbitration, before there is a thought of physical force.

And what is meant by "exhausting the legal remedies"? It is an expression often heard in international parlance. It assumes that there has been from the start of the dispute a recognition by the individuals concerned of equity and right and that when the respective governments to whom the matter is submitted have examined the merits of the controversy, there has been issued a judgment based on conviction.

To get to the very bottom of most international disputes it is necessary to start with the problem of diplomatic protection of citizens abroad. Nine out of every ten quarrels arise out of the mistreatment of either a citizen or his property. Time was when governments adopted an attitude of blanket approval of all the acts of their nationals abroad. This is happily changing. The modern policy is to approve only those acts which are based on right and equity.

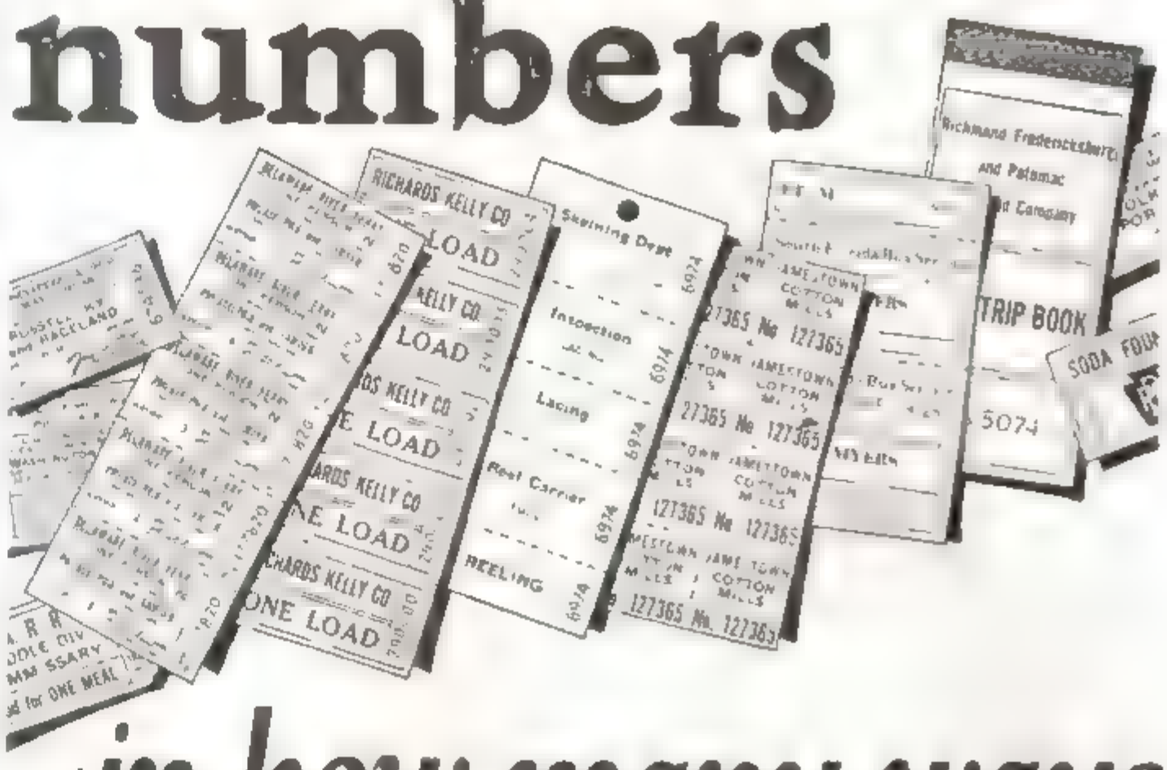
The Calvo Doctrine

But there are differences in principle. The Latin mind and the Anglo-Saxon mind do not concur on many things. Again, in Central and South America we have a mixture of races which has retained some of the instincts of each racial ingredient, complicated, indeed, by opportunistic theories of law and by emotional prejudice.

There has arisen, for example, in Central and South America in recent years a movement in favor of the Calvo doctrine, which has proved in the past and will prove in the future a source of friction between the United States and some of the countries in Pan America, just as it will be a source of irritation between the European powers and many of the countries south of us. The Calvo doctrine essentially provides that foreigners shall not enjoy any more rights than the nationals of a given country, and for this reason foreigners are asked, in fact compelled, to insert in their contracts that they will not resort to their respective governments for diplomatic protection in case there are any pecuniary claims. Thousands of contracts with this proviso in them have been accepted by American citizens abroad.

What is the reasoning back of the Calvo doctrine? Unquestionably it was a device whereby the weaker countries sought to protect themselves against exploitation. It was assumed that if a contract entered into, for example, to purchase mineral lands should later prove to have been disadvantageous to a state, the right of cancellation could be invoked without running the risk of having a warship or a detachment of marines come down to prevent the violation of the contract. So far as political sentiment is concerned in Central or South America the stump speakers manage to whip their audiences into frenzied enthusiasm by arguing that the foreigner shall not have any greater rights than the citizen.

accurate numbers



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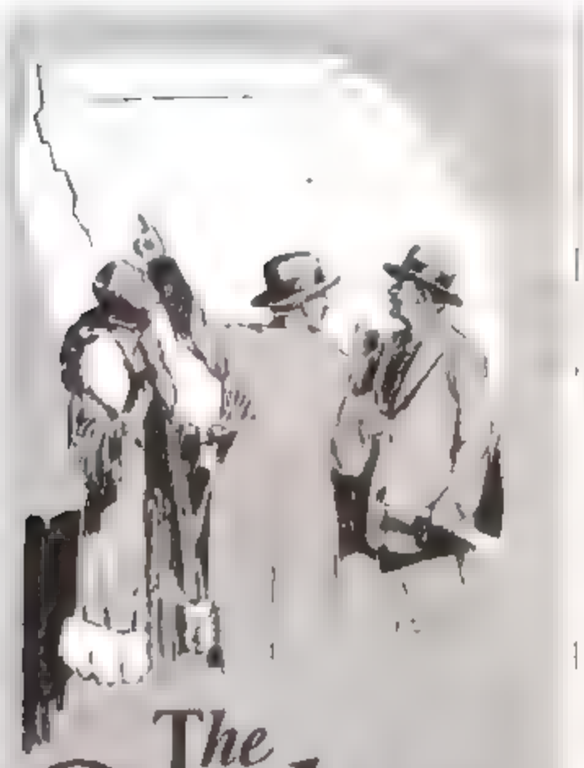

The Crack that Lost the SALE

THE owner was leaving the city. His home was being offered for sale and a deal was to be closed the following day. But an ugly crack spoiled his plans. In building the house he had devoted too much attention to the decorating and had neglected the plaster base! The prospects saw the crack and changed their minds. No one wants to buy Cracks!

HERRINGBONE Doublemesh would have saved the sale. It makes a good talking point, for the buyer has confidence in a house where this metal lath is used It safeguards walls and ceilings against cracking, insures lasting beauty of interior decorations; and besides, it gives a high degree of fire safety

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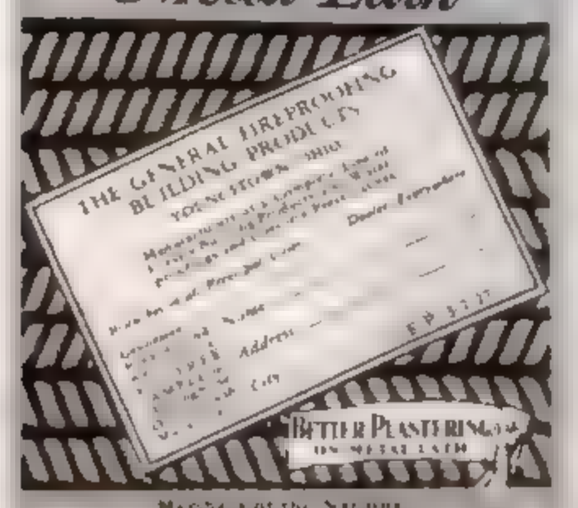

What these stump speakers—indeed, what the governments of Central and South America—have not taken into account is that the citizens of their countries have modes of redress. They can become active in politics and on election day bring enough votes to their point of view to effect a change in personnel as well as policy. Though it is true that foreigners have mixed into the politics of various countries in this hemisphere, it is also true that they have endeavored to conceal so far as possible the measure of their participation.

If foreigners are placed on a basis of equality with nationals it means that there are large and powerful businesses, together with large amounts of money, which may be employed to affect the political destinies of the countries in which they reside. Unable to count on the protection of their own countries, foreigners may be compelled more and more to delve into the internal politics of the countries in which they live. The logical development should have been in the direction of ridding the country of foreign interference in local politics, an objective that could have been reached by increasing rather than diminishing the responsibilities of a foreign government for the acts of its citizens abroad.

But the tendency unfortunately, in recent years, has been to limit the diplomatic protection which a foreign state should be permitted to give its nationals abroad. European states have joined with the United States in an unwillingness to surrender their citizens entirely to local courts and municipal law, feeling that international law supersedes, from the viewpoint of equity, all other considerations in a civilized world. Ever since 1886, however, a number of states in Central and South America have gradually incorporated into their constitutions and laws a provision that contracts must bear the clause that the foreigner "renounces all right to prefer a diplomatic claim in regard to obligations derived from the contract" or that "all doubts and disputes shall be submitted to the local courts without the right to claim the diplomatic interposition of the alien's government."

A Flexible Application

The general policy of the United States has been to ignore these provisions, often failing to interfere at all in ordinary cases; but where a citizen is a victim of some gross violation of rights, usually referred to as "a denial of justice," the United States Government has taken an active part in trying to solve the dispute. So far as legal right is concerned, the Department of State has stood pat on a construction in 1888 by Secretary Bayard, who said:

"This Government cannot admit that its citizens can, merely by making contracts with foreign powers, or by other methods, not amounting to an act of expatriation, or a deliberate abandonment of American citizenship, destroy their dependence upon it or its obligations to protect them in case of a denial of justice."

Secretary Gresham, of the Department of State, interpreted a clause of the Venezuelan Constitution which read:

> In every contract of public interest there shall be inserted a clause that doubts and controversies which may arise regarding its meaning and execution shall be decided by the Venezuelan tribunals and according to the laws of the Republic, and in no case can such contracts be a cause for international interference

to mean that the alien

> Agrees to invoke for the protection of his rights only the authorities, judicial or otherwise, of the country where the contract is made Until he has done this, and, unless, having done this, justice is plainly denied, he cannot invoke the diplomatic intervention of his own country for redress But if his application to the authorities of the country where the contract is made results in palpable denial of justice in a plainly unjust decree against the applicant as an American citizen, the clause above quoted would hardly be construed to prevent an appeal for diplomatic intervention, if such intervention would otherwise be allowed under the rules of international law.

Secretary Bayard went further, too, in declaring that "it is not competent to a citizen to divest himself of any part of his inherent right to protection or to impair the duty of his Government to protect him," and that "no agreement by a citizen to surrender the right to call on his Government for protection is valid, either in international or municipal law."

Though there is merit in the desire of some of the weaker nations to build up a strong judicial system, it is a fact that, because of the political organization of some of the Central and South American states, the judges cannot be depended upon to act impartially.

"Even where the South American States," writes Borchard, "have succeeded, by treaty and diplomacy, in securing a recognition of the principle that claims of foreigners can only be diplomatically pressed where, after an exhaustion of legal remedies, there has been a denial of justice, the exploiting countries undertake to judge for themselves, what they consider a denial of justice, so that the principle, while in conformity with the international law applied among the European states themselves, is, in the application to Latin America, extremely flexible. A judgment, they say, may, in spite of the observance of forms, be, nevertheless, prejudicial to the interests of their citizens and they reserve the right to determine whether in each particular case justice has been in any degree denied."

The President's Authority

Turning to another part of the world—the Far East—we find that the United States and the European powers have enjoyed for many generations what is known as extraterritorial rights. If a foreigner in any of the treaty ports commits a crime he is not haled before a Chinese tribunal, but before a court maintained by the British, or French, or American Government, as the case may be. The demand of the Chinese that extraterritorial rights, which were originally guaranteed by treaties, shall be given up is a sequel to the successful effort of the Turks to abolish similar privileges known as "capitulations" in the Near East.

Strictly speaking, however, the presence of foreign courts on the soil of a sovereign nation is a contradiction. It implies a lack of capacity, and the truth is the courts were established for that very reason. The American Government has announced its readiness, as have the other powers, to give up extraterritorial rights just as soon as a judicial system shall have been established by the Chinese which is capable of rendering justice. There was a time when foreigners enjoyed extraterritorial rights in Japan, but as that nation grew these rights were given up, especially because a judicial system was substituted which recognizes the obligations of international law in respect of the foreigner and his property.

But, supposing the Chinese did not set up a judicial system capable of exercising impartial judgment with respect to the foreigner, there remains then the right of diplomatic intervention and protection.

The extent to which a nation should go in protecting the lives and property of its citizens abroad is a moot one. Frequently the display of force or the threat to use it has proved effective in obtaining redress. Sending a warship implies that more warships might be forthcoming. Sometimes these warships are sent for the purpose of carrying off refugees, but more often they constitute a gesture in a language which transcends all others. The quarrel between the pacifists and the militarists as to the relative value of physical force in settling an international dispute may continue for years to come, but the nations which possess armies and navies today do not hesitate to deploy them in such a way as to impress weaker countries with the dire consequences that may arise from a disregard of the rights of foreigners.

Under the American Constitution the President is Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy. It is his duty to see that the laws, including treaties, are fulfilled. Occasionally there has been debate in Congress as to whether the use of the armed forces of the United States abroad for the protection of American citizens requires congressional action. It is universally agreed under international law that the landing of marines or the sending of a warship to a foreign harbor is not an act of war; though, of course, it may lead to complications which may bring on war. Some Presidents have felt that they did not have unlimited authority to use the armed forces of the United States abroad. President Buchanan invited a resolution from Congress on the subject, directing him to protect the interests of American citizens abroad. President Wilson landed American troops in Vera Cruz and then asked Congress for a joint resolution to support his act. In his speech to both Houses, however, he made it clear that while he had no doubt of his own authority to land in Vera Cruz, he wished the additional support of Congress. In fact, he was looking to the possibility of larger complications in which the armed forces of the United States might have to be employed on a more extensive mission.

In many cases, nevertheless, the vessels of the United States Navy have in emergencies acted even without the authority of the Chief Executive; and it is the belief of many constitutional lawyers that the protection of American citizens abroad is almost entirely an executive function, depending, of course, on the extent to which the armed forces might have to be employed in the process of protection. If the expedition develops into a huge operation the necessity for appropriations invariably turns the Executive to Congress to ask for funds.

There is no doubt that every American President recognizes his responsibility not to lead the nation into war. Sufficient restraint can be applied under our system of government to prevent a misguided adventure, but there exists in the mind of the American business man the idea that the British Government has extended its trade round the world and developed for its nationals the respect of all governments simply by a readiness to exercise force in the protection of British nationals on every occasion. Curiously enough, the British viewpoint in the matter of claims has been variously interpreted. It was the famous Lord Palmerston who, in 1848, sent a circular to all the British representatives in foreign states, declaring that, though the British Government had the right to intervene, it was simply a question of discretion with the British Government whether the money claims of its subjects should be taken up by diplomatic negotiation, and that "the decision of that question of discretion turns entirely upon British and domestic considerations."

Public-Debt Collections

Some writers point out that Lord Palmerston's ruling was really made with reference to claims arising out of unpaid bonds of foreign states held by British subjects. This disinclination to interfere was largely based upon claims arising out of unpaid bonds of foreign states in which there is a disposition to act differently than in the cases of ordinary contracts.

Perhaps the most sensational departure which has been made in the past twenty-five years has been the argument contained in the historic note of December 29, 1902, from Dr. Luis Drago, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Argentina, to the Department of State, when the United States joined with Great Britain, Italy, and Germany against Venezuela. This became known as the Drago doctrine, by which it was sought to establish the policy that "the public debt of an American state cannot occasion armed intervention nor even the actual occupation of the territory of American nations by a European power."

(Continued on Page 201)

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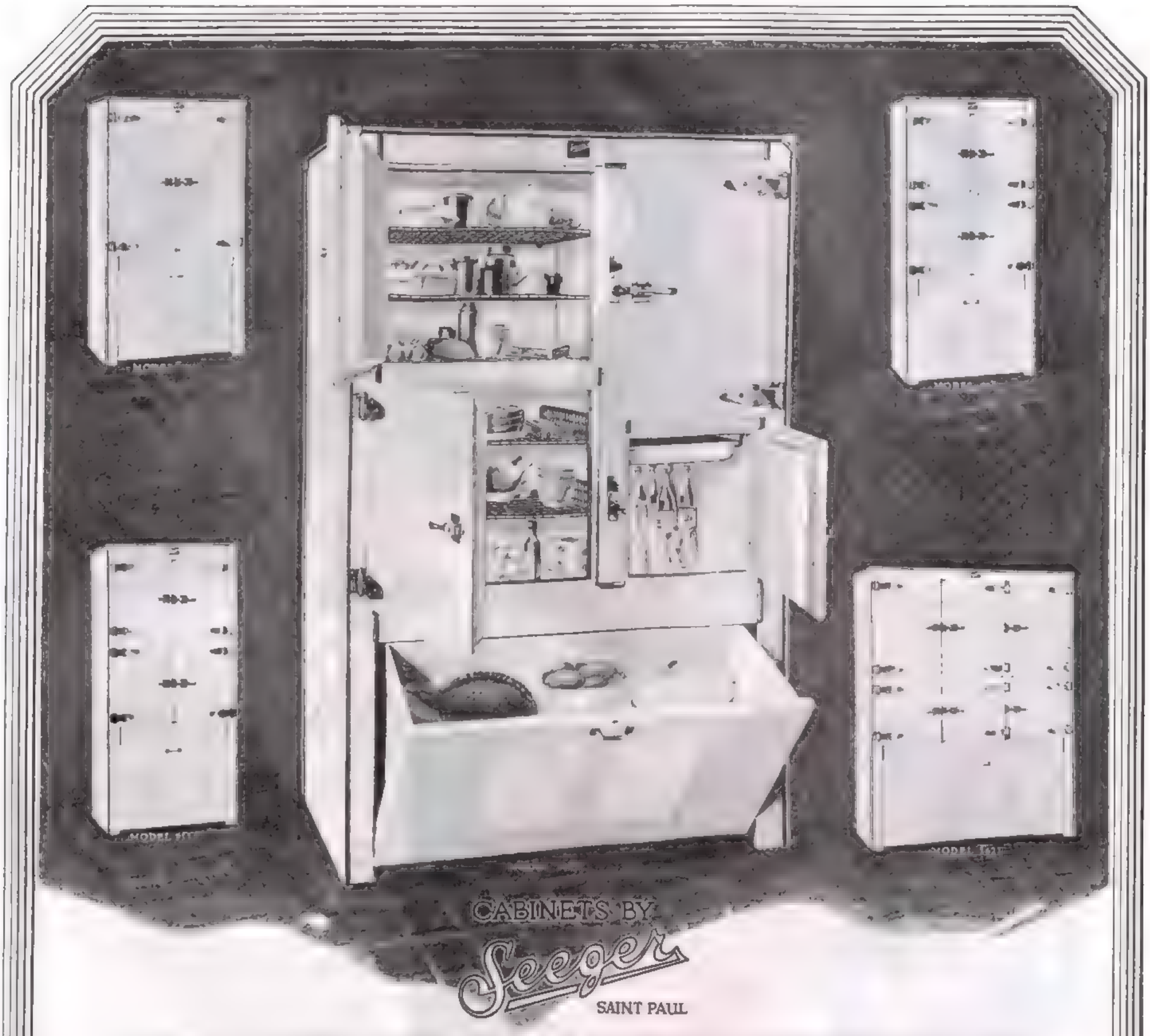

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STANDARD OF THE AMERICAN HOME

(Continued from Page 198)

There has been contention ever since as to what the Drago doctrine really implies, but in the minds of American diplomatists there has been little doubt that the Drago doctrine was intended not to prevent diplomatic interposition, but simply the forcible collection of public debts. Doctor Drago denied that his doctrine was intended as a defense for bad faith or domestic disorder and said that it was intended simply as a protection to weaker states.

Foreign bonds are not infrequently purchased in the open market with the knowledge on the part of the investor that the high interest rate often suggests instability and possible danger to his investment through revolution or repudiation. It has been contended that since the investor buys his bonds with full knowledge and assumption of the risks, he has weighed the possibility of large profits against the possibility of losses.

Certainly in recent years, however, the tendency has been to discourage hazardous loans and to reduce the opportunity for the forcible collection of public loans. European powers, as well as the United States, have been compelled to assume fiscal control in order to prevent further complications. Instances of this kind in Turkey in 1881, Serbia in 1904, Santo Domingo in 1907, Haiti in 1915, and the joint intervention of the powers in the case of Tunis in 1868, and Greece in 1897, and Egypt in 1881, all tell a story of the complications which have arisen as the result of defaulted debts.

But while the policy of the United States has been somewhat sympathetic to the Drago doctrine, Secretary of State John Hay, in replying to the Drago note, quoted from President Roosevelt's message of 1901 to the effect that "we do not guarantee any state against punishment if it misconducts itself, provided that punishment does not take the form of the acquisition of territory by any non-American power." He added an enthusiastic approval of the principle of arbitration in the handling of claims.

Accepted With Reservations

Elihu Root, as Secretary of State, in 1906 instructed the delegates of the United States to the Third American Conference of Pan-American States at Rio de Janeiro as follows:

"It has long been the established policy of the United States not to use its armed forces for the collection of ordinary contract debts due to its citizens by other governments. . . . It is doubtless true that the nonpayment of public debts may be accompanied by such circumstances of fraud and wrongdoing or violation of treaties as to justify the use of force. This Government would be glad to see an international consideration of the subject which shall discriminate between such cases and the simple nonperformance of a contract with a particular person, and a resolution in favor of reliance upon peaceful means in cases of the latter class."

Subsequently the United States delegation to The Hague, on instructions from Secretary Root, developed the proposition that the use of force for the collection of contract debts is not permissible "until after the justice and the amount of the debt, as well as the time and manner of payment, shall have been determined by arbitration."

After several amendments the Hague Conference, by a vote of thirty-nine ayes to five who did not vote at all, adopted the following convention:

"The contracting powers agree not to have recourse to armed force for the recovery of contract debts from the government of one country for the government of another country as being due to its nationals.

"This undertaking is, however, not applicable when the debtor state refuses or neglects to reply to an offer of arbitration, or, in accepting the offer, prevents any *compromis* from being agreed on, or, after the arbitration, fails to submit to the award."

Thus it will be seen that the idea of forcibly collecting contract debts was not altogether rejected, but that the use of force was conditioned upon a refusal to arbitrate or negotiate a settlement. Many countries inserted reservations. Venezuela, for example, said that recourse to arbitration should be permitted only in the case of denial of justice after the judicial remedies of the debtor states had been exhausted. Doctor Drago himself, on the part of Argentina, declared that ordinary contracts should be the subject of arbitration only in case of denial of justice, when the legal remedies shall have been exhausted, and added:

"Public loans, with bond issues constituting the national debt, may not in any case give rise to military aggression nor to the occupation of the soil of American states."

Argentina was supported in this reservation by Colombia, Ecuador, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Paraguay, Peru and Uruguay.

State-Department Supervision

This is the background of the long dispute on the subject of foreign debts that has been engaging the attention of diplomatists for many years. It indicates the limits and viewpoints which will be applied in the event of a renewal of the discussion, should there be in the next few years a default on some of the loans which have been purchased heavily in the United States.

Feeling, therefore, that the possibilities of collecting debts by force are not in accord with the development of international practice, but with the trend of the times toward the use of moral force, the United States Government embarked just five years ago on a policy which seeks to prevent trouble before it occurs. Charles Evans Hughes, as Secretary of State, acting with the approval of President Harding, sent a circular note to all banking institutions in the United States asking them to consult the Department of State before floating any foreign loans in this country. By some bankers it was regarded then, and is still regarded, as an unwarranted intervention by our Government into the private affairs of the American citizen.

It was argued then, as it is argued now, in the financial districts of the country, that the Government has no business discouraging investment or flow of capital from one country to another except, of course, on the high ground of international policy, such as may be involved in a critical relationship between one country and another. Thus almost all American bankers accepted without criticism the idea that until the foreign governments definitely formulated a program for the payment of their war debts to us, it was unpatriotic to extend credit to those countries. But while practically all the foreign-debt settlements have been arranged, the problem of supervision by the Department of State of foreign loans is still unsolved.

There is, of course, no law to prevent an American banker from floating a loan in the United States in favor of any foreign country, nor is there any law to prevent the American citizen from spending his money as he pleases, taking all the risks involved in the purchase of foreign securities, and all the chances of gain. So long as there is a stock market in New York and people are willing to speculate in domestic securities, there will be a market in foreign securities in which the American citizen has the unqualified right to indulge himself.

But that is not the point involved in the Department of State's policy. The Government at Washington is not concerned with the individual losses of the citizen, but with the larger losses to the nation which may be involved in international complications. In other words, the broad right to pursue a policy which will avert international controversy is conceded to be superior to the right of the individual to

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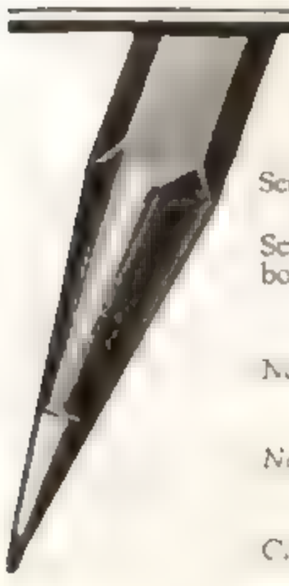

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lead his fellow citizens into a situation from which armed conflicts may furnish the only solution.

The policies of the principal governments of the world have in recent years undergone an important evolution. In Great Britain, for instance, where for many generations the world has sought its capital, the government's position was expressed in the House of Lords on March 2, 1922, as follows:

"There is no government control over capital issues and it is the policy of the government not to intervene between foreign governments and potential lenders in this market."

Though there is no British law requiring bankers to obtain the government's consent, it is, on the other hand, the actual practice of the issuing houses to consult the Bank of England, thus affording an opportunity to consider possible objections. The general practice on the Continent is to regulate by law the issuance of foreign loans. In France, Belgium and Italy the consent of the central government must be obtained, supervision being exercised by the Ministry of Finance consulting with the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. This method was followed generally before the European war, but the restrictions have been increased since then, particularly since the withdrawal of capital from a country bears such a direct relation to the rise and fall of European currency.

Japan followed the policy of Great Britain in avoiding any legal restrictions, but permission of the Tokio administration is essential before any loans are floated.

The viewpoint of the United States was expressed in a circular issued on March 3, 1922, from which there has been no important deviation. This statement expresses the hope, "in view of the possible international interests involved," that American bankers will inform the Department of State of the contemplated loan transactions, so that an opportunity may be afforded to express an objection. The circular stresses the fact that the Department of State "will not pass upon the merits of foreign loans as business propositions, nor assume any responsibility whatever in connection with loan transactions."

Grounds for Objection

The power to object is, to be sure, an important control, and the Department of State works in close coöperation with the Department of Commerce in deciding whether an objection shall be interposed. Generally speaking, the United States feels itself obliged to object if the contemplated loan is merely for "military or naval expansion," or for what are known as "unproductive purposes."

"The Government of the United States could not but object," says Dr. Arthur N. Young, Economic Adviser in the Department of State, "to the utilization of American capital for militaristic needs. In short, the Department of State could not be expected to view with favor the utilization of American capital in such a manner as to prevent or make difficult the carrying out of essential American policies, nor to promote the carrying out of policies abroad inimical to the proper interests of the United States.

"The Department obviously could not view with favor proposed arrangements involving provisions that might rebound to the injury of relations between the United States and the borrowing country. In a number of instances the consultation of the Department of State by American bankers contemplating loans for the governments of foreign countries has afforded the Department occasion either to object to the proposed arrangements on the grounds that they were fundamentally inconsistent with the maintenance and promotion of good relations between the governments and peoples of the United States and the country in question, or occasion has been taken to suggest desirable modifications of the proposed arrangements. . . .

"The Department is not warranted in raising objection in a given instance unless such objection rests upon an adequate basis from the standpoint of its proper province. This does not mean, however, that the Department has no interest in seeing avoided the flotation in the American market of loans which are likely to go into default. Apart from the loss to American investors, a default cannot but militate against the maintenance of the sort of relations we all desire between the United States and foreign countries. Therefore it is gratifying to note that efforts have been and are being undertaken by American bankers with a view to establishing high standards for the protection of the American investing public. If such standards are not set up and if unsound foreign securities should be offered extensively, it is not impossible that American public opinion will demand some form of public supervision."

The Letter But Not the Spirit

Indeed, there have been bills introduced in Congress looking toward legislative enactment on these various points. The Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover, has felt that the loan policy of the American Government should be used so as to prevent government-controlled monopolies of other countries from obtaining funds in the United States wherewith to maintain those monopolies. That is why vigorous objection was interposed by the American Government to the flotation of loans by the Institute of the Permanent Defense of Coffee in the state of São Paulo, Brazil, a quasi-governmental organ, on the ground that the price of coffee to the American consumer was too high. Similarly a potash syndicate created by law in Germany with governmental approval of a monopoly and government participation in its affairs found itself unable to float a loan in the United States because the American Government took the position that such a monopoly might unfairly increase the price to the American buyer of fertilizer.

The whole question of raw materials revolves around the matter of adequate financing. American investors are becoming an integral part of various foreign monopolies and trusts. Sometimes these institutions are undercapitalized and seek expansion through the flotation of loans in the United States. Likewise, American bankers, acting as the agents of various foreign monopolies, feel themselves interfered with unnecessarily by the Department of State and Department of Commerce when objections are lodged against the flotation of their loans. It is true there are various methods of evasion; in fact, on some occasions loans have been floated in London or in other countries through banking houses which have American connections and American opportunities to repurchase securities already floated abroad. This, however, is considered by the American Government to be a violation of the spirit of the whole understanding.

The power of the Washington Government to interfere in the flotation of loans is really greater than any legal restriction could ever be. For if the Department of State should some day issue a statement expressing the belief that a certain loan was not likely to prove a good investment for the American people, the chances are that such a loan would not be readily marketed.

It would be assumed also that the American Government was, in effect, announcing in advance its disinclination to support American investors in the event of default, though, to be sure, the Department of State would probably not wish its action to be so interpreted.

The American Government has been hesitant to act in any sense as the adviser of the investing public, particularly with reference to loans intended for European and Asiatic countries. In the Western Hemisphere, however, where the United States feels a peculiar responsibility, not merely to its own citizens but to the rest of the world, there has been pursued a very

(Continued on Page 204)

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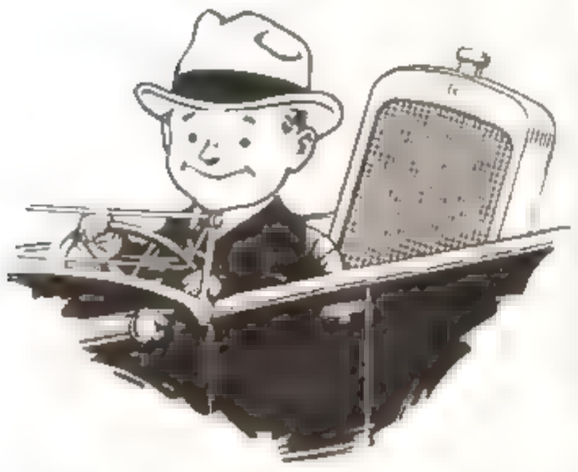

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Head Offices, Toronto
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(Continued from Page 202)

definite policy of financial cooperation between the Department of State and banking interests, as well as between the Department of State and the governments of Central and South America.

Starting with Cuba, the United States provided by treaty with the government of Cuba that Cuba shall not assume or contract any public debt to pay which the ordinary revenues of Cuba shall at any time be inadequate.

In 1907 the United States and the Dominican Republic entered into an agreement for the establishment of a receivership of customs.

"The previous rulers of Santo Domingo," said President Roosevelt, "had recklessly incurred debts and, owing to her internal disorders, she had ceased to be able to provide means of paying the debts. The patience of foreign creditors had become exhausted and at least one foreign nation was on the point of intervention, and was only prevented from intervening by the unofficial assurance of this Government that it would itself strive to help Santo Domingo in her hour of need."

Laying the Foundations

Similarly the Haitian Government was assisted in the issuance of a loan of $16,000,000 in 1922, and in a treaty between the United States and Haiti it was provided that the Government of the United States would "by its good offices aid the Haitian Government in the proper and efficient development of its agricultural, mineral and commercial resources and in the establishment of the finances of Haiti on a firm and solid basis."

A similar situation caused the American Government to assist in the flotation of a loan by Nicaragua, whereby that country's debts were consolidated and a substantial reduction in interest charges was brought about.

American financial experts in recent years have been engaged by the governments of Colombia, Cuba, Guatemala, Honduras, Liberia, Panama, Peru and Persia. They are all private citizens in the employ of foreign governments, but their selection in some cases was brought about through the American Government. In other instances, without the participation of the Washington Government, Americans have been engaged to assist the governments of Bolivia, China, Ecuador, Mexico, Paraguay and Hungary. The general record of these experts is one of which the United States can well be proud, because they have often averted financial disaster and have directed the paths of business reform. Their tasks are necessarily difficult, because the cutting of budgets, the impartial awarding of public contracts, where there has been favoritism, and the suppression of corrupt practices are not always appreciated—indeed, are even condemned by the elements which fail to profit by them. This breeds a countercurrent of propaganda from those countries, which often leads to Washington, especially to the doors of the Senate and House, where attacks on alleged American imperialism are the natural consequence.

The Department of State has been accused of foisting its financial arrangements on unwilling governments and of interfering unnecessarily in the internal affairs of other countries.

"The difficulties of these republics"—of Central and South America—"and of other countries in a similar condition," said Charles Evans Hughes when Secretary of State, in a speech which still expresses the policy of the Department of State, "are due in no small measure to the lack of the development of their resources and to the absence of needed facilities of intercourse, such as highways and railroads. It is idle to expect stability unless it has a basis in education, in improved methods of agriculture and industry, and in the provision of instrumentalities of communication which give opportunities for reasonable economic satisfactions. Progress in these directions, however, cannot be achieved without the investment of capital, and this must be supplied from the outside until sufficient available wealth has been produced within these countries to permit their people to meet their own exigencies.

"It is not the policy of our Government to make loans to other governments, and the needed capital, if it is to be supplied at all, must be furnished by private organizations. This has given rise to much misunderstanding and baseless criticism. We have no desire to exploit other peoples; on the other hand, it is surely not the policy of this Government to stand in the way of the improvement of their condition. It is an inescapable fact, however, that private capital is not obtainable unless investment is reasonably secure and returns are commensurate with risks. There are always abundant opportunities for financial enterprise in our own country and in other parts of the world on these terms. We thus have the difficulty that the instability of governments creates a hazard which private capital refuses to ignore, while that very instability can be cured only by the economic betterment which private capital alone can make possible.

"It must also be remembered that the Government of the United States has no power to compel its citizens to lend money or to fix the terms of their investments. Nor is it in a position to control the action of other governments who desire to borrow. In this situation our Government endeavors by friendly advice to throw its influence against unfairness and imposition, and it has at times, with the consent of the parties—indeed, at their instance—agreed to a measure of supervision in the maintenance of security for loans which otherwise would have been denied or would have been made only at oppressive rates.

"But anyone who supposes that this helpful contact and friendly relation are either sought or used by the Government of the United States for purposes of aggression or with the intention of dominating the affairs of these countries or their governments has slight knowledge of the aims and actual endeavors of the Department of State. We are not seeking to extend this relation, but to limit it; we are aiming not to exploit, but to aid; not to subvert, but to help in laying the foundations for sound, stable, and independent government. Our interest does not lie in controlling foreign peoples; that would be a policy of mischief and disaster. Our interest is in having prosperous, peaceful and law-abiding neighbors, with whom we can cooperate to mutual advantage."

In Foreign Lands

The financial power of the United States is growing in importance, and, where this power reaches out into other countries, the responsibility of the Federal Government to see to it that good relations are maintained and that the sources of irritation are reduced is paramount. In many instances Americans have obtained such large holdings in corporations and trusts formed abroad that it may not become unusual to find the American Government dealing through a foreign government in order to reach a group of Americans who may have organized a monopoly abroad. The opportunities for political intrigue are increased by the fact that one group of Americans is interested in the removal of a tariff so that it will benefit their investments abroad, while another group is interested in the maintenance of a tariff to protect their investments at home. The political map of the world is being blurred by the network of investments arising out of trusts, holding companies and foreign combinations of all sorts.

The American dollar is reaching round the globe to acquire independent sources of supply as well as to assist foreign enterprises in their natural expansion. Just about 15 per cent of the nitrate supply in Chile is in the hands of American capital now, as compared with only 2 per cent before the war. The same is true of tin in Bolivia. Americans control all of the vanadium in Peru, and from 60 to 70 per cent of the sugar in Cuba as well as much of the rubber in British Malaya. British and American investors own nearly half the oil wells in the British-supervised region of Iraq. American capital is invested heavily in African diamonds.

On the Merits of the Case

We have not reached by any means a state of national self-sufficiency with respect to raw materials, and we are not yet independent of Malayan rubber, Japanese silk, British tin, Indian jute, Canadian nickel, Canadian asbestos, Australian and South American wool, Indian and Russian manganese, Rhodesian chromite, and other valuable imports. Meanwhile huge sums are being loaned every year to improve cities and aid in the refinancing of national governments, together with large sums for iron and steel combines, automobile production, expansion of chain stores, and a host of other enterprises in reconstructed Europe, including not only the countries engaged in the war but many of those which remained neutral.

Under all these circumstances the diplomatic protection of the United States for the property of the American citizen cannot be altogether a generality. A careful examination of the merits of each case becomes essential, so that international complications may not arise from an inequitable or even unfair exploitation of weaker countries by American capital. There is not now, and never has been, any dispute as to the importance of protecting American lives abroad; even though in some administrations at Washington there has been a tendency to withdraw Americans from danger zones rather than to assert the American right of travel or residence. To recede on this point is often to invite more trouble, for foreign governments and peoples are quick to note whether the nationals of a particular country have back of them the whole-hearted support of their governments.

Where the American dollar has been invested at the invitation of a foreign government, the property represented by the investment has in most instances been developed for the welfare of the people of that country, and when revolution arises or an act of repudiation occurs, it is not to be supposed for a moment that the Government at Washington will sit idly by without expressing its protest in forceful language.

The whole structure of foreign trade depends upon recognition abroad of the fact that the Government of the United States is as insistent on the rights of its nationals as are the other leading governments of the world. Opportunities for abuse are by no means few. But the obligation to stand squarely on the broad principles of international law, exacting from foreign governments the guaranty always to protect life and property will not be diminished because such an obligation is difficult for weak countries to fulfill or bothersome for strong countries to insist upon. The proper use of force and the restraints that every republic can apply in a given case will depend in the final analysis on whether the American dollar continues helpful or meddlesome and whether it is the victim of real or fancied injustice.

With These as the MORNING'S TEMPTATION

No Breakfast Can Be Dull

Charming variety to dispel that breakfast gloom—the most unique grain foods known to prove food that's "good for you" can be extraordinarily delicious, too

Puffed Wheat, with cream or "half-and-half"—or served with any fresh or preserved fruit . . . combines the enchantment of a change with the elements of a well-balanced diet

Each grain is steam-puffed to eight times its normal size; then oven toasted to a wonderful, crunchy crispness. Every food cell, too, is broken in this process and digestion thus made easy.

THE ART of attractive breakfasts is variety, just as it is the science of winning back a fading appetite. Dieticians now point that out. Point out that breakfast, a tremendously important meal, is too often, because of the usual monotony of the same dishes served over and over, a neglected meal.

The old idea was to force the appetite into accepting needed foods. The new idea is to tempt it by serving something "different," something unique and totally unlike the ordinary dishes.

Try this, and you'll be surprised at the difference in your own acceptance of breakfast and your children's.

Grain foods that supply the great adventure of variety

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the most unique grain foods known. There is no other like them. They are different from any other known—alluringly, wonderfully different. They taste like toasted nutmeats; tempt like confections. Children who resist ordinary cereals revel in their unique deliciousness.

Almost 20% bran—but you would never guess it

Quaker Puffed Wheat is whole wheat, steam-exploded to fairy richness. Almost 20% is bran, but to eat it you would never guess it, so delightfully is it concealed. Supplies, too, minerals, so necessary to the healthful diet.

Quaker Puffed Rice is selected rice steam-exploded like the wheat. Its flavor is unique among grain foods. Its food value high in the carbohydrates of fine rice.

Many delightful ways to serve

Serve with milk or "half-and-half." Try with fresh and cooked fruits. Use as a between-meal tid-bit for children; as a light luncheon enticement; or, as a before-bed snack that will supply nourishment without imposing on the digestion.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Christened under Fire!

Up to the time of the Great War, castor oil because of its exceptional heat resisting qualities was regarded as the only lubricant for airplane motors. A most exhaustive series of tests made by the United States Army resulted in the development of a specification for mineral oil.

The oil, later to be known as HYVIS, met these rigid specifications most successfully. Hundreds of thousands of gallons were shipped overseas. It stood up perfectly under the terrific heat generated by the huge motors.

With the coming of peace, HYVIS turned its attention to the better lubrication of automobile motors and rapidly achieved national distribution and recognition. Today HYVIS—*sold only by independent oil marketers and dealers*—is giving hundreds of thousands of motors ideal lubrication.

Look for the HYVIS sign when buying motor oil.

The Fred G. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio
Refineries: Warren, Pa.

HYVIS MOTOR OIL

HYVIS means high viscosity—the ability of an oil to lubricate perfectly under excessive heat.

A BAD YOUNG MAN

(Continued from Page 9

"I won't resign. If I resigned it would mean that I admitted I am an undesirable bum—and I'd hate to admit that."

"In that case," the commodore said, "we will have to expel you."

For the first time in the proceedings a glint of resentment showed in young Larrabee's face. "You might give a fellow half a chance," he said.

"You've had plenty of chances," retorted the commodore. "You've been warned again and again. I'm afraid you are ——"

"Incorrigible is the word," said young Larrabee sadly. "You needn't go on, commodore. I know the spiel by heart. People have been saying it to me ever since I can remember. They've got it into their heads that I'm a bum, or a black sheep or something. Well, maybe. It's sort of hard not to be what everybody thinks you are. Go ahead, toss me out of the club. What can I do about it?"

"Very well, then," said the commodore. "You will consider yourself expelled—for cause. That's all."

"Good-by, gentlemen," said Lawrence Larrabee. "If you miss me, I might come back to you."

He strolled out of the board room.

"He took it fairly well, I thought," said Mr. Foote. "You know, after all, there is something likable about him."

"What?" said the commodore gruffly.

"He's rather good-natured ——"

"Bah! Weak and bad people often are. Well, I think it was the best thing to do—for the club. I wish we could rid the community of him as easily."

"Amen to that," said Mr. Dort.

"Incorrigible," said the commodore, lighting a cigar. "Just that. Glad he's no son of mine. I'll bet any of you a perfecto that he gets himself into some new scrape before the day is over."

No one took the commodore's bet.

Young Lawrence Larrabee was on his way out of the club grounds. He was carrying most of his tangible assets—a much-used tennis racket and a faded green bathing suit. As he neared the gate, down the dusty road whirled what at first sight might have been taken for a minor tornado. As it sped up to the entrance to the club grounds it slowed down enough for one to see that it was a trig red roadster, with a slender girl in a zebra-striped sweater at the wheel.

In complexion she was of the type for which gentlemen are supposed to exercise a preference. As to her age, a stranger might have had difficulty in deciding whether she was a quite young girl trying to look grown up, or a quite old one trying to look young. A noticeable prettiness had been enhanced by the cosmetician's art. She might have been taken for a member of the ensemble of a Broadway revue, and to be so taken was, indeed, her current ambition. She was not, however, a chorus girl. She was, as a matter of fact, the only child and particular pride of Commodore Bangs, and she was called Poppy.

Seeing young Larrabee, she stopped with jolting abruptness and called out, "Hi, there, Larry, old hat!"

"Hello, Poppy," he said. "How is the traffic cop's delight?"

"Swell. How about a Trudy in the ocean?"

"Sorry. Can't," said Larry, and started to move through the gate.

"Hey," called Miss Bangs shrilly, "what's the notion? Been eating bumblebees?"

"Yes." He stopped.

"Wash off that gloom. I've got a new bathing suit that will make the old dodos in the club reach for their smelling salts."

"Can't go swimming with you, Poppy," he said ruefully.

"Moths finally finished eating your bathing suit?"

"No. Worse than that."

"What's up?"

"Can't swim in your ocean any more. It's respectable—and I'm not."

"Of course you aren't," said Miss Bangs. "What of it? That reminds me, I must not speak to you. Dad forbade me to, at breakfast this morning. He had a peeve on about you that nearly curdled the cream. Said he'd wring my neck if I so much as lifted an eyebrow in your direction ever again. So hop in here and tell me what the fuss is all about."

"I don't want to get your neck wrung for you," said Larry, not moving. "It's a nice little neck. I'd better shove off before the big ice-and-coal man sees us talking together."

"Larry, you are queer today. What is it? Hang-over?"

"No," he said. "But I'm jolly well going to break ground for one—if I can locate the keys to dad's cellar."

"Larry. You're in some jam."

He moodily kicked a pebble. "There you go," he said. "Like all the rest. Right away you assume I'm in trouble."

"You usually are, Larry."

"Whatever happens around here, I get blamed," he said. "To date I've been blamed for everything except the fall of Rome and the wreck of the Hesperus. Wonder why old Dort didn't put them on his list."

"What list?"

"Oh, the list of charges he drew up for the board of governors so they could pitch me out on my left ear."

Miss Bangs looked distressed. "I'm beginning to get a rough draft of things," she said. "Oh, Larry, are they thinking of putting you out of the club."

"Poppy, I've been put. The ax fell on the hardened criminal's depraved neck not twenty minutes ago. The man, known in the underworld as Bellemere Red, alias Sidney Carton, alias Larry the Lout, protested his innocence to the last. A sad case."

"How mean of them!" Poppy Bangs exclaimed. "I've a notion to make a scene about it with dad. Even if he does get purple in the face and look as if he might burst and spatter on the ceiling. Of course, I'd hate that. I'm rather fond of the funny old thing."

"Practically your only flaw," said Larry. "But never mind, Poppy. Hereafter, I'm the cat that walks alone."

"I know what I'll do," she said. "I'll march right into that wretched club and resign ——"

"Whatever for?"

"As a protest against the shabby way they've treated you."

Larry Larrabee looked at her steadily, but his voice was not at all steady as he said: "You're a mighty fine kid, Poppy Bangs. But, gosh, I'm not worth the bother. I'm just nobody going nowhere, and the sooner I get there the better."

"Rot. Don't be a big dumb. You're not so bad. You've got your points, Larry."

"Thank you," he said. "You're one of the few people who think so though. Well, I'd better be buzzing on homeward to tell the glad tidings to dad—and will he be pleased! And how!"

"Jump in," said Poppy. "I'll run you home."

"And risk your neck?"

"Jump in, I tell you. What's a neck between friends?"

He got into the roadster and they started away at a dizzy pace. A mile from the club he shouted in her ear, "Hey, Poppy. Stop a second."

She stopped the car with a squeal of brakes. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"Can't talk when you drive so fast. Wind blows the words out of my mouth."

"What were you saying?"

"Nothing, yet. I was just going to remark that fathers are odd ducks."

"Mine's a comic valentine," said Miss Bangs. "Guess he must be sort of crazy about me, and yet he's always picking on me. Worries about me, no end. Always seems to think I'm planning to step off with some bootlegger or join a circus or I don't know what."

"Mine worries about me, too, I guess," said Larry. "Gosh, Poppy, what a man he is! Runs the house just like a bank. Everything tidy and on time. Dinner is at half-past seven, and that means 7:30, and not maybe. If I'm a little late he forecloses on me, and I have to wheedle a handout from the Jap. If I want a couple of berries, he does his frosty-faced-banker stuff on me, and you'd think I was trying to borrow the Pacific Ocean and put up Bellemere Harbor for collateral."

Larry ran his hand through his tangle of red thatch.

"I wonder," he said, "if things would be different if mother had lived. They tell me she was a peach. Oh, well, I guess I've given dad reason enough to think I'm just a nail in his tire. Lately he's been closing in on me. 'No more nonsense, young man. I'm fed up with you.' That sort of talk. Gosh, when he finds out they've chucked me out of the club, maybe he won't ride me ragged."

"I'm terribly sorry, Larry."

"Poppy, you're pretty decent to me."

"Shall we start along now?"

"No. Wait a bit."

"What's on your mind?"

He hesitated. Then faced her. "Poppy," he said, "we've known each other ever since we rolled hoops together."

"And used to pretend we were brother and sister," she said.

"Yes, I remember. Well, let's pretend again we are, for a minute or two, so I can talk to you and be as frank and nasty as only a relative can be ——"

"Larry, what are you getting at? You look more like a grandfather than a brother."

"I am terribly old, compared to you, Poppy," he said soberly.

"I'm nearly nineteen," she said.

"And you think you're a pretty wise egg, don't you?"

"Do I? Well, I do know my groceries."

"That's the trouble. You think you do—and you don't. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, as I learned at Princeton just before they canned me."

"Stop talking riddles, Larry," she said. "Are you trying to tell me I'm thick?"

"No. That isn't it. You're keen enough. You're not the sort of girl that expects to find diamond rings in tomato surprises, or that buys a pound of animal crackers and tells the grocer to leave out the pigs and cows because she's on a diet. You own and operate a brain, all right. Only, lately you've been acting ——"

"How?" she flashed.

"Well, a trifle goofy. Now don't get sore. I've been watching you. You've changed a lot in the past five or six months, Poppy."

"How?"

"Well, for one thing you never used to get yourself up like a soubrette in the Naughty Widows burlesque troupe. And you didn't use to talk and act the way you think some queen of the night clubs talks and acts. Look at you this minute. You've got on more paint than a new sedan."

"You're a fine one to lecture anybody, Larry Larrabee," she said crossly.

"Yes, I know. I'm the village scapegoat, and all that. I've had a bad name fastened on me. Didn't earn it. Just naturally look guilty, I guess. Parents warn their pure young offsprings not to associate with me. So Gil Duryea told me. When he came to town a few years ago, some kind friend here said, 'Keep away from that Larrabee boy. He's bad medicine.' Say, Gil has raised more hell in a quiet way than I ever heard of, and he gets away with it because he has the face of a cherub. Oh, well, no matter. With all my faults, I know

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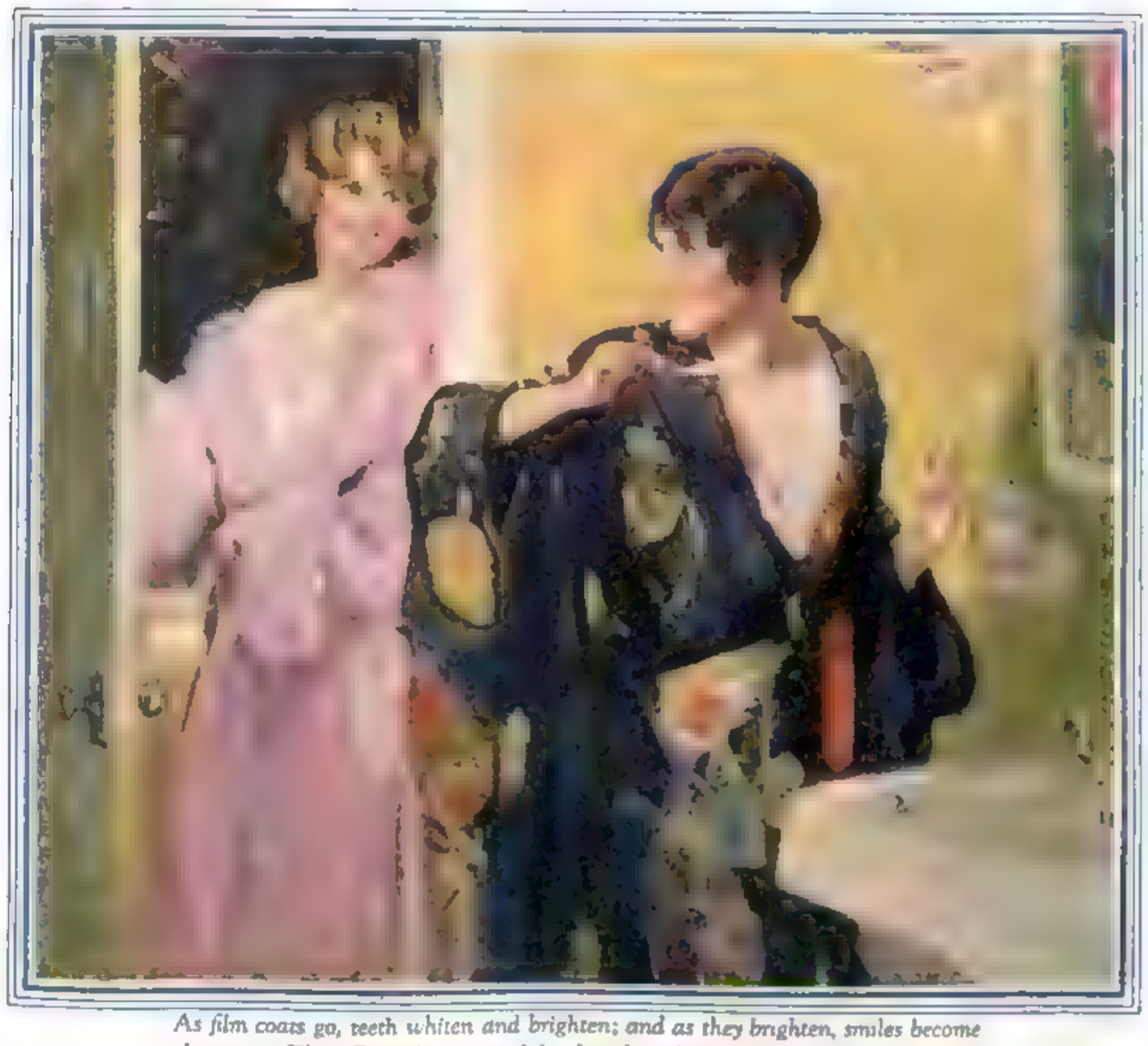
Cleanse TEETH of Dingy Film

Smiles Brighten Quickly

The new way to combat the film on teeth—the source of many tooth and gum disorders—which numbers of leading authorities suggest



As film coats go, teeth whiten and brighten; and as they brighten, smiles become charming. Thus Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is, at the same time, urged as a daily adjunct to beauty, both in Europe and America.

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

A method dentists now are widely urging.

WHEN teeth lack gleam and whiteness, it is usually because they are film coated.

By running the tongue across the teeth, this film can be felt. Modern dental science charges it with many tooth and gum disturbances; with most of the clouded teeth one sees, with much of the prevalence of pyorrhea.

Ordinary brushing often failed to combat film successfully. Thus thinking people, chiefly on dental advice, are adopting a new way in tooth and gum care called Pepsodent.

FILM—ENEMY OF SOUND TEETH AND GUMS

For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated—removed every day from the teeth.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay. Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Ordinary brushing alone was often found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

CURDLES AND REMOVES FILM
FIRMS THE GUMS

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then it thoroughly removes the film in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time, it acts to firm the gums—Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today. Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those now found in Pepsodent.

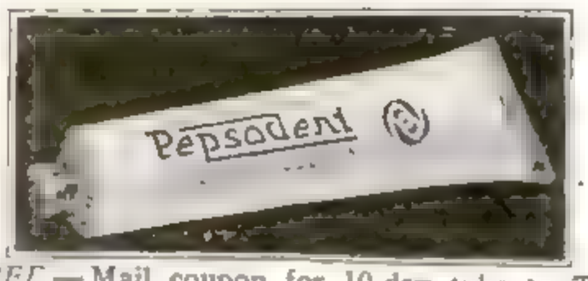
Glistening teeth and healthy gums, according to many authorities, follow as a natural result when film is removed daily this way

PLEASE ACCEPT PEPSODENT TEST

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, provides the utmost science has discovered for better teeth and gums

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 1138, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family

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The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

Specially posed by Claire Windsor, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star

Often Imitated — Never Duplicated

OF COURSE Orange Blossom is widely, and cheaply, imitated—an unconscious tribute to the vogue of this beautiful pattern and the position of leadership held by its originator. Yet the purchaser of an engagement or wedding ring may quickly and surely identify *genuine* Orange Blossom, by the trade-mark of Traub stamped on the inner surface. Throughout the rise of decorated rings to their present popularity, this symbol has stood for supreme quality as well as for matchless style and beauty. Ask to see the latest and most distinctive Traub creations, displayed by all the better jewelers. Priced as low as $12.

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T R A U B

TRAUB Genuine
Orange Blossom
Engagement and Wedding Rings

No ... platinum or special 18K white ...

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a thing or two about people. I know the sheep from the goats."

"I wish you'd come to the point, if there is one," said Miss Bangs.

"Very well. Here goes." He was watching her face closely. "What about you and Freddy Trask?" he asked.

She started, bit her lip, then faced him defiantly. "Well, what about us?"

"I don't know," he said seriously. "Nothing, I hope. Only—well, I've had my eye on you, Miss Poppy Bangs."

"You can just take your nosey old eye off me then," she said. "Freddy Trask is a very dear friend of mine, and a gentleman ——"

"Oh, sure!" said Larry. "And he has such lovely manners. All the charm of a Frenchman and all the rugged manliness of a son of the Nebraska plains. Sort of fellow who bows as if he has a rubber spine, and kisses ladies' hands, and ogles them. I've watched him work." Larry assumed a somewhat mincing manner. "'Ah, what a heavenly night, my dear Poppy! And how adorable you look! No; *exquise* is the word. Shall we go for a stroll beneath the stars?' Hooey! Poppy, this is what I wanted to tell you. That big handsome twirp, Freddy Trask, is full of poisoned jellyfish. Be careful of him."

She flushed. "I won't have you knocking Freddy like that. You don't know him. You're just jealous because he's—so popular and successful."

"Of course I am," agreed Larry. "I wish I had his cleft chin and velvet line. But understand this, Poppy Bangs, I'm not jealous of the most beautiful bond salesman in Bellemere because you seem gone on him. What's the use? I like you a terrible lot, you know that. But I'm not in love with you ——"

"Who asked you to be?" Miss Bangs tossed her curly head disdainfully. "Let's go now. You're beginning to get the least bit tiresome."

His hand went out quickly, locked the ignition of her car. He shoved the key into his pocket.

"Please let me finish, Poppy," he said.

"You give me that key and let me go."

"I won't."

"You're a bully."

"I'm your good friend. You'll see. I'm going to talk sense to you, Poppy Bangs."

"Where are you going to get it?" she asked.

He ignored this. "It's old stuff, I know, saying I feel like your older brother; but I do," he said. "So I'm not going to stand round twiddling my thumbs and doing nothing if I think you are in danger of making a dense move."

"That's white of you, I'm sure," she said stiffly. "But you have plenty to do watching your own step, Larry Larrabee. I'm a grown woman. I intend to live my own life."

"Honest, Poppy, I'd like to spank you. You act as if you were playing the big emotional scene in the second act of All for Love. You used to be one of the sweetest, simplest kids in the world. Then older fellows like Freddy Trask began to take notice of you, and you went vamp. But you can't fool me. You're going through a phase, and you'll snap out of it and be yourself—the fine, straight girl you really are—unless you go and get stymied by some foolishness."

"This from you, grandpop," said Poppy Bangs mockingly. "And you flung out of Sunday school for pouring molasses in the organ pipes!"

"I wasn't put out," Larry said. "I quit. It wasn't molasses; it was glue. It wasn't the organ; it was the piano. And I didn't do it; Gil Duryea did. Aside from that, you're right. But we were talking about you."

"You were?"

"Yes; and I'm not finished."

"Make it snappy, if at all," she drawled. "You fatigue me."

"You cut out that Lulu Belle act or I'll smack you sane," he growled. "Take this tip from me: Keep away from Freddy Trask a while, watch him work, and get a true angle on the sort of bozo he is ——"

"He's not a bozo ——"

"He is."

"He isn't."

"I know."

"You're a bozo expert, I suppose."

"Yes, I am."

"Home study, I suppose."

"Climb out of your crib, Poppy. Calling me names will do no good. I know my rep is none too bright. I know what a handicap it is to have everybody expecting you to do something wild or wicked. Gosh, when I swam out and yanked fat Mrs. Dort out of the water when the cramps hit her, did I get a medal? I did not. The kind souls in Bellemere hinted that I'd probably pushed her in. Now you, Poppy Bangs, have a gilt-edged name, and you'd be the village idiot not to keep a tight hold on it."

"I'll do what I please," said Poppy. "I'm no half-baked infant. I'm of age, and my own boss. People used to kid me because they said I was a prude, and because I did not touch cocktails because one made me feather-headed and two put me to sleep. I'm going to wake up now and have a good time, like Mrs. Slade, and Dora Nesbit, and Fannie Yates ——"

"All old flames of the winsome Frederick," said Larry, and before she could cut in with angry words, he added: "I know that bunch. Gin and sin. Don't you see, Poppy, you're not like them, and I hope you never will be. All those women are thirty, or more, and a weak, useless lot. They've all been to the World's Fair, and in a general way they know what it's all about."

"So do I."

"Don't be a long-eared animal, Poppy. A girl can't learn the facts of life by reading romantic love stories about Balkan kingdoms and dashing princes with high ideals. There are a lot of fellows who aren't princes in any sense of the word. A silk hat never made a gentleman yet. You've fallen for Freddy Trask because he has sized you up and has played the cards he knows so well. But once more I'm going to tell you—and it's not just a sour knock I'm making, because seeing you mooning over Freddy gives me the green-eyed pip—don't trust him. He's full of poisoned jellyfish. I know."

"What do you know?" she threw at him. "What right have you to say that?"

"First," said Larry, "I know his record. I'm not going to rake it up. I'm no scandal sheet. Second, you can tell a lot about a man by the way he looks at women. Freddy has the fishy green eyes of a hungry shark ——"

"He hasn't."

"Watch them. Third, or fourth, or whatever it is: Freddy is thirty-seven or eight, and he knows a lot of things you don't. And finally, he's a married man. He ought to save at least some of his fine, flattering manners for his own wife."

"But she ——"

"Doesn't understand him," finished Larry.

"How do you know that?"

"Gosh, Poppy, regain consciousness. That's a line that Ug, the first cave man, pulled on Gug, the wife of Wug, the second cave man. I'm surprised at the cunning Frederick getting off anything so whiskery ——"

"How do you know he did?"

"Didn't he?"

Poppy did not answer.

"Well, assuming that he did," continued Larry, "let me tell you that Freddy is dead wrong. What he really means is that Madge Trask understands him all too well. She's the real thing, Poppy. She's stood a lot from that romantic shark, and one of these days she's going to turn on him and knock him for a nose dive."

"She never goes anywhere with him," said Poppy.

"I'll tell you why. She'd rather stay home and mind the kids than go to parties

(Continued on Page 211

To husbands
who want their wives to stay young

When you say "This is my wife," you want to introduce a woman who looks fresh, youthful and happy—not old or worn or tired. Well, here's your chance to help her. We will lend you a New Easy, absolutely free. Let it do a week's washing for her. When you see how quickly and gently it washes and dries at the same time, we know you will want her to enjoy the blessing of wash-days free from toil and weariness.

Give *her* a New EASY Washer

THE New Easy washes and dries at the same time. By doing two things at once it cuts washing time in half. While one eight-sheet batch (or the equal in other clothes) is being washed, another eight-sheet batch is damp-dried by the Easy's wonderful new dryer. Sixteen double sheets handled at one time—think of that!

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In three minutes the Easy's dryer has a whole batch of clothes ready for the line, so dry that they need only a few minutes in the sun. The dryer never puts deep wrinkles in the clothes—those wrinkles which make pieces so hard to iron. It never breaks buttons, never tears them off. Do you know how much time your wife spends a week sewing on buttons? Ask her.

The New Easy is a marvel of simplicity. In fact, there's almost nothing to do except push a button and move a lever. Even the water is handled for you in the New Easy. As the suds, the rinse and the blue water are removed from the clothes in the dryer, a unique water-circulating system takes each in turn and sends it back to the proper tub. And when the washing is all done, the machine empties itself down your sink or laundry tubs.

There is no need to keep the kitchen hot while extra water is heated, for underneath the Easy is a special gas heater that keeps the water at an even temperature all through the washing. This heater can also be used to sterilize white pieces right in the washtub.

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You can't begin to realize how wonderful the New Easy is until you actually see it working in your own home.

You owe it to yourself and to your wife to see the wonders of this remarkable new washer. Don't put it off, but call up the nearest Easy dealer today, or write us if none is near you, and on your regular wash-day the New Easy will be at your home to do your week's washing without cost or obligation.

If you wish to own the Easy you can make a small down payment, and the washer stays in your home, permanently saving time and work.

MODEL M

Illustrated at the right is the famous Easy Washer with one-piece aluminum wringer. The hundreds of thousands of these washers in use today have created a permanent demand for this model. We shall continue to make it, embodying the same fine materials and unhurried skill

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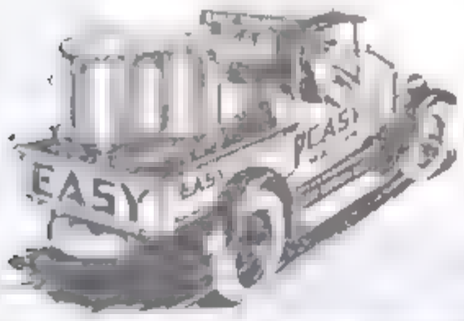

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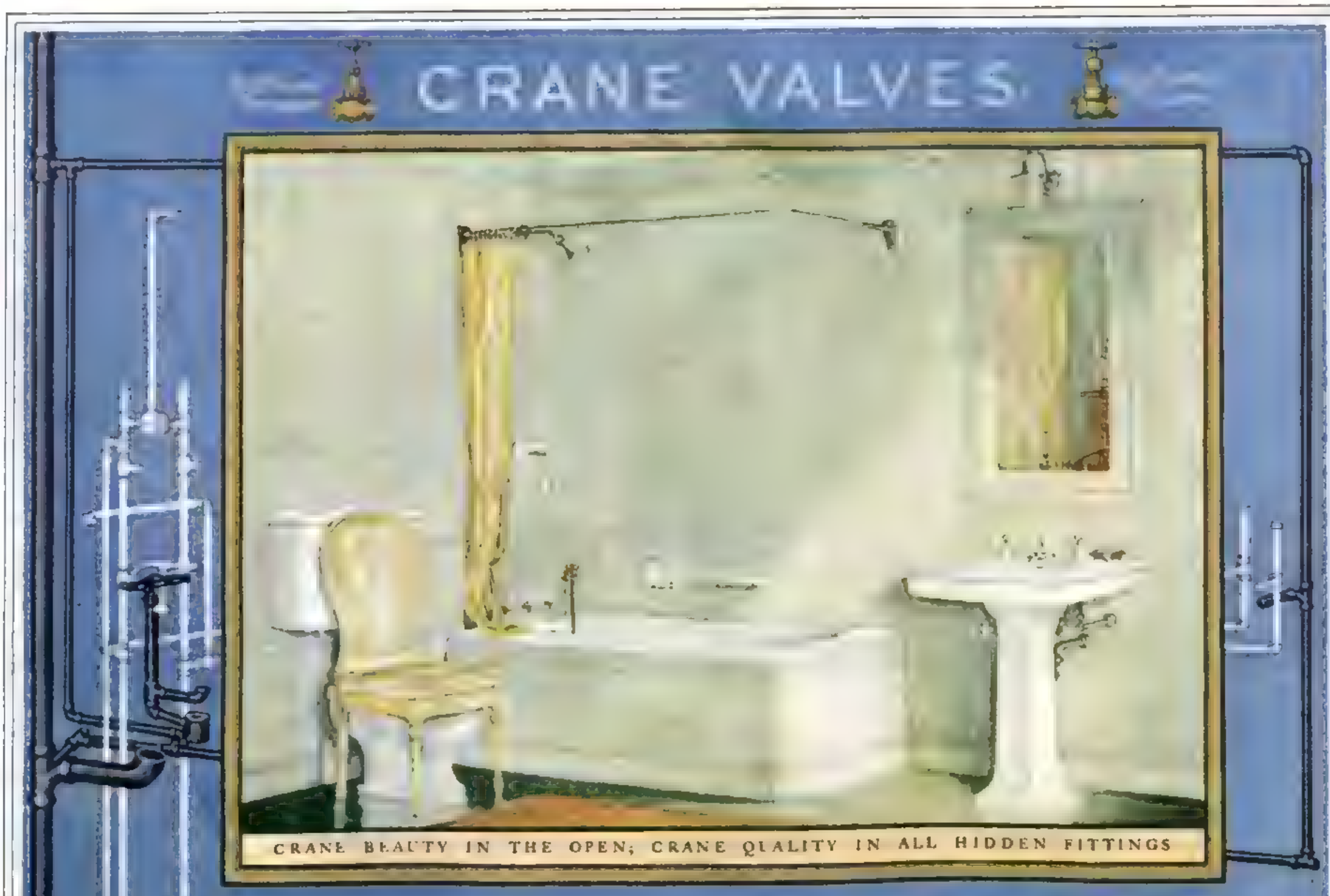

NEW IDEAS IN BATHROOMS

Happily, America is no longer content with commonplace bathrooms. There is a new appreciation not only of quality fixtures, but of how much a logical decorative scheme for their surroundings contributes to the pleasure and comfort of living.

The Crane slogan vividly and tersely expresses the present day ideal: "Crane beauty in the open; Crane quality in all hidden fittings." For some years now it has regularly appeared, as above, beneath the colorful and informative illustrations. To this educational effort, furthered by architects and plumbing contractors, credit is given for the new bathroom mode.

The very words, "beautiful bathroom," to many instantly suggest "Crane bathroom." They know the sturdy mechanical excellence, the graceful and space-saving design, the enduring beauty of Crane fixtures. They may *not* know that Crane fixtures, valves and fittings cost no more than substitutes. Consult any responsible plumbing contractor, and write for your copy of *New Ideas in Bathrooms*, illustrated.

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(Continued from Page 208)

and see that small-time Romeo rolling his eyes at a bunch of sappy flappers."

"Larry, you're a pig."

"Sure. Anything you say. Just listen to my grunts, that's all. You simply don't know the racket, Poppy. That's why you're standing with one foot on a third rail and the other on a banana peel. Please, please, listen to an old man's advice. Put not your faith in beautiful but misunderstood bond peddlers, who happen to be blest with the morals of kissing bugs, and who talk of romantic friendships, and suggest that it would be too jolly for words to run out to the Red Roof Inn some night and pop in there just long enough to try one of Leon's celebrated Martinis."

"Larry," said Poppy furiously, "you're a meddlesome eavesdropper ——" She checked herself. "Let me go home."

"Ah," exclaimed Larry, "I thought so. Poppy, I didn't have to listen at any keyhole to know Freddy's system. Poppy, I want you to promise me you'll never go near the Red Roof Inn with him ——"

"I'll promise you nothing, Larry Larrabee. I'll go where I please, with whom I please."

"Poppy," he said fiercely. "Tell me. Have you gone there with him?"

"No. It's none of your business anyway."

"I believe you. Are you going?"

"If I feel like it."

"When?"

"That's my affair."

"Tonight?" he persisted.

"You give me my key!" she cried. "I hate you, Larry Larrabee."

Larry shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, I'm the prize boob of the world, I guess," he said. "Now I'm in wrong with you. Thought I saw a chance to do you a good turn, that's all. I do think you'd be eight varieties of nut to go to the Red Roof Inn with that leering halibut. Just going inside that joint is enough to give a girl a black eye, you know. Suppose your dad tumbled to it? There's no reason why I should consider his feelings after the way he rolled me over the rough road today; but how about you? He's one proud pup, that father of yours. Just suppose there was a raid or something, or some sweet dirt vender saw you and spread the news? How would your dad feel? And where would you be? He'd probably eat a ton of his own coal and croak. Poppy, sooner than have you get into a frightful jam, I'd ask you to marry me right now, although it would mean my dad would murder me if yours didn't."

"I'm much obliged, I'm sure, for your kind offer," said Poppy Bangs coldly. "But stick this in your hat, if you have one: I wouldn't marry you if every other man in the world dried up into dust and blew away tonight. Also, I can take care of myself, with no help from you, Larry Larrabee. I intend to do exactly what I please. Now, do I drive home or do I have to get out and walk?"

With a sigh he took the ignition key from his pocket and handed it to her.

"Here's your key," he said. "I'm going to plod home now. But, Poppy, wake up, and think!"

He swung out of the car and started down the road. As he trudged along, he sang, somewhat off key, an old ballad, which he always sang when he was deep in thought about some pressing problem.

"Are you aware that the cats have got
No tails on the Isle of Man?
All the other cats have tails,
In England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales.
It seems a rank injustice;
To right it is our plan.
Are you aware that the cats have got
No tails on the Isle of Man?"

When he reached his father's house he was singing to himself, for the ninth or tenth time, the chorus:

"Shut the doors, they're coming through the windows!
Shut the windows, they're coming through the doors!
Shut the doors, they're coming through the windows!
Great Scott! They're coming through the floors!"

He donned his coat and his sole necktie, and presently—at precisely 7:30—he went down to dinner.

His father's house was large, cool, antiseptic, with everything in place; it was as colorless as a furniture dealer's idea of an ideal home. Mr. Larrabee had taken his seat at the long mahogany table when his son entered.

"Good evening, dad."

"Good evening, Lawrence." Mr. Larrabee was large, cool and antiseptic.

"Have a good day, dad?"

The father looked up from the market reports in the evening paper. "Fairish."

He returned his attention to the stock quotations, and noted, biliously, that Assembled Motors was down half a point.

"Dad?"

"What now?"

"Could I use the car tonight?"

"No."

"Are you using it?"

"No."

"Then can't I take it for a few hours?"

"No."

"I'd like to use it very much."

"And run into another truck?"

"It ran into me."

Mr. Larrabee seemed unimpressed. "You know I do not approve of your tearing about the country at night," he said. "You drive like a demon, and it's an expensive car."

"Everyone says I'm a good driver," declared Larry.

Lost in the market report, Larrabee senior made no comment.

"It's really very important that I have the car tonight," said Larry.

"Indeed? Why?"

"Oh"—Larry hesitated—"something private."

Mr. Larrabee lowered his paper and regarded, sternly, his son.

"Suppose," he said, "a man came into my bank and said he wished to borrow forty-seven hundred dollars, which is what my car cost, and when I asked him what he wanted it for, he said, 'Oh, something private.' Would you loan it to him, if you were I?"

"It would depend on the man."

"Precisely. I'm glad you appreciate that character is the foundation of credit. A wise banker predicates his loans on the basis of the essential qualities of the borrower."

"I guess I get you," said Larry glumly. "You mean I'm a poor risk. But, really, dad, I do need the car tonight. Couldn't you let me take it—as a great favor to me?"

"No," said Mr. Larrabee—and he said it as one who has had good practice in saying no—"I'm afraid I can't, Lawrence."

"I do wish you'd speculate a little on me—just this once."

"I do not speculate," said Mr. Larrabee. "No more discussion, please."

He frowned at his paper. That flyer in Hispano-Gallic Copper had not been a wise move.

Silently Larry helped himself to duck and peas. His forehead was crinkled. He chewed with a certain ruminative ferocity.

"Dad?"

"Well?"

"How about—a slight loan?"

"What? Again this week?"

"Only ten dollars," said Larry.

"You had ten dollars from me not four days ago," said Mr. Larrabee.

"I loaned it to a chap who was hard up."

"You've used that story before, Lawrence."

"It happens to be true this time. Come on, dad. Just ten. I assure you I need it badly."

"No doubt you do," said Mr. Larrabee. "But, Lawrence, in fairness to your future I cannot be handing out money to you like that. You will never learn to be thrifty until you learn the value of money. In my bank I would not tolerate a customer who was constantly overdrawn, as you are. You can have no more money until next week. That's final."

Larry's groan was almost inaudible. He knew his father well enough to know that when he said "That's final" in that firm way, it was final indeed. No use carrying the case to the court of appeals.

Mr. Larrabee divided his attention between the Wall Street news in his paper and the orange tapioca pudding on his plate. His normally set face relaxed slightly. Associated Spark Plugs common had jumped up three points.

Cheered by this news, he permitted his eye to rove into the nonfinancial section of the paper. Something leaped into his ken.

"What's this?" he said. "Your name's in the paper, Lawrence."

Larry choked on a mouthful of pudding. "Huh? Who? Me?"

He braced himself.

"Oh," said Larrabee senior, relieved. "It's about the tennis tournament at the yacht club. I see you've won your way into the finals."

The good dinner, the pleasant news about Associated Spark Plugs common, and the excellent cigar he had just lighted, thawed Mr. Larrabee into a species of guarded geniality.

"Exercise," he stated, "is a highly beneficial activity, Lawrence, for, by promoting physical fitness, it engenders mental alertness."

Larry recognized this as a quotation from one of the inspirational homilies his father was fond of delivering to his employes.

"I approve of your tennis," said Mr. Larrabee. "What time is your match tomorrow?"

Larry drew in his breath. The moment he had, all through dinner, been nerving himself to meet, had arrived.

"No time," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"I've been pipped."

"What? I'm not familiar with tennis terms."

"It isn't a tennis term. I mean they won't let me play." He gathered himself like a hunter before a high hurdle. "The fact is, dad, they expelled me from the club today."

Mr. Larrabee's mouth was full of cigar smoke, and he propelled it out in a short, shocked puff.

"Why?" he rapped out.

"Oh, I don't know. Just general undesirability," said Larry wearily.

"That all?"

"Yes, sir."

"No special offense?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Larrabee indulged in a period of pregnant silence. Eyes on his unfinished pudding, Larry waited.

"Lawrence," said his father, "you are, perhaps, aware that you are a deep disappointment to me."

"Yes, sir."

"Don't interrupt. Your expulsion is a blow to me. It means that the best people in the community have placed the stamp of disapproval on you. I am deeply grieved. Now, listen carefully to what I'm going to say. I've stood a lot from you, Lawrence, but there is a limit even to my patience. From this moment I will tolerate no more nonsense from you. One more scrape and I'm through with you. That's final. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"I will make no further inquiries as to why the board of governors saw fit to expel you. Doubtless they had cause. They are just men. I will accept your statement that you have done nothing especially reprehensible, recently. I must say this for you, Lawrence, you have always shown a certain respect for the truth."

Mr. Larrabee gnawed at his cigar.

(Continued on Page 213)

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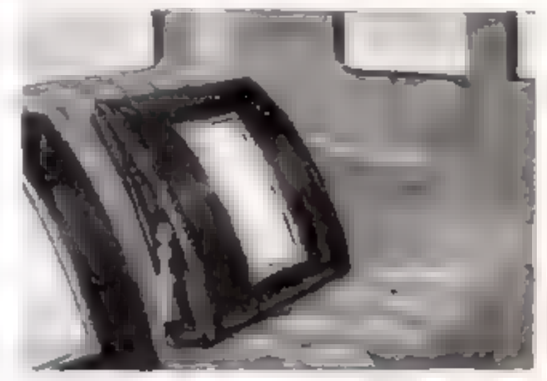

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A 15-year-old boy had made a legal misstep. And the facts were in the newspaper's hands.

At one minute before the great presses had started their daily roar, the boy's father appeared at the editor's office and frantically begged that the story be killed.

"It's his first offense," he pleaded. "This story means nothing to the public, but it will put a life brand on my son. In mercy's name, give the boy a chance . . . and I'll make amends with those he's hurt."

The editor telephoned the press room. The boy got his chance—and made good. The sobering aftermath of his escapade took the kinks out of his character and made a man of him.

A newspaper should be fearless and thorough in its publication of the news. But it also should be humane. It cannot conscientiously shield any adult, whoever he may be, if he makes a place in the day's news. But it may well afford to deal gently with the juvenile who commits his first minor indiscretion.

That has always been the editorial creed of the SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers. Controlled from within, and independent of all outside ties, financial or political, these newspapers cannot be swayed from printing facts that the public is entitled to know.

But to this steadfast policy of printing all the news, SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers make this exception—they delete the names of juvenile offenders, when the offense is palpably one of youthful mischievousness rather than of seasoned criminality.

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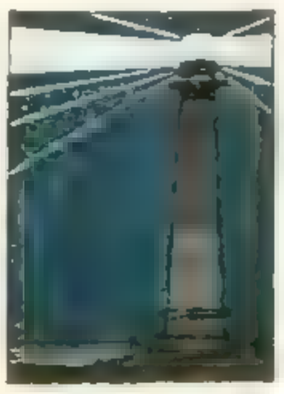

AKRON . . . *Times-Press* YOUNGSTOWN . *Telegram* KNOXVILLE *News-Sentinel*
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"I am trying," he said, "to take as optimistic a view of your case as I can. I'd have sent you packing long ago, but for the fact that you have never been guilty, so far as I know, of the one fault which I consider quite unforgivable - dishonesty. You do not steal or lie ——"

"No, sir."

"Please stop interrupting me. I hope you have taken in what I said. One more slip, and I'm through with you. That's final."

"Yes, sir."

"Now," said Mr. Larrabee, "I think it would be wise for you to spend a quiet evening in your room, thinking things over."

"Yes, sir. Good night."

"Good night. And don't play the ukulele or sing that song about the cats."

"No, sir."

At the door Larry paused to say, "I want to ask you, just once more, to let me take the car."

"No."

"Then loan me ten dollars."

"No."

Larry shrugged his shoulders and went up to his room with heavy steps.

That evening Mr. Larrabee went upstairs early, to pull at a set of chest weights for ten minutes, take a cold bath, and retire into health-giving slumber. As he pulled at the chest weights he mentally computed the interest on $85,655 for five months at 6.5 per cent—a favorite recreation of his. A sound, not the methodical creaking of the chest weights, struck his ears. It was the purring of a big motor car as it crept down the driveway of his house. He sprang to the window. There was a car gliding down his driveway, and it looked very much like his own limousine.

He shouted. "Hey, there! Hey!" but the car continued on its way, and turned into the street and sped away. Mr. Larrabee bounded to the door of his son's room, beat on it lustily. It opened. The room was empty.

Risking his dignity and a cold, Mr. Larrabee ran downstairs in his union suit. In the kitchen he encountered Harold Fukushima, the cook. Harold was in a state of goggle-eyed excitement.

"Bugglers," he gasped.

"What?"

"They come. They steal. They go. I hear. I come. I come with runs. But they are went."

"Take anything?" Mr. Larrabee's face was as black as the cook's hair. Harold Fukushima indicated an open tin cash box on the kitchen table.

"Housekeep moneys," he said. "Petty cash."

"He—they—didn't take it all?" said Mr. Larrabee.

"No, sir. They tooked ten dollas. Left rest."

"Ah!" said Mr. Larrabee from tight-shut teeth. "Ah!"

Harold Fukushima backed away in alarm from the scowling visage of his employer.

"The last straw," muttered Mr. Larrabee. "The last straw."

"What, sir?"

"Nothing," snapped Mr. Larrabee, and stumped away.

Six miles out of the town of Bellemere, on a pine-studded hill, approached by a tortuous byroad, stands the Red Roof Inn. Once a spacious private mansion, it is now something quite different. No signs point the way there. None are needed. Through all that part of the state the Red Roof Inn enjoys a reputation, and its owner, Leon, prospers and wears a diamond stud in his rather dirty shirt front.

From the road it appears dark and somber, almost sinister. Drawing near, one hears, seeping through shuttered windows, the staccato tinkle of an automatic piano which lives on a diet of nickels. The stout front door is always closed, but if one rings, a panel in the door is slid aside, and through it the visitor is scrutinized by a pair of shrewd, bloodshot eyes. The eyes belong to Leon. If he takes a fancy to his guest he will presently unbolt the door and open it, and reveal himself as a mottled, bull-necked person who appears to have performed his ablutions in olive oil, and who is either an Armenian, a Greek, a Pole, an Italian, a Portuguese or a Turk, or a little of each.

Once past the portal, the visitor finds himself in a biggish room, lined with tables, and so dimly lighted that he can almost escape seeing the leprous murals of the Bay of Naples and the Blue Grotto at Capri. Presently, if the visitor be curious, he may discover that off this main room are smaller and much more private rooms.

In one of these private rooms that night sat a man and a girl, and before them were two glasses, nearly empty.

"What a quaint place!" Freddy Trask was saying.

Poppy Bangs looked about with a slightly unsteady gaze. "Sort of smelly," she remarked.

"Artistic atmosphere," said Freddy, and chuckled jovially. "Drink up, Poppy."

"To tell the truth this drink has made me feel a bit woozy," said Poppy.

"Naturally," said Freddy Trask. "One of Leon's cocktails would. Take my advice and have one more. That will put you on the crest of the wave."

"No fooling?"

"It's a fact," said Mr. Trask.

"I sort of don't want to," said Poppy. She giggled. "As it is, mother and bun are doing nicely."

He laughed. "You're a mighty clever girl, Poppy," he said.

"Oh, that isn't my own line. It's Larry Larrabee's."

"Oh, him," said Mr. Trask. One gathered from the way he pursed up his mustache that his respect for Lawrence Larrabee was slight to the point of nonexistence. "Come, Poppy. Finish your drink, so I can order another."

She sipped at it; made a face. "Rather nasty."

"Cute child. You'll learn to love them." Mr. Trask laid a hand on hers. "Poppy," he said, "you look simply ravishing tonight. No; *exquise* is the word. I wish I were a poet. Only a poet could find the words to express how utterly enchanting, delicious, alluring ——"

"Not bad—for a starter," said Poppy. She added nervously, "I think we'd better start for home now. You said we'd stay here only long enough for one drink. It must be frightfully late ——"

He consulted a platinum wrist watch.

"Not midnight," he said. "Don't be nervous, Poppy, dear. What have you to worry about?"

"Dad."

"He thinks you're spending the night at Nell Wesley's house, doesn't he?"

"Yes. How did you know that?"

"I didn't," said Mr. Trask hastily. "But you need not worry about him, Poppy. Great chap, your father. Awfully old-fashioned, of course. Doesn't understand us young people. Other times, other customs, you know. His generation was hidebound, puritanical. They didn't know how to be free and have fun. Thank heaven, we're more broad-minded."

"Are we?" asked Poppy, wishing the lights did not seem to dim, then brighten.

He looked at her steadily. "Aren't you?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes. I guess so."

His hand closed on hers. "Poppy," he said, "I'm just wild, crazy, mad, about you. You've put a spell on me—a love spell. You feel it too. I know you do. What are we going to do about it?"

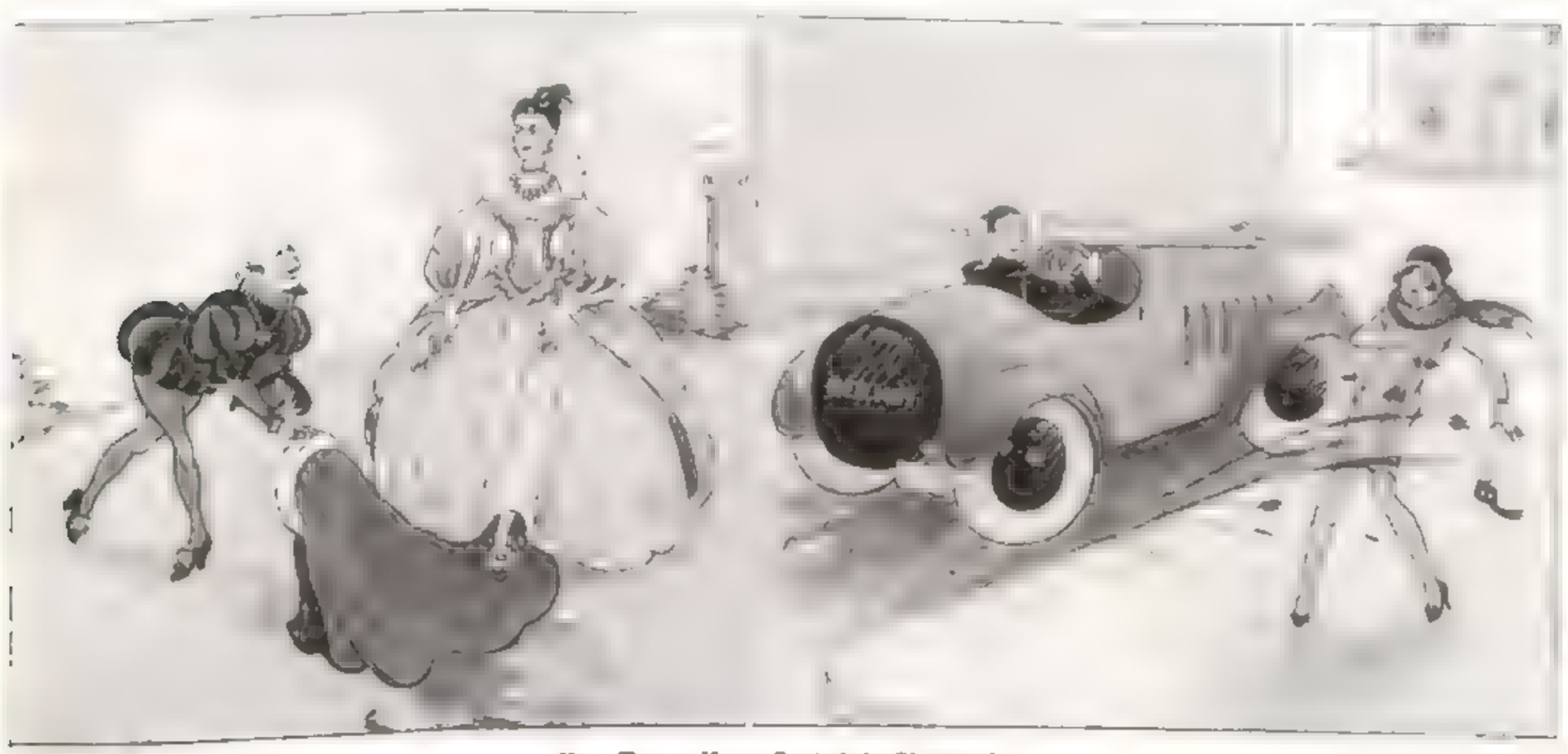
She did not draw her hand away. "Oh, Freddy," she began.

"Damn!" exclaimed Mr. Trask.

Somebody was fumbling at the door. Freddy Trask drew his hand away from hers and straightened his necktie with irritated fingers. All tenderness a second before, he was now very provoked indeed. For the door, opening, revealed the freckled features of Larry Larrabee. He stood in the doorway, swaying like a sapling in a gale and grinning a wide, pleased grin. He made a sweeping bow, so low he almost toppled over on his nose.

"Well, well, well, well," he exclaimed heartily, and a trifle thickly. "What larks! Fancy meeting you here. 'Lo, Poppy. 'Lo, Freddy. What a night for a party! Such fun!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Yes, Times Have Certainly Changed!

H. C. Bentley, C. P. A.

Suggestions To

Young Men

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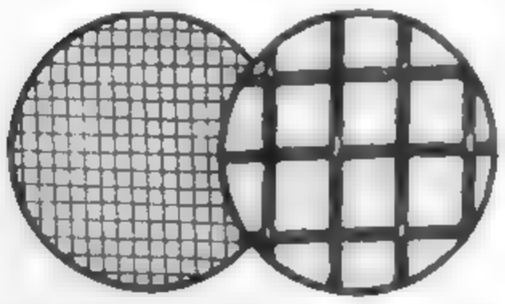

The left-hand circle is from an actual photograph of Copper Screen Cloth, heavy grade, made by The New Jersey Wire Cloth Company, which has been exposed to salt air for more than thirteen years.

The right-hand circle is the same screen cloth greatly enlarged, showing how the individual wires withstand the action of salt air

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ALBANY

Continued from Page 7

asserted, "I want to be something else. I'm sick of transports and camps and heathen the color of a copper penny. I am, Angenietje. If you're shocked I can't help it. I'd like to be a a fur merchant in Albany."

'You'd find it pretty tiresome," she asserted

"If I did it would be your fault," he answered quickly. "You could keep anything from being tiresome. Just by being around. No more than that. It isn't so much that I hate the army," he explained further, "as it is I love something else."

Angenietje Mey said, "You ought to tell that to Arendt. He would be the one most interested in it. He'd make a partnership with you at once." Thomas Evell complained that she always purposely misunderstood him.

"What I specially wanted to say," he continued, "was that you must see our play tomorrow evening. Johanna Reijckman is coming and she promised to stop for you. It's to be The Beaux's Stratagem and I am going to act a girl with a tower of powdered hair and a fan. We have to give it in a barn, but there will be a regular curtain drawn at a signal."

Angenietje clasped her hands. "Oh, I want to so much!" she cried. "I want to more than anything! I don't see how it could hurt me. If Johanna is going, maybe I can."

Thomas Evell solemnly asserted that it would be a historic occasion. "The first play in Albany. And there will be a ball at the English Tavern on Friday."

But she was hopeless about that: "I know they won't let me go to a ball. Mr. Eelkens has been horribly cross about everything lately. You'd never guess, from what he says in church, that the soldiers came here to save our lives."

Evell went closer to her. "Angenietje, I wish I could really save your life."

So did she. "I'd hate to be scalped," she acknowledged.

He frowned heavily. "You are sending me away from you in a dangerous spirit," he said somberly.

"I am not sending you at all," she objected. "You are going with your regiment. I've agreed with everything you said." She gazed at him innocently.

"What," he asked, "would you do if I kissed you?" That, she replied, wasn't important at all. "You ought to wonder what Eytie would do, since she is on the kitchen steps talking to Cataline."

There was something else:

"Johanna told me that when Pieter Krol got back from New York, or wherever he is, you were all going up the river for the day. She said you would spend the whole day together on an island. I want to come, Angenietje. I can get leave."

She spoke reluctantly. "I'm sorry, but I am afraid you can't. You see, it's our company and no one outside is allowed. It's like that here—if we grow up together we stay in a company until we are married. The boys of one never go with the—with another company."

"But that is silly," he protested. "Or it is for me. I didn't grow up with you. There is no reason why I can't go. Do you mean they wouldn't have me?"

Angenietje didn't exactly know what she meant. "No one does it," she repeated. "They just don't. I can't think why. I'm sorry."

Thomas Evell, apparently shifting the subject, asked, "Who is this Pieter Krol?"

"Why—why, he is just Pieter Krol," Angenietje replied. "I don't know what else to tell you; except he has gone to New York for the first time in a trading sloop of his own. He'll be back very soon now. I expect he will think he is very important."

Evell asked again, "Who is this Pieter Krol?"

Angenietje pointed out that she was trying to tell him. "I can't think of anything else, except that his father's name is Goossen and that Pieter was the head of our company. But when he got a sloop he gave that up. It was too young."

Thomas Evell admitted that he had heard of the young companies of Albany. "Is it true the girls never marry outside of them?" Angenietje Mey slowly answered that she supposed it was. He had also been told that plans for marriage were arranged very early. She nodded. He stood stiffly, questioning her with his eyes and voice. "Angenietje, have you promised to marry anyone?"

In the silence that followed his question the sharp voice of Eytie and Cataline's respectful murmurs were audible. The light was fading rapidly from the garden. "Angenietje, have you promised to marry Pieter Krol?" he demanded.

"You have no right to ask me so much." There was a little gasp in her voice. "Cataline," she called, "come and get the baskets of tulip bulbs! I must go in to be ready for supper."

Very early of the evening following, Angenietje appeared on the *stoep* with a fine cap ruffled on a deep lace band, and a pinked silk petticoat showing under her short skirt. Arendt, who was thirteen, was explaining to his father that he would soon be old enough to trade independently with the Indians. "I have already taken my canoe above the upper falls," he proceeded. "Fifty dollars would be enough to buy stock with. I would rather do that than go down to New York in a sloop like Pieter Krol." Claes Mey made no reply, and Arendt sat rapt in a vision of such an expedition, with a single negro, right up into the hunting ground of the Huron Indians.

Liedya surveyed Angenietje with surprise. "That is the new petticoat and your best cap," she said. "You must be certain that Pieter Krol will get here this evening." Angenietje sat without committing herself.

"This is novel," Claes commented, "your best cap and petticoat for Pieter. Probably it is the effect of his being away. Or is there an officers' ball tonight?"

Liedya wished that he wouldn't put such ideas in his children's heads. "You know very well we wouldn't let Angenietje go to a dance in a tavern—with the way officers drink. Mr. Eelkens is coming for supper and I hope you won't say things like that in front of him. Everyone doesn't understand you."

That, he replied, was a mercy. "It's good, too, that we all don't understand Angenietje." His gaze rested lightly on his daughter. "Perhaps she is dressed for the minister," he added. Angenietje couldn't see why there was a fuss over a cap and petticoat.

There was the sound of the cowbells approaching with evening, and the gilded weather vanes—the sloops and lions and geese on the roofs below burned in the level rays of the sun.

Aeltje De Vos cried from her *stoep*, "Myndert says the soldiers are taking down their tents. They are about ready to march." Liedya Mey nodded and then rose as Mr. Eelkens came up the street. His face was even longer and more somber than customary. He had heard Mrs. De Vos and added, elliptically, that it was time.

"I said the same thing only yesterday," Liedya Mey told him. "I will be glad to see the soldiers gone."

Mr. Eelkens took off his broad-brimmed black beaver hat. "There are worse menaces than death and the heathen," he proclaimed. "They are among us now. They are in our midst." He was squarely facing Angenietje. He proceeded, "The young of Albany have been overtaken by an evil spirit. Either I am their minister and the voice of God or I am not. At times it seems that I am not. I am told that there is a ball advertised for next week and it is in my knowledge that

Continued on Page 217

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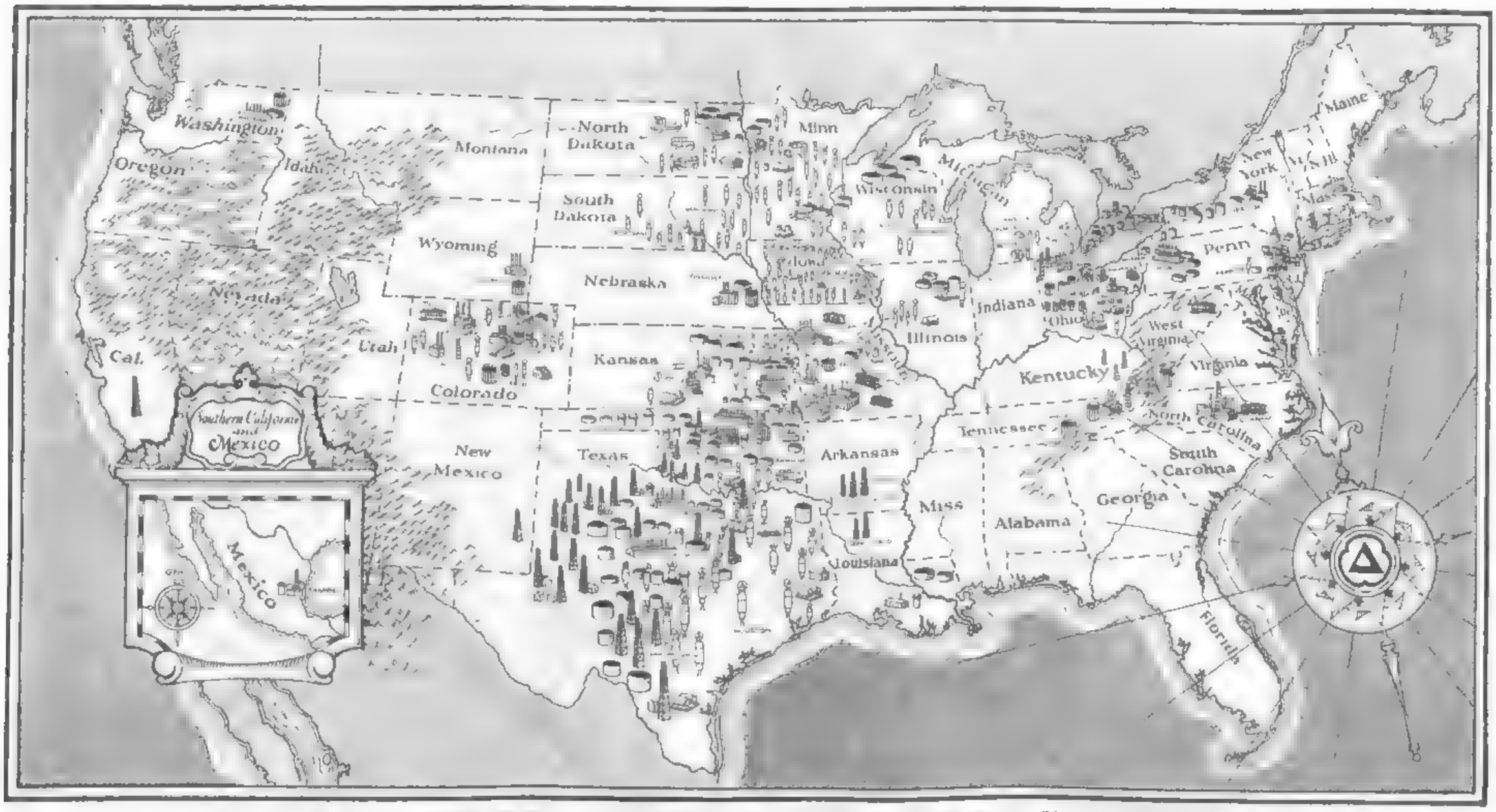

This map shows the location on North America of the properties of the Cities Service organization, which from a small beginning in 1910, has grown until today it includes more than 100 public utility and petroleum subsidiaries

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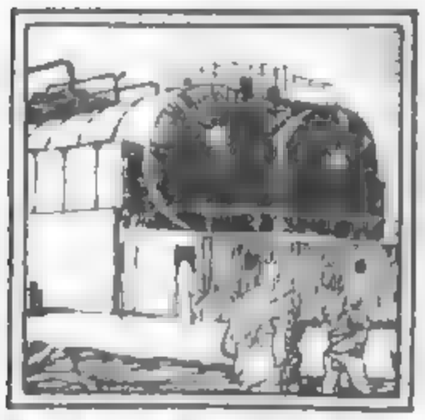

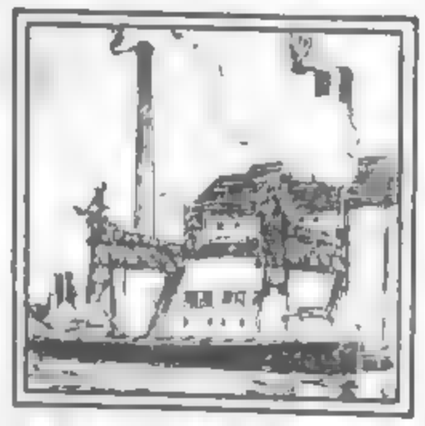

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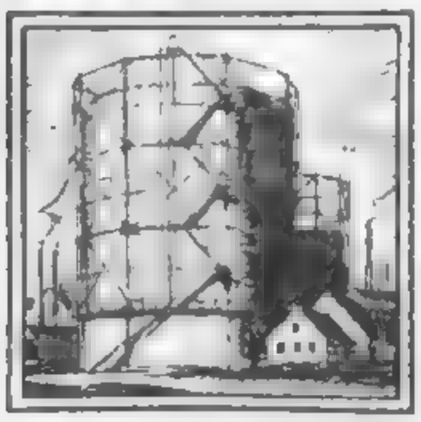

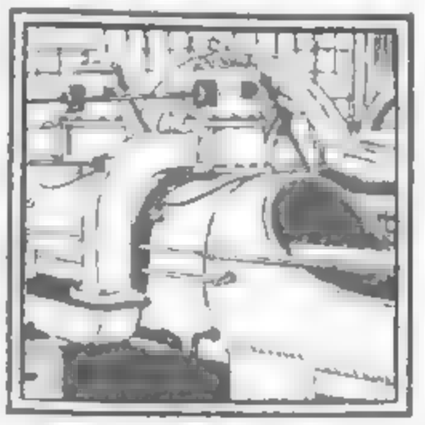

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(Continued from Page 214

the British colonel at Mrs. Jenaberie's went home from the last one drunk. He was seen to stagger." Angenietje sighed. "There are some families here," he continued, "and should be high in our respect, that would be better in New York. There is what amounts to a court there and enough wickedness to accommodate them. Albany has always been a place raised for godliness." Claes Mey wasn't so certain of that.

"I always thought it was raised as a trading post," he commented, "where sewant and rum were exchanged for furs."

Mr. Eelkens ignored this. "A place of simple and God-serving people," he reiterated. "Until now the minister had authority. His word was attended to. But that, it seems, is all past. I tell you when we gave up the language of our fathers for English we entered into a compact with the devil. When we copied the English and forgot we were Dutchmen we took the first step downward. Sunday is no longer a day of rest. The streets are full of gigs and light women, and the fields—the abodes of His dumb creatures—are defiled with flags and soldiers and music."

Liedya agreed. "It's a bedlam. I can hardly keep the negroes at their work." There was something far more important than that, Mr. Eelkens instructed her. It was to keep her children at home.

Arendt said positively that he didn't want to keep at home. "I want to go up on the Mackinac trading. I'll be sixteen in two years and a half." Claes Mey said, with an air of rebuke, that Mr. Eelkens wasn't interested in his worldly ventures.

Mr. Eelkens studied Claes briefly. "The worst," he announced, "is still to happen. His Majesty's soldiers are going to act a play. They are going to dress and paint and powder like loose women! If any of my congregation go I will have them up before the deacons for discipline." Angenietje Mey was sitting with her hands clasped in her lap, her face was blank and her gase properly lowered.

Liedya admitted that she had heard the play discussed. "Some of the younger people are going. As you say, their families belong in New York. However, I am afraid you will have trouble with them." Claes Mey's eyes were half shut and fixed on Angenietje. There was a speculative expression on his lips.

Mr. Eelkens addressed him, "Claes Mey, would you permit a child of yours to see a play where men, who were supposed to be soldiers, were painted to represent women?"

"I can answer for him," Liedya anxiously interrupted her husband's debatable reply. "He would not." Angenietje sighed. "Claes may have his jokes about whatever he called it and rum, but our children are brought up decently. And that, Mr. Eelkens, is harder than it used to be. When I was a girl we didn't have redcoats quartered in the house, and plays and balls. Then there were no gigs on the street Sunday, except when it was necessary. It gets worse, as you say, every year. But I will add this—my girls are good and pure at heart. It wouldn't occur to Angenietje here to go to a play. I must say that much in her defense."

Claes asked his elder daughter, "Where is Mr. Evell?" She didn't know beyond the fact that he had said he wouldn't return for supper. Claes supposed that duty kept him at the pastures.

"There is Pieter Krol!" Arendt exclaimed.

Aeltje De Vos called in through the open door, "Myndert, Pieter Krol is back from New York." Pieter was strongly built, the wind and sun of the river had reddened his face, and that made his light hair look like bleached flax, it gave his blue eyes a curious pale intentness. Liedya Mey kissed him, he shook Claes' hand and bowed to Mr. Eelkens.

"Well, here I am. I didn't get lost," he said to Angenietje.

"She guessed you would come," Liedya told him, "and put on her new silk petticoat and best cap."

Angenietje smiled up at him. "I hope it was successful," she said.

Pieter Krol laid a small package beside her on the bench. "At least I was able to bring you a present from New York."

He couldn't, however, remain for supper. "I must go home. I haven't been there at all yet. But I'll come back later. Maas De Hooges was on the wharf and he told me we were going up the river tomorrow."

Angenietje replied, "It's decided then. I wasn't sure. But you must be tired of the river. Perhaps you would rather go another time."

That, he said gravely, was all foolishness. "It will be a chance for us to talk." When he had gone, Arendt asked Angenietje why she didn't open her present.

"Yes," Liedya added, "let us all see it." Angenietje unwrapped the paper slowly and a pair of silver shoe buckles emerged.

"They are very nice and heavy," her mother asserted. "Of course, now you have accepted them you know what that means." Claes Mey, a little impatiently, asked what it did mean. At that moment Johanna Reijckman came up to the Mey *stoep*. She wore a brightly flowered dress that left bare the whiteness of her throat, and a great calash tied with impressive ribbons.

"Johanna," Angenietje cried, "please wait!" She hurried out and there was a quick whispering.

Johanna, it was clear, was sharply annoyed. "Anyhow," she said audibly, "it's outrageous." Angenietje came slowly back alone.

"Modesty in dress," Mr. Eelkens said, "is one of the characteristics of a godly mind. The body of a woman is an abhorrence to God and a torch for the lusts of men."

The river men worked their canoes standing in the stern, but the boys paddled like the Indians, on their knees. Pieter's canoe was birch bark with high turned bows ornamented by Mohawk devices in dyed porcupine quills, and there was a stern board for Angenietje to lean back on. No one else was with them, although another of the seven canoes proceeding up the river had been obliged to hold five. Pieter, of course, paddled strongly and well. Mostly they were close by the bank. They passed the flats with its high bank and great elm trees hung with wild grape vines, and came opposite the wheat fields beyond.

"That one trip," Pieter Krol told Angenietje, "paid for the sloop. I even bought a new mainsail; the other wouldn't set flat at the gaff; and that was what kept me in New York. I named her the Willemstadt," he went on. "It's very appropriate."

"Don't they sometimes," Angenietje asked—"isn't it a custom to call them after—rather can't they have prettier names?"

It was possible, Pieter admitted. "Why, Angenietje, I could have named her after you. I never thought of that. But it's painted on now. When I get another sloop I will call her the Angenietje Mey. If I have many trips as successful as this one it won't be long. The next time I must take down more lumber. You wouldn't believe how New York is growing."

Angenietje supposed it was very gay. "Tell me, Pieter, is it true the girls there wear stockings thin like lace and not ribbed with red clocks?"

He hadn't noticed. "You must remember how important this was for us. I had no time for red clocks. Angenietje, there is no trouble about the cargo down—in September I will carry furs—it's the empty sail back I hate. I brought three passengers, but that only paid me sixty dollars.

"The thing to do, though it has never been tried from Albany, is to trade direct with the West Indies. I'd like to load right at the islands with rum and coffee and chocolate and sugar and sell them here on Market Street. The commissioner's charges in New York make it doubtful if you could get a profit in Albany. But I could bring up dry goods and hardware and wine from

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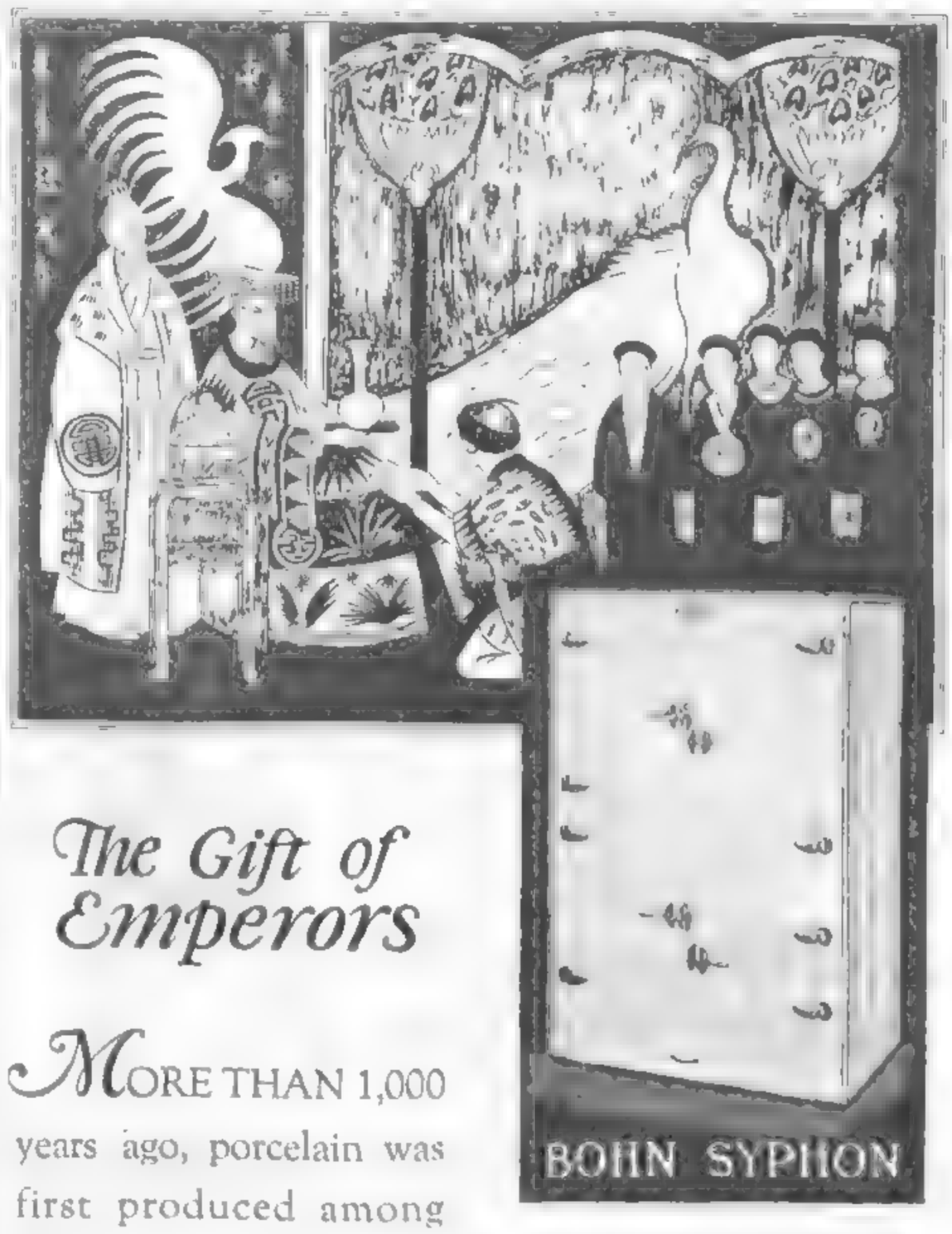

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Holland. The trouble with us," Pieter Krol said, "is that we have wanted so little and made most of that ourselves. I understand Lord Howe's troops have changed that, with the taverns and officers full every day."

Angenietje admitted there had been some change. "Mr. Eelkens and people like mother hate it, but—but Johanna and girls like her think it's splendid. Why, Pieter, there was a play last night and she went."

"I heard something about it," he admitted. "All the boys saw it. I got in too late. There was too much else to do."

Angenietje sat up with her hands clasping the thwarts of the canoe. "Oh, I wish we could have gone. I wanted to so much."

He glanced at her coolly. "I didn't say anything about you," he pointed out. "A play is not the right place for a girl. Anyhow, not for the girl I want to marry." She sank back. "Suppose we talk about that, Angenietje," he proceeded. "I don't believe we have ever settled it definitely. But then we haven't had to, since it has always been understood. I spoke to you about it first when I was nine years old and now I'm twenty."

When he was nine, Angenietje commented, she had been four.

That, his manner showed, was too obvious for notice. "I will make another trip in August—shorter than this one—and another—with the furs—in the fall. After that I would like to get married. We could live with my family for the winter and then move into a house I can get high up on Jonker Street near the fort. It's only wood, but it is well built and has a nice garden. I must find out about the well. There was something else, Angenietje, I wanted to speak about, and that was Cataline. I have been watching her and she's nearly useless. She is completely spoiled. It may not be her fault, it may be yours, but the result is the same. I suggest that we let your mother keep her and give us what she's worth. It ought to be close to eight or nine hundred dollars."

"Pieter!" she exclaimed, horrified, "I couldn't sell Cataline! Even to my own mother. Why, no one ever does that. It would be a scandal. Cataline would never get over it. It would kill her."

Pieter Krol calmly replied that, apparently, she hadn't listened to him. "I said that Cataline was useless. She might be good for a rich woman, she might even be good for you very much later, but just now we can't afford that kind of servant. She would eat three times more than she was worth."

"After all, Pieter," Angenietje Mey reminded him, "we're not actually married. You can't decide everything for me today."

He studied her with an amused patience. "Why, so we are not," he acknowledged cheerfully. "You are not Mrs. Pieter Krol yet. I suppose I ought to admit that the question is: Will you be? Do you want to be? All the rest, I can see, must be put off until you answer that. Well?" he paused, his paddle, dripping with the clear river water, in air. She didn't reply and they drifted sideways and back. Pieter vigorously swung the canoe around. "It would be nicer," he resumed his comments and explanations, "to go at once to Jonker Street; we really could afford that, but the other would save a lot. Then I would be away a great deal the first winter and you needn't be alone."

"I don't really mind being alone, Pieter," she told him. He replied significantly that so soon after their marriage solitude wouldn't be wise for her. He was managing the canoe with the instinct and faultless skill of an Indian. The others were all strung out behind. Ahead Angenietje could see the island they were bound for; a beach of white sand was conspicuous on the dark water, against the thickets of vines and trees.

"Who is this ensign staying at your house?" Pieter Krol asked abruptly.

"He's an ensign and he's staying at the house," she answered blankly. "Do you mean what is his name? It's Thomas Evell, I believe. He seems to be very nice. Eytie makes special cakes for his supper."

Pieter was surprised that Claes Mey had allowed him to be quartered at his house. "He could easily have stopped it."

Angenietje explained that her father, because of his responsible position in the town, had thought he should take Mr. Evell. "Some people were so disagreeable about it. Arendt sees more of him than the rest of us. He would follow him to Quebec if it were possible."

Pieter Krol said it was a wonder that Arendt hadn't tried to scalp him. "He practices being an Iroquois on everyone."

Angenietje explained, "He is really getting to be a big boy, and talking about going up to the Mackinac now. Of course, father just laughs at him. But it won't be long."

"Claes Mey laughs at nearly everything," Pieter asserted. "If it hadn't been for that, Sir Charles Hardy would have made him mayor long ago. People talk about it, and, since he is your father, I don't like to hear it. I am glad that you are more like your mother. You have her eyes and her quietness. No one is sure of what your father will do or say, but it's different with Mrs. Mey and you." They were opposite the beach and he drove the canoe diagonally across the swifter narrows. Before they struck, however, he was in the water, dragging the bow smoothly up on the sand.

The canoe with Arendt and Maas De Hooges arrived next, and Arendt, in the water, lifted it smoothly up on the beach. "If it had been a little longer we would have caught up to you," he declared. "You were talking all the time and an Indian wouldn't have said a word. Specially to a woman," Arendt added. "They never talk to women anyhow."

"Carel Hendrickse," Johanna called, "come and light the fire, now that you are leader! Pieter will be too grand." A boy in moccasins with a wide belt of black and white wampum, who moved with a light, noiseless ease, poured a small measure of powder under heaped dry branches and primed his rifle. He knelt and the spark from the falling hammer set off a quick flame that caught among the wood. Dark tea was made, ham broiled, and there was a black preserve of cherries. After that the boys vanished with their guns into the interior of the island. Angenietje and Johanna Reijckman washed the tin cups in the river; all the girls had baskets elaborately woven by Mohawk squaws in a common pattern; and soon there was a sedate chattering row on the sand addressed to knitting or finer needlework. The sun was high, but it was still behind the trees; the girls were in a shade cooled by the sound of the water along the shore. There was a general conversation about Pieter Krol; it was agreed that the trip to New York made him even more solemn than before.

"What do you think, Angenietje?" Geertruy Jacobson asked directly. She was sitting with Cattryna Mey, she was Cattryna's age, and the momentary silence which met her question was designed as a rebuke.

"Pieter has every virtue," Johanna declared. "He is the most honest Dutchman left in Albany. The English will never affect him." The sun rose higher and invaded the beach with a hot light. The river sparkled. Angenietje had stopped knitting; her gaze was fastened on a batteau slowly coming up against the stream. Opposite the lower end of the island it turned out. It had turned too soon, however, and it was rowed up to the beach only after a long difficult struggle. At the stern was a slender figure in a hunting shirt. Angenietje said in a tone of surprise, "Someone is coming on shore."

There was a feminine rustle of excitement, and Cattryna cried, "Why, it's Mr. Evell!"

He stopped, apparently confounded by the number of girls before him, and Johanna urged Angenietje to her feet. "You must

(Continued on Page 221)

HAVE A HEART!

A tragedy re-enacted daily in millions of bathrooms

POOR old brush! Haven't you punished him enough? Weak—aged—decrepit—still you expect him to care for your teeth!

True, he doesn't *look* worn out. At a casual glance, he may even appear as good as ever. All the bristles are still there.

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Let's give our old brush a well-deserved vacation! Let's pension it off today! Let's start over again with a new Dr. West's Tooth Brush.

A Dr. West's—the brush that cleans inside, outside, and between the teeth. The brush with special bristles—firm, lively, vigorous bristles—that *polish as they clean!*

Faithful daily care with your Dr. West's will bring your teeth to a brilliant whiteness you may never have thought possible. Thorough brushing—*away* from the gums—four minutes a day—two in the morning, two at night.

And here's a secret! To get the full value from Dr. West's special polishing quality, never try to "wear out" your brush. Dr. West's is so long-lived that it is often serviceable for months after its polishing ability is gone. Change often enough to have firm, *new* bristles always.

Many dentists change brushes once a month. Make sure yours is effective by getting a new one today!

There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family. The Adult's size is 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Special Gum Massage Brush, 75c.

Dr. West's Tooth Brush—*a Biography*

A good tooth brush is more than a handle and some bristles. Dr. West's is scientifically designed to combine *all* the features that make a tooth brush good.

The brushing surface of Dr. West's is double-convex, being curved from end to end and from side to side. Thus it fits the frequently neglected inside contour of the teeth.

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Many a man drops in at the fountain for it every day.

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And they go on to tell you about the vitamins and the mineral salts and laxative properties that Welch's gives you; and about the fruit elements in it that help to prevent acidity.

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(Continued from Page 218)

go forward," she insisted; "now he is here. He may die of fright."

Angenietje said formally, "Good morning. I never expected to see you on the river so early." Thomas Evell replied that he had had no idea her company was composed only of girls. "It isn't," she told him. "The boys always hunt or fish until late, and we sew. They come back for dinner."

He said, "I had to find where you had gone and see you at once. I haven't more than half an hour. Angenietje, we are leaving this afternoon. Do you suppose you could take a walk with me?" How could she, Angenietje answered; it would look so funny.

"It's the last chance I have to see you before I go," Thomas Evell urged her.

Angenietje's hands caught together. "Everybody would talk." Her voice was low and wretched. "I didn't know you were leaving Albany so soon. When do you think Lord Howe will come back?"

He was, obviously, unable to say. "Perhaps never." Thomas Evell was astonishingly young and desperately serious. "Angenietje, come down by the batteau; everyone can see you there; I must talk to you. It couldn't be a worse place, but I can't help that now." They passed the file of canoes to where the flat-bottomed wooden boat was anchored in the dry sand. "At least we can get in it," he asserted.

"There will be a frightful talk," she repeated.

"That can't be helped either. Listen, Angenietje. Do you remember what I said about staying in Albany? Well, that's impossible, of course. But there is something else I can do. I went to Howe and explained some things, and he's in favor of it. He says that with my family what it is it would be easy. Angenietje, I want to leave the regiment and be attached to Sir Charles Hardy's staff in New York. In New York, Angenietje."

She asked, "Would you like that? But, of course, you would. It is so gay. There are balls and plays in New York all the time. You could go to one every night."

He hadn't thought of that. "You are the reason I want to get transferred. When the time came and I thought of leaving you, I couldn't. I couldn't, Angenietje. I couldn't and go on living. When I realized what it meant I saw that I would die. Most of me—the best. All that I really liked. I'd give up everything in England only to be near you. I'm not too young to know my mind, Angenietje; if I'm old enough to be a king's officer and get killed, I am old enough to be in love—with you.

"It's horrible to say it like this, with all those girls there giggling at me. You must try to understand how serious it is. How much I have to have you. You can't be going to marry Pieter Krol, Angenietje. Anyhow, tell me that much. If you say there is no one else in your heart, I'll go back to camp happy. I will be happy then because when I come back you may marry me. I can't even touch you," he said.

"It would only make it worse if you could." After she had spoken she smiled at him as though in an effort to soften the implication of her words.

"Then you have given him your promise," Thomas Evell said.

"A long while ago," Angenietje told him; "when we were children. Younger than Cattryna. Our families want it. Pieter brought me a pair of silver buckles from New York, and he thinks we ought to—to be married very soon."

Evell interrupted her impetuously. "But all that hasn't a thing to do with it. Are you in love with him?" Angenietje reminded him that he must talk more carefully. "Do you love Pieter Krol?" he repeated quietly.

"I can't tell that," she answered. "Isn't it the time to love after you are married? I don't know. I wish I did. Sometimes it makes me very unhappy. Since—since you came to Albany. Perhaps it would have been better if you had stayed away." She managed to speak lightly, to convey the impression that it was all quite unimportant.

"I can't agree with you," Thomas Evell said almost disagreeably. "But if it was a mistake, I will pay for it. You've made it pretty clear you won't."

She asked him if he wanted to make her cry. "You will," she warned him. "Before all the girls, and then I'll be disgraced. I wish you would go."

He leaned forward, intense and young and golden in the sun. "Angenietje, will you marry me when I come back from Fort Ticonderoga?"

She rose. "I must go back," she said gently. "I am sorry if you are hurt." He asserted that without her it didn't matter whether he came back from the woods or not, and her bearing hardened instinctively. "You mustn't say words like that," Angenietje informed him. She might have been the elder by twenty years. "It's wicked, and useless too. Johanna," she called, "Lord Howe and Mr. Evell are leaving tonight. Come and say good-by to him."

When the batteau had been shoved out into the river and they walked back up the beach, Johanna's arm was tight around Angenietje Mey's waist. They were met with a flood of questions and comments. It was a shame the troops were going. Albany would be like a church again. It was too bad, Geertruy Jacobson announced, that Mr. Eelkens wasn't going with them. A certain restrained approval was allowed to reward that. Angenietje took up her knitting. The batteau was just visible, far down the river. It vanished. The boys returned in a mass sooner than customary. "Pieter Krol shot a buck!" Jacob Roseboom cried. "We can have venison for dinner. He shot it in the water and we had to swim out for it."

"I am sorry, Pieter; I have a pain in my head," Angenietje told Pieter Krol. They were in his canoe again; evening was descending on the water, veiling the shores, and they were returning.

"It's the long day in the sun," he replied. "We won't go with the company again. That is over for us, Angenietje; we are grown up. You look older since the little time I have been away." She didn't answer. Her eyes were closed, her lips were bright and parted, her body lay relaxed in an attitude of profound exhaustion.

Claes Mey, on his *stoep*, was delivering a surprisingly long discourse to his wife Liedya and Angenietje. He only deserted his aphorisms, his usual air of light detachment, under strong annoyance. It was late Sunday afternoon, and he was concerned with Mr. Eelkens' sermon.

"The private truth about him," he proceeded, "is that he is exactly wrong. Mr. Eelkens insists that Albany, in his opinion, is going fast to the devil; he thinks we are getting worse every day; when it's a fact that all his prayers are being answered. The old people and the women are coming to rule the town. Lord Howe's army is only a glass to show us how long our faces are. He keeps talking about changes, too, when he only came from Leyden ten years ago. To hear him you'd think he helped Henry Corstiaensen build the original trading post on Castle Island. When I was born Albany was already in the British dominion, but my father was alive in the first patroonship—the Indians had hardly stopped roasting Dutchmen. There was only the fort with a few traders and some soldiers and a white woman or two. When I was a boy it wasn't a great deal more. Not a great deal," Claes declared.

"But at least there was some freedom. A man had his own opinions as well as his cornfield. He could laugh. I wonder what Mr. Eelkens would have thought of the Mahikan Indian girls and Albany then. The Mahikans were peaceful Indians—they hadn't been driven out yet by the wars, and their villages were strung all along the river; they had gardens and planted fields, and it was very harmonious. In summer they sat around drunk or sober in the shadow

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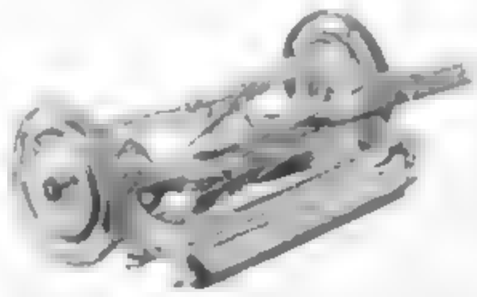

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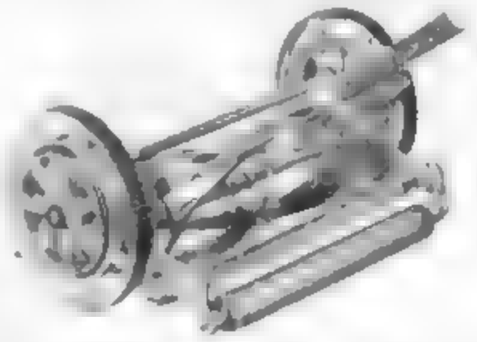

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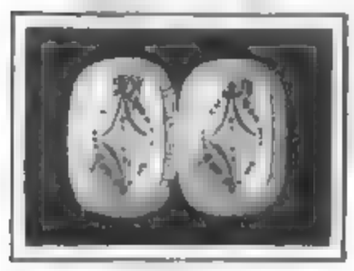

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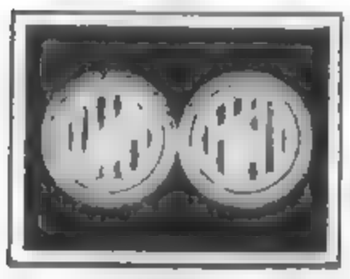

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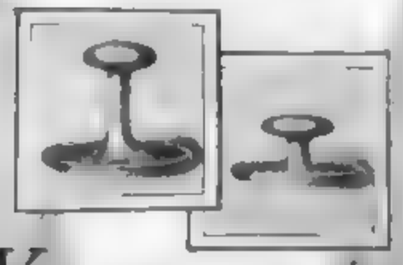

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of the stockade, and the young Dutchmen tried to marry their prettiest girls. They were pretty, too, with woven red bands on their foreheads and their skirts fancy with shells. Hardly any darker than the Dutch. They wore their hair, I remember, like a beaver tail, and had fine naked shoulders. The torches, as Mr. Eelkens called them, were very bright. My Uncle Jan married one; his wife came into the fort with him but they didn't stay there long she took him away. We used to visit them in a house built of bark—a long grape arbor of a house. He was the most contented man I ever saw.

"Mr. Eelkens would say that he was lost. Damned. Today the people of Albany would look on him as a disgrace. To them most of the old free life would be disgraceful. Well, there is little enough of it left, and not much of the fur either. The canoes came down the river loaded to the water with beaver and otter skins. And the price! It was very different from Pieter Krol and his bales of New York dry goods. Pieter," Claes Mey added, "is a good boy, but he is young and he isn't young. I hope when he gets older he'll be younger. I can see it in his face that he thinks I'm to be regretted."

He waved his arm so sharply that it broke the stem of his pipe.

Liedya observed placidly, "It seems that it's too bad you didn't marry the Indian girl. I can't make out, to save me, what you think of Pieter Krol, or of much else." Angenietje, who was knitting, said nothing. She looked up with an absent fixed expression, a faint air of troubled wonder.

"Pieter is all right," Claes admitted. "He only bothers me because he is too correct. He ought to reassure Mr. Eelkens with his cry that everything is going to the devil. When I look at Pieter Krol I think of my Uncle Jan sitting in front of his bark house and rolling bowstrings of rawhide between his palms. Jan would roll bowstrings from sunrise to dark and feel that the day was well occupied. Or he could sit without the bowstrings for just as long. His wife had a name that meant 'the flower that drove away the snow.' She washed everything, including herself, in the river. In the sunlight. Jan you couldn't call industrious. And I wonder? I do indeed."

Liedya, for her part, declared that his uncle sounded amazingly like a lazy reprobate:

"Living with a shameless heathen woman and having heathen children. I am glad that Arendt isn't here to listen to such stuff."

Myndert De Vos had appeared on his *stoep*, and Aeltje called to the Meys, "Myndert says they are bringing Lord Howe's body back to Albany tomorrow. He's to be buried in Saint Peter's Church." Angenietje's hands were still. "He says," Aeltje continued, "Lord Howe was killed at the first attack and that the English were beaten back in disorder. Hardly one escaped the knives of the French Indians." Claes Mey made no reply; he went into the house after a fresh pipe. When he returned, his flood of questioning words had subsided. He seemed depressed.

"What will happen to us now, with the English retreating, I can't think," Liedya said. "I suppose any time the French will be in Albany. That ought to please you, Claes, for it will bring back your Uncle Jan's day again."

That, he replied, was gone forever. "The English are not retreating," he explained; "they are the future and, as you said, the French belong to the past. For them America was an adventure and not a settlement. We will have a bigger army next year, and if that isn't enough, a bigger one still the year after."

The street was at once subdued and clear in a gray evening light, the warm tone of the rose-brick gables was cooled, the fire had vanished from the gilded weather vanes below.

The old Dutch church, a solid stone block in the cobble-paved middle of Pearl Street, was dark and solemn. Beyond the houses and gardens of Market Street the river was dark. Angenietje shuddered slowly. Someone, Liedya suggested, was walking over her grave. She didn't answer; she hadn't taken up her knitting; it lay in a soft green heap transfixed by long white bone needles on her lap. "I will be glad to have you settled," Liedya asserted. "You are getting so much like your father I don't know what to think of you either. It's a fine thing Pieter Krol is so patient. You have hardly spoken to him once that I've heard in a week."

Claes leaned forward. "Angenietje, tell me now, before it is too late do you want to marry Pieter Krol? If you don't, I will see him and Goossen Krol at once. Tonight."

Liedya, flushed with alarm, followed her habit of answering, at times of stress, for her family. "Of all your crazy questions that is the worst! Certainly Angenietje wants to marry Pieter Krol. She has thought about it since they were children. She couldn't change her mind now. It would be an outrage. Where, I ask you, could Angenietje find a better man than Pieter?"

Claes raised his hand for her to be still. "Angenietje?" he repeated. She gazed at him without answering, the blank look still on her eyes. Apparently she hadn't heard him. "I want you to be happy," he explained. "I love you very dearly. If it's possible, I want to be wise for you. But can I? I am not so certain as your mother. Perhaps that has been my main fault. I don't seem to agree with what the world commends. I want you to be happy." His voice was strange with a sudden unaccustomed depth and pain.

Suddenly Angenietje turned away from him. "Listen," she said

From the lower town there came the thin sharp tones of fifes in the shrill mournfulness of a dirge. Angenietje carefully laid aside the knitting and rose; she stood intently on the edge of the *stoep*. Then, without a backward glance, she went down the street. Her walk grew faster; when she vanished she was running with fluttering skirts.

Liedya Mey gasped. "Claes, she's out of her mind, go after her quickly." He didn't move, but sat staring at the bowl of his pipe.

Liedya took him by the shoulder; she shook him. "Claes, quickly. Everyone on the street is sitting out."

He looked up and told her to be silent. "No one can go after Angenietje. She is too far from all of us. The people on the street can be damned."

Liedya Mey sank in despair on the bench.

"You are all mad," she declared. "Here you are cursing the neighbors, and Angenietje running wild through the town."

Claes Mey stood gazing toward the river. "She is coming back," he said. Angenietje approached with her arm about the shoulders of a gaunt boy in a torn gray shirt; his buckskin breeches and moccasins were sodden; his face colorless except for the pits of black shadow under his eyes and a deep red scrape that crossed his cheek and tore at an ear. Angenietje brought him up on the *stoep*.

"He's here," she said with a remote smile.

They went into the house; the sound of her slow firm footsteps and the wet softness of moccasins mounting the stairs was audible without.

"Claes," Liedya could no more than whisper, "she's taken him up into her room."

He replied, "I'm glad of it. That is where Thomas Evell belongs." He slowly packed tobacco into his pipe. "After all, I must go to the Krols. A little of Albany is left in spite of Mr. Eelkens." A cloud of smoke obscured him. Liedya Mey confessed that she was afraid to look in the direction even of Aeltje De Vos.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue

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CRAMAMBULI

Continued from Page 13

sunlight on these slopes and the hemlocks fluttered in the wind, lighting and dulling the white and gray stones. They passed the terrace in which rested Pieter Van Eck and his Indian wife, and the first Lupus Van Eck; and Abram, who was pop's father; and Susan Priestley Van Eck, born in 1890, dead in 1913, whom Lupus had married on his eighteenth birthday.

"Stop," said his father.

Carolus civilly got down from the machine and helped the sachem to alight on neat gravel. This was the concession of pop to his wooden leg. He liked to be helped down from cars and carriages, but he never admitted the fact by saying thanks. Now he went walking off among some bushes without a glance at the Van Eck domain and his black hair bobbed clean from sight around a beech tree.

"What's he being mysterious about, Lupus?"

"Dunno. Pop ain't mysterious, honey."

Mary ran her hands over her bright hair and said, "He is! Indians are notoriously mysterious, and he has the woodenest face now doing business. You and Caro can be pretty wooden, but Rain-in-the-Face is simply appalling. I expect he didn't move a muscle when they were taking his leg off in Cuba. He's dreadful! I dote on him."

"He's been sellin' horses an' cattle all his life an' he's had to keep his face straight, Mary. He's a good judge of folks. It worries him when he makes a mistake about a person. Gee! When Otto Borkman killed his old man, I can remember pop walkin' up and down the porch, spittin' once a second and sayin' to mamma, 'I don't believe it, Hattie.' He'd walk up the porch an' back an' say, 'I don't believe Cramambuli done this, Hattie.' He was upset. It's the only time I ever saw him upset too. The time he lost three A-1 ponies he was sendin' to Saratoga, in a freight wreck, he just said, 'Hell!' and never said nothin' about losin' seven or ten thousand dollars."

"Look out, Carolus!" Mary whispered. "He's making an incantation and he doesn't want to be disturbed."

Carolus grinned over a shoulder and flitted up the grass ten yards to a hummock where the roots of a hemlock were rotting in the turf. Sunlight flowed around his amber neck, and his high shoulders wriggled in the mesh of his red jersey.

"The young brave on the trail," said Mary.

"He's gettin' close to six feet," Lupus pondered. "Ain't he a good kid, huh?"

"His nose," said Mary, "isn't as nice as yours."

Carolus came loping back, his black eyes inordinate in his face, and asked, "Who's buried under 'at little maple, dad? There's two graves."

"Borkman and his wife, sonny."

"He's walkin' around the graves," Carolus reported.

"Huh! You see, Mary," Lupus yawned, "that's how mysterious pop is. He was talkin' about the Borkmans, so he went an' looked at 'em."

The red-headed woman lay back in her cushions and smiled across the world toward Couveris. No smoke came from the town's two little factories in this Sunday air; between the hemlocks, the red town appeared some kind of toy village on a green nursery floor, six miles away, with the valley still about its scattering farms.

"And this old tale, wept over otherwhere,
Of woe and wrong is clean forgotten there."

Lupus said, "That's poetry, ain't it? Well, it is forgotten too. Haven't heard anybody speak of the Borkman murder in a long time. I bet if Otto Borkman came back he could walk along Iroquois Street and nobody'd think it was him. . . . Say! He's forty-five or six!"

Carolus grubbed some cigarettes out of his white trousers and said, "A feller came back after forty years to a place in France. It's in a book I was readin'. He came back and built a church in memory of his wife he'd killed forty years back an' nobody caught on. He'd changed his name, of course. When he died he told a priest about it. This was in the sixteenth century."

"They didn't have picture newspapers then," Mary drawled. "What a lost opportunity! Prominent Philanthropist Reveals Remorse on Deathbed! Carolus, you always look so muddy in photographs. If you ever murder anybody, do powder yourself before the photographers take snapshots of you on your way to court. . . . Tecumseh, did you see any werewolves or a Poltergeist?"

Mr. Van Eck spat on the gravel and purred, "No'm." His grandson politely shoved the lean man into the car and Lupus drove around a circle filled with citizens of Couveris, New York. As the machine descended toward the gates, his father said, "You be an Injun in this pageant Miss Covendale's got up, Carolus. I want you to."

"Yes, sir," Carolus said. "An' then you'll kid me for a year for runnin' around half naked."

"I certainly will," said the sachem affably. "Gimme a cigarette, sonny, an' take your medicine. It's what you git for bein' a boy. There ain't anything so damn ridiculous as bein' a kid, Carolus. You ain't as idjyotic as your dad was. Haven't had to take the skin off of you like I did him. You go be an Injun in this pageant the Covendale girl's got up. It took an English girl to git the town excited about its history. . . . Pick up her old man, Lupus. It's time I made his acquaintance. I own two hundred shares of the power plant. I ought to meet the feller."

"Capitalist!" said Mary.

"I ain't neither, girl. I voted for William Jennings Bryan in 1896 against plutocracy to beat the band. I'm a son of the soil an' I ain't worth three hundred thousand dollars. You call me more names than the law allows."

"How many names does the law allow, Rain-in-the-Face?"

"Call me anything but a damn fool, sister."

Lupus chuckled and made the car race in the sunny roadway. Mr. Covendale was presently a considerable figure on the dust ahead, swinging along finely, with flourishes of a stick, and his shoulders well back. He drew aside as he heard the machine coming and scarcely looked when Lupus slowed down to a toddle of the engine.

"Can we give you a lift?" Mr. Van Eck purred.

The Englishman smiled, puttering the point of his cane on the dust, and shook his head. He had a broad, reddish scar running between his lower lip and his chin, and there were white flecks everywhere on his rather pallid face.

"I'm really doing this for exercise, you know. You're Mr. Van Eck, of course. One could tell that even if the lad weren't along."

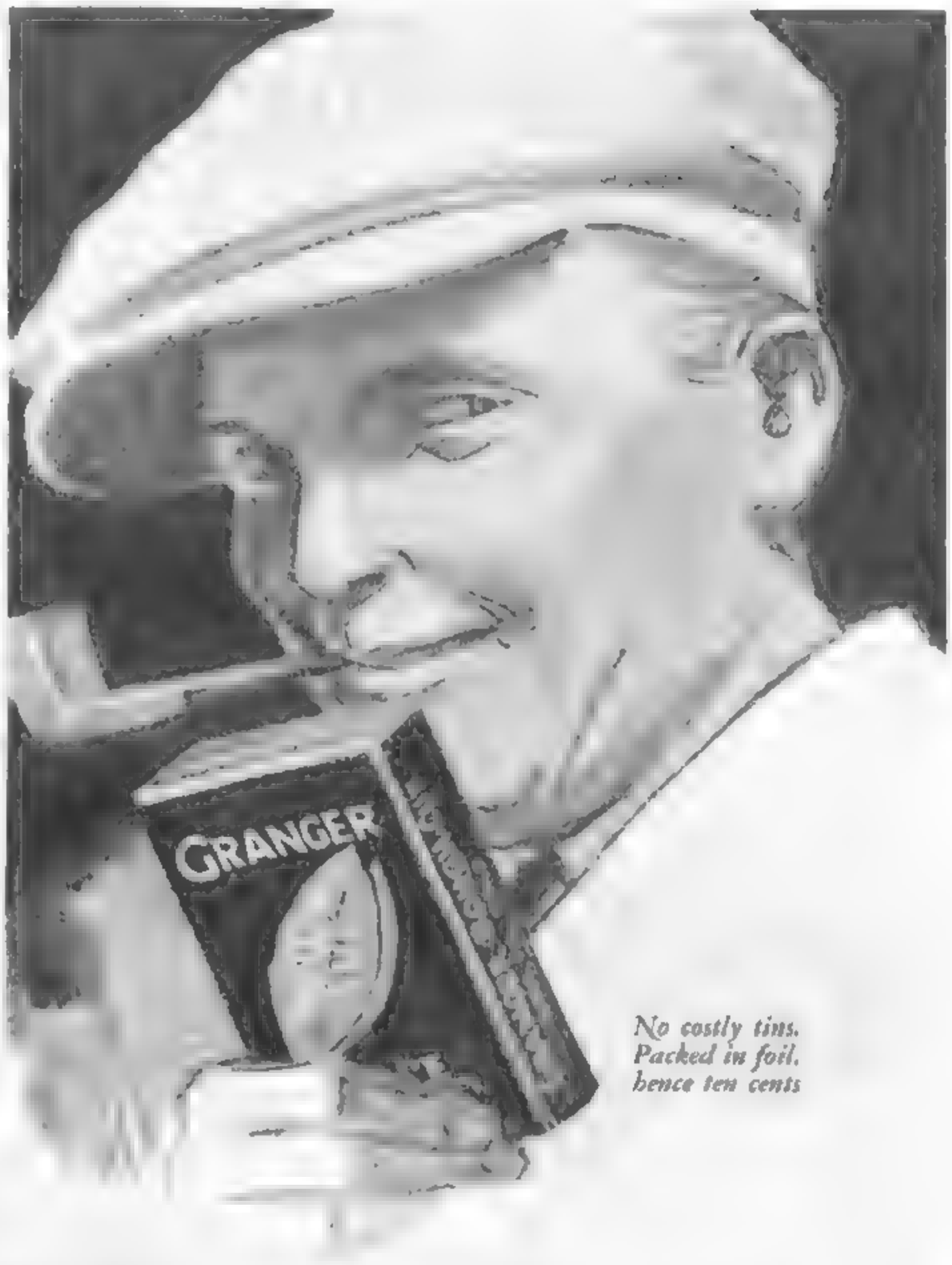
"I'm Mr. Van Eck," said the sachem. "This is Mrs. Lupus Van Eck and that's Lupus drivin'. You know Carolus, an' that's the fam'ly. Better git in. You'll be late home for lunch, else."

"Oh, thanks! But I am doing this for the good of my soul. I'm fifty and firmly resolved not to put on a stone if I can help it."

"I'm sixty," Mr. Van Eck drawled; "but I couldn't git fat if I tried. It don't come in the fam'ly."

"You're rather lucky," said Mr. Covendale, deeply and pleasantly. "No, I really shan't be helped home, and I don't take luncheon, so I've nothing to hurry for, you see. Thanks."

He lifted his hat again and the sun passed into his blue eye, making it glitter. His curly yellow hair, cut very close, glittered too. Lupus shivered and sent the car ahead.



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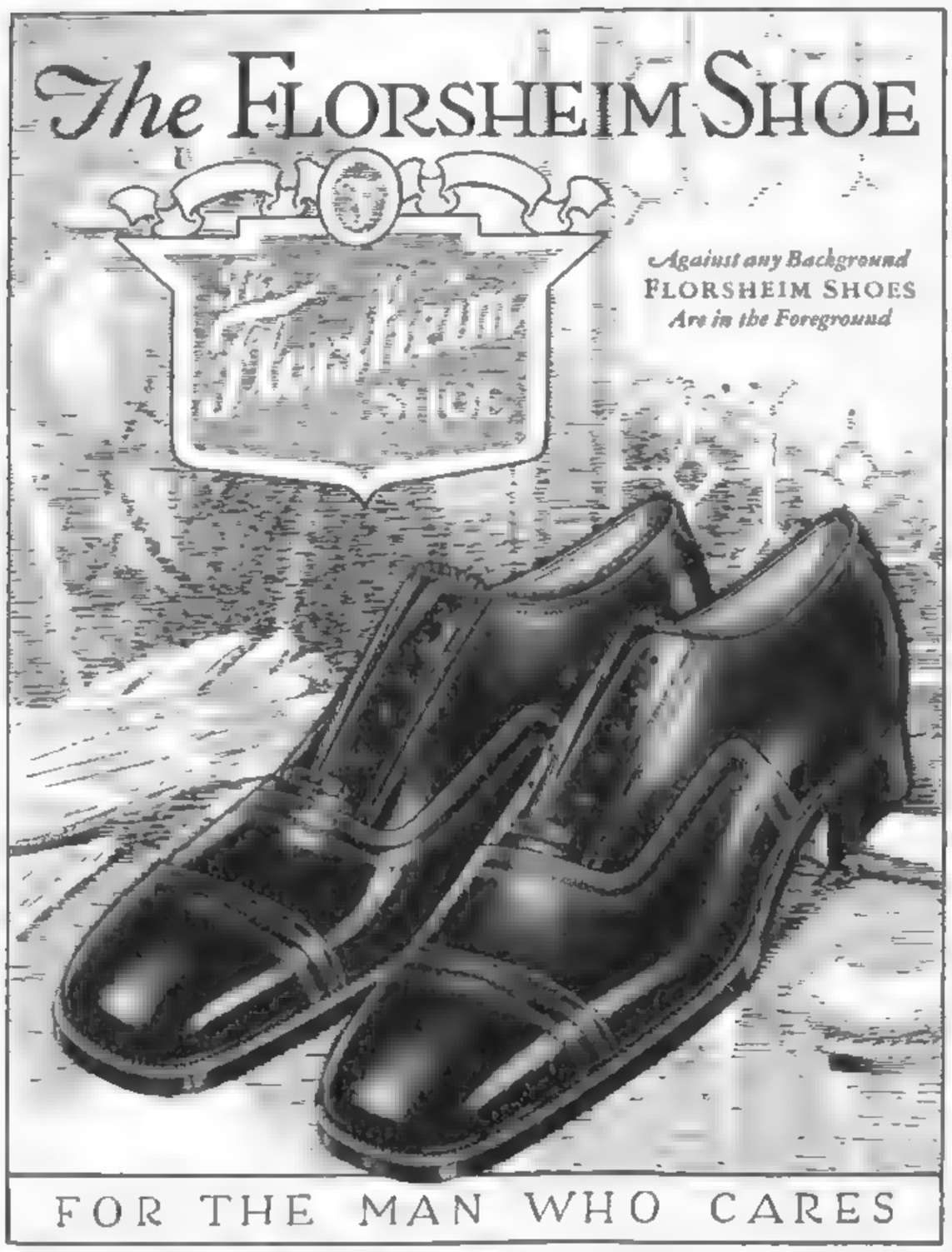

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The man must worry for fear something would happen to his one eye. It would be tough to have just one eye, and the patch was a nuisance to have dangling on your face that way.

"A good-lookin' feller," said the sachem. "Would you think he was fifty?"

"Englishmen always look younger than they are," Mary said; "or they look a lot older. He has a nice voice."

"He sounds like he could sing," Mr. Van Eck purred.

"I was thinkin' that," said Lupus.

Some voices sounded as if they might begin to sing at any minute, he thought, and the tall Englishman had that kind of voice. Only it sounded deeper than most voices against the running purr of pop's dry barytone, which never changed its key. And deep voices were more musical than high ones. Otto Borkman, tramping down the road past the house, in the old days, singing in a gang of other lads, made a kind of floor for all the other voices to rise above. . . . Poor Otto!

After a mile, Lupus was still thinking of that kind shadow, and he turned into the Van Eck gates with a memory of Otto standing here, shouting some goss.p to the stone porch. Gee! Thirty years ago, or nearly!

"Lupus is thinking," said Mary.

"Yeh. . . . How did we get started talkin' about the Borkmans, pop?"

"Because this kid here was whistlin' Cramambuli, boy."

"Crambambuli," Mary murmured.

"Have it your way, sister. It's the same song, all about the Kaiser Maximilian gitting drunk in a grog shop. . . . Still fifteen minutes to lunch," said Mr. Van Eck, his peg clicking on the steps of the porch.

"Mr. Covendale whistles 'at all the time," said Carolus.

The sachem spat clear from the top step down into the grass beside the driveway and his black lashes closed over his eyes. And yet he looked at Lupus with a swift, keen stare that came from his dark face in a flood of some meaning and stiffened Lupus behind the wheel of the new car. The engine sent the tires forward on the fine gravel with a whir. Lupus came rolling into the stable yard so fast that he had to grip on the brakes to save himself from a smash on the brick tool shed.

"Pretty wild, dad," Carolus said.

"Yeh."

Only that wasn't Otto Borkman! Lupus climbed out of his seat in the cool garage and lighted a cigarette. It wasn't Cramambuli. Thank the Lord, Mary had run up the steps before pop looked at him and scared him so. He must be green in the face.

"Gimme a m-match, kid."

Carolus asked civilly, "What for, dad?" And Lupus studied the smoldering end of his cigarette.

"Wh-what's the matter, father?"

"Nothin', sonny. Do you," Lupus mumbled, "ever get the blues all of a sudden? I mean—for nothin' at all? . . . I'm all right."

Carolus stood plucking at the thin jersey in the middle of his chest and his eyes were black plums in this shadow. "You ate an awful big breakfast, dad."

"Maybe it's that, kid. . . . Naw," said Lupus, ashamed of himself, "it ain't that at all. 'At's silly. It was this business about Otto Borkman. We all—kids an' grown-up people an' everybody—thought a hell of a lot of Otto. Wasn't any automobiles then. That sounds funny, don't it? Well, there wasn't. The feller would get up straw rides an' take Otto along to sing when he had short pants on. He'd sing any old stuff—German or English and he knew some grand-opera songs. That's what made it so awful when he killed Borkman. He was such a nice feller. He was fifteen or sixteen, an' his folks were awful proud of him. But he near cut his old man's head off with a hatchet. . . . I don't like thinkin' about it yet. I'm thirty-seven and this happened in 1898, right after pop came home from Cuba, but I can see the whole thing right over again. Joe Priestley and some feller found her walkin' down the road, pickin' these asters, like pop was sayin', and brought her into our place, after they'd been to Borkman's and found him on the woodpile dead as hell. An' then it was fine for a couple of weeks."

"You better," said Carolus, "come swimmin' after lunch."

"I feel more like diggin' a hole and crawlin' in it, kid," said Lupus, sitting down on a box beside the door of the garage. "I ain't smart. I expect a smart man could kinda wash this out of his head right when it hit him."

"You shut up about not bein' smart," his son ordered. "You better start breakin' in that red colt after lunch."

"I just got the blues, feller," said Lupus. "Go and get washed for lunch."

Carolus went idling off, and his feet, in their cotton shoes with rubber soles, made no noise at all. His scarlet jersey went between the brick stable and the majestic brick barn built in 1821, and he began to whistle his incessant tune again. After that sound stopped there was a grisly silence everywhere under the sun, and a rooster, sedately strutting, seemed dumb on the high wall that faced the road. Lupus sat looking at this fowl and never had a thought until his father said, "Some feller had been walkin' around the graves, boy."

"Huh!"

The sachem spat and linked his bronze hands on the head of his stick. His eyes were not hidden by the lashes any more. He looked immovably at Lupus and purred, "Some man had been walkin' around Borkman's grave, boy."

"That ain't Otto, pop!"

"It ain't," said Mr. Van Eck, "but it might be. You git an idea awful fast for a stupid man, sonny. You ain't half as big a fool as you think you are."

"Aw, pop!"

"No, you ain't, son. . . . Summer before last at Saratoga a feller started talkin' to me in the paddock one day. We gassed along about an hour about hosses an' what not. It just turned out he was Ed Vincent that was one of the ushers at my weddin'. He went West in 1890 and this was his first time East since then. I grew up with him, but I didn't know him from a sore toe. He'd put on eighty pounds an' grew a mustache. Folks change, son. I don't say this is Otto Borkman. But you better not say it ain't, boy. He whistles Cramambuli, and some feller in heavy shoes had been standin' at Mrs. Borkman's grave, right now. The grass hadn't started to stick up yet. A feller'd been standin' there ten minutes or some before I went an' looked."

"It ain't Otto, pop! Otto Borkman couldn't change himself into an Englishman."

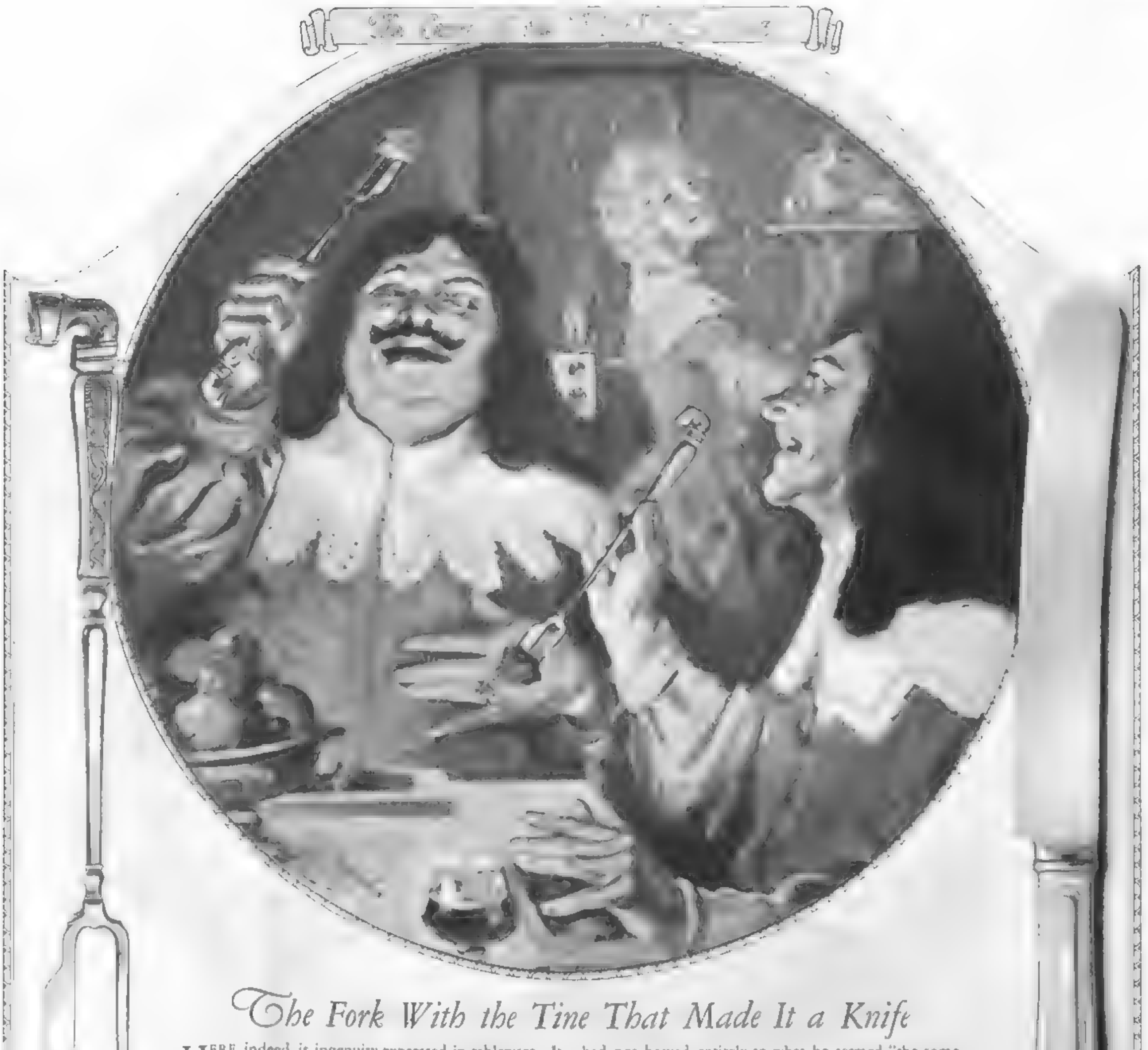
"You ain't seen Otto in this world since 1898. He could do lots of things in that time. I hope it ain't Otto. It wouldn't show sense to come back here. Otto was a smart kid. But it may be," said the bronze man, as if he spoke of an ailing colt's cough. "I ain't been as upset since you come home from France, boy. I feel like I was gittin' gray in my hair."

Lupus looked at his father's black hair and muttered, "You ain't. . . . What you want me to do, pop?"

"Just nothin', sonny," said Mr. Van Eck, and spat at a puppy that came trotting past his feet in chase of the white rooster.

Lupus wretchedly lighted a cigarette and sat looking at his parent's hawk nose and the loose folds of his blue shirt. Pop was rather terrible, standing erect as a new post, with one black eyebrow crooked up his forehead and spitting now and then. He was just as majestic as when he used to ride his tall horses down the road to town. He was unimpaired and unsoftened by time. Lupus rolled his brown hands on his knees and crossed his ankles a dozen times Lunch would mean nothing. Mary would

(Continued on Page 229)



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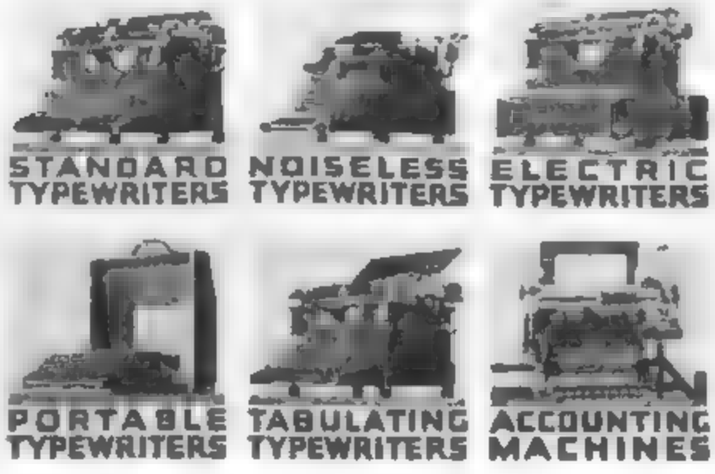

(Continued from Page 226

get mixed up in this and—she was human—she might say something to her skinny mother in Couveris

"It ain't Otto, pop!"

The sachem said, "Listen to him, boy!" and his purr was almost loud.

"Listen to who?"

"Covendale."

"That's just the kid, pop."

"It's comin' down the road, sonny."

Some man was evenly whistling beyond the brick wall. The sound ascended and then began its scampering refrain. Lupus took hold of his knee, through cloth, and pinched it viciously. Here was Otto's tune coming.

"It ain't Otto, pop!"

"Shut your head," said his father.

Lupus shut his eyes. The tune was too close to the wide gateway. In a moment this man must go tramping past the gap and pass pop's terrible inspecting stare. There was the faintest sound of breathing near by and the faintest sound of heels went along with the music. Then all these noises stopped for a long instant.

"May I come in?"

"Pleased to have you," said Mr. Van Eck

The Englishman came strolling through the gate and Lupus mastered his face before the man was near him. No, it wasn't Otto. It was just this Covendale in a gray tweed suit, all dusted, and a soft gray hat that had been worn a long time. It wasn't Cramambuli. This man swung his stick and tilted back his scarred face to look at the brick stables.

"Is all this eighteenth century, Mr. Van Eck?"

"No; my gran'daddy built the place in 1821. We've been here," the sachem drawled, "since before the Rev'lution."

"You're of the old Dutch stock, I suppose?"

"We are," said the sachem. "Pedigree runs back to 1625."

Mr. Covendale smiled and took off his hat. Dust and sweat had marked his forehead in a wide, brown welt.

"Which reminds me that your grandson says you're the principal stockholder in the Couveris Times."

"It's the hell of a newspaper," said the sachem, "but it makes good stuff to light a stove with. Nothin' happens in Couveris. They git a new film twice a week at the theater an' somebody dies now an' then."

"I've been reading through the files, in my spare time," Covendale said. "I must say that life runs along smoothly in Couveris."

The sachem spat and drawled, "Are country towns excitin' anywhere, I wonder?"

"Probably not. I must say that Couveris is madly thrilling beside a village in the Argentine, where I put in two years once. We were building a big power plant, you know, and then just as the wretched thing was built a workman got nasty about being scolded by a German foreman and blew the thing up with dynamite. So we built it all over again. But that was the first place I ever heard of the good town of Couveris, New York, U. S. A." Covendale moved the point of his stick to and fro on the gravel and looked at Mr. Van Eck for a while. "This is a very pretty bit of country around you, Mr. Van Eck. I heard all about it in 1910, in the Argentine. It reminds me, rather, of places in Shropshire. It was quite odd to get sent here to do over the power plant, you know, and to find it was just as pretty as I'd been told."

"Who told you about Couveris, down in the Argentine?"

Something was going to happen. Pop's lashes had dropped over his eyes and the glinting pupils were hidden. But Mr. Covendale stood tracing a circle on the gravel with his stick and smiled a little.

"An Englishman always finds himself badly placed for advice—I mean social advice—in this country, Mr. Van Eck. Suppose that I'd dug up the facts of an ugly tale in England, in such a community as this. I wanted if you'll excuse such a melodramatic phrase to get justice done for someone who'd been put in the worst possible posture before the county. In England, in those circumstances, I'd consult the vicar or the nearest large landholder. In this country one doesn't quite know where to turn. Do you follow me? . . . I rather think," the scarred man said, "that you do."

The sachem closed his hands on his cane and moved his wooden peg an inch. "Where did you learn to whistle Cramambuli?"

"In the Argentine," said Mr. Covendale. "I've one of those poisonous minds that's dreadfully associative. When I think, say, of a man who whistled an air constantly, I take to whistling it. I'd forgotten the name of the thing. That is it, to be sure—Cramambuli."

"It ain't," said Mr. Van Eck; "it's Crambambuli. But the feller that used to sing it in this county sung it Cramambuli. He sung swell too."

"Your grandson," said the Englishman, "admits that you're the cleverest man in the world. That's why I turned in here just now. I've no one to consult in Couveris. I've been here almost ten months, of course, and people have been very pleasant, but I've no sensible person to apply to for some advice, in a case of conscience."

"Whose conscience?"

"Mine. Suppose that I know some astonishing facts about something that happened here a long while since. A young fool puts himself quite in the wrong, with a good excuse, and runs away. Your newspapers and your police justifiably assume him guilty. The person who would suffer by the precise statement of what happened is dead. There's another person concerned who may be dead or alive. I know nothing about him, but he was an innocent cause and the story does not reflect on him. I admit that I didn't believe the story when I heard it back in 1910. When a man with a high fever lies and tells you a most preposterous yarn about himself, you're less sympathetic than you might be, even if he tells the story in just the same way three times running. The Argentine is not at all the home of lost souls that it's supposed to be, but there are quantities of men down there with pasts in several different colors. One hears extraordinary yarns. This yarn, though, turns out to be quite plausible. I've been worrying over this for weeks. I don't at all know what to do either."

"So you went out," said Mr. Van Eck, "an' looked at their graves."

"Your mind," the Englishman answered, "is rather remarkable. . . . Yes, I got so morbid this morning that I tramped out there and looked at their graves."

"You wear pretty heavy shoes, too," the sachem purred.

"I like heavy boots to tramp in. You remember this business?"

"Like it was last night," Mr. Van Eck said.

"And it was always assumed that young Borkman killed his father?"

The brown man lifted his shoulders and smiled.

"Wasn't any other way out. People have got to think something."

"Ah, yes! That's our human passion for certainties. We want to be told that this or that or some other wretched thing is so, and we make it so. This silly lad looks at the papers when he gets to New York and sees that he's being hunted, and that his mother's lost her reason. His solution, of course, was the Argentine. . . . You knew the family?"

"They brought Mrs. Borkman in here the night of the killin'. My wife was fond of her. She wasn't a smart woman, but she was sweet, an' the best lookin' girl ever came out of Germany too. I knew 'em."

"Very well," said Mr. Covendale, "and I knew the lad. He called himself Johnson, down there. I got out the banjo when he came to my shack, you see, in this ghastly construction camp. I played and he sang. We were very thick. He was so much the

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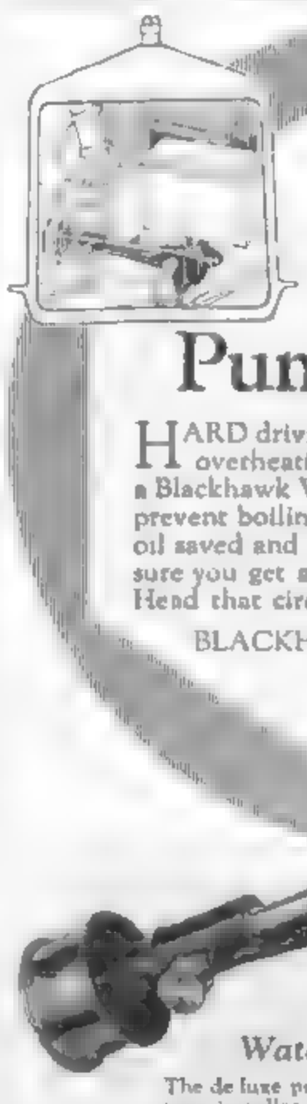

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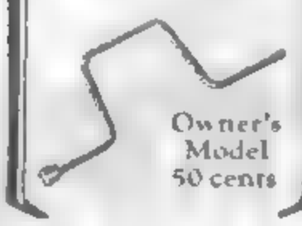

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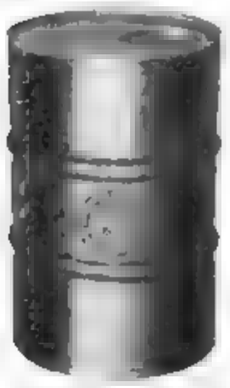

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decentest fellow on the works, and a blessing to my wife. He was really a very good lad."

"He was an awful good kid," said the sachem. "Dead?"

"I'm sure I hope not. But we left the Argentine on Christmas of 1912. The last I heard of Johnson—Borkman, if you like—was from Chile. He was fussing with some mines there. Very well. If he's alive, he doesn't know that his mother is dead. The other person to be considered in the matter is a man whose job was just to be the innocent cause of the ghastly mess without knowing it. I feel ever so strongly that it shouldn't stand on the record as it is, you see. If I submitted my statement to you, would you use your influence with the paper to have it printed? I'm quite sane. All that I can do is to report exactly what this chap told me when he was beastly ill in 1910. It's on my conscience, you know."

"The paper'll print it just like you write it," said Mr. Van Eck.

"Thanks very much," Covendale murmured, and was still.

Lupus looked around at the silent red bricks and the vacant road, and tried to think

But his brain had got hollowed into a shell, where all these words sounded and made no sense. This fellow knew something, and that was what he was so politely telling pop. Well, damn him, why didn't he spit it out?

"Who did kill Borkman then?"

"Oh, she did, of course," said the Englishman. He took a pipe out of his gray pocket, and a silk bag striped with red. "Had nobody a notion that she might have done it?"

Lupus rubbed a fist on his ear and dumbly considered his brown fingers. His father spat on the gravel and fidgeted a little with his cane.

"Yes; only nobody ever said so. My wife thought of that. Only my wife wasn't a gabby woman. She thought things an' didn't bawl 'em all over hell and the back lot. She says to me, while the p'lice were makin' a noise and the detectives were talkin' to the papers, she says, 'Carolus, a woman's more likely to lose her senses because she done a thing than because she seen it done.' The trouble with any such notion as that was that Mrs. Borkman was pretty as a picture an' awful timid. Anything scared her. She didn't dare to milk a cow or drive a hoss. Once she saw me ridin' a stallion that had a bad temper to take the devil out of him and she couldn't say how remarkable that was. I raise hosses. The Van Ecks always have, since we've been here, but she thought this was somethin' too wonderful, the poor sheep! She was a town girl, out of this place named Dresden. Borkman was a farmer, pure an' simple. . . . Yes, my wife thought Mrs. Borkman might have done it, but I thought she was too scary."

"Oh, but the poor woman was quite crazy with fright, you know."

"I see," said the sachem; "I can see, I mean. Yes, she might do it if she was so scared she didn't know what was goin' on. Borkman and the kid was scrappin' and she got scared he'd hurt Otto bad. And then Otto run off so that ——"

"Ah," said Mr. Covendale, "but you go quite off the tracks there! It's nothing to do with young Otto. The poor lad was inside the house going to bed. He hears his father come in. Then this row starts. He hears her screaming, '*Nein, Friedrich, nein!* And she ran out of the house. It was moonlight. The boy saw her run under a tree beside this pile of wood. He heard the billets rattling about. The boy comes running down and falls, you see, on the steps of the porch ——"

"Damn steep steps," said Mr. Van Eck.

"Quite so. When he picked himself up she was crying out that the man had just been talking to her. I forget the German. Otto heard her say that this chap had just been sitting and talking to her. She cried, 'Otto was there! Ask him!' They were all mixed up among these logs of wood and kindlings, you see. And then Borkman struck her and she screamed fearfully, and then, when the boy got to her, she was standing with this hatchet in her hand. *Et sequitur.* He stood and tried to talk to her, but she merely babbled. She was quite lost, of course. He fancies that his father was trying to club her with a billet. He had one in his hand as he lay, you see. It must have been hideous. She began to sing

"Finally the boy thought of his wretched chivalrous trick, you know. He fairly yelled into her face to say that he'd done it, and then he ran. Too many novels, you know. But it was his mother, of course. He didn't stop to think about self-defense or anything sensible. He ran. I dare say that about nine-tenths of such cases would turn out differently if we had any training in intellectual direction. But most thought's simply archaic, under an excitement. We remember some expedient we've heard of and try the silly thing out. The right thing, of course, was to run for the police and explain it. And they never really try women in this country, do they?"

"Not often," said Mr. Van Eck

"And then the boy'd been dreading an explosion," said the calm Englishman. "I was most interested, in reading the old newspapers, to see that they hadn't made any inquiries about Borkman before he removed to Couveris from—wasn't it Pennsylvania?"

"New Jersey," the sachem said.

"Just so. Was it known that Borkman had been obliged to quit his former farm, you know?"

"No."

"But he had. He caught some chap making eyes at Mrs. Borkman and gave him a most awful beating put one of his eyes out. He had to pay a great fine and they removed. If that had been known here it might have changed the tone of the press."

"Borkman was all right," said Mr. Van Eck, "but he was sulky."

Mr. Covendale said, polishing his pipe, "Ah, there you are! People don't put one and one together. The man's bad tempered and a powerful big chap and his wife's pretty and younger than himself. *Ergo*, when he's found dead and she's crazed, his son has killed him for no known reason And the boy knew this might come off. She did admire this other chap tremendously. So did Otto. He was some romantic object who had a strain of your Red Indian in him and was considered the handsome devil of the neighborhood. He was married and the boy knew that he'd never given Mrs. Borkman a thought. And - isn't it human?—whenever he did drop in at their farm, it was always to see Borkman. Only she'd talked too much about this neighbor. He went off to your war with Spain and got himself hurt and Otto thought she talked too much about that He could see his father getting wrathy. Borkman was your plain, homely clodhopper, I take it, and this dashing fellow had money and plenty of carriages and the rest. He'd a reputation of being reckless. He went racing and gave large parties and wasn't a peaceable yokel. When news came he'd been frightfully hurt in Cuba, she screamed when Borkman told her, and after that the boy looked for trouble. And the devil had it that this worldling came in to see Borkman that night. Otto sat and talked to him and nothing happened, of course. The man was just bored not to find Borkman in, and drove off home. And then, of course, Borkman comes in and hears he's been there. . . . There you are!"

Mr. Van Eck spat on the ground and said lazily, "Yes, there you are. And that's what happened. Ain't it crazy? Ain't it crazy? . . . So Borkman was jealous of a feller that didn't think more about his wife than that she was pretty and had ought to git some good clothes. She dressed punk. She was sweet and pretty and the women liked her. I never

(Continued on Page 233)

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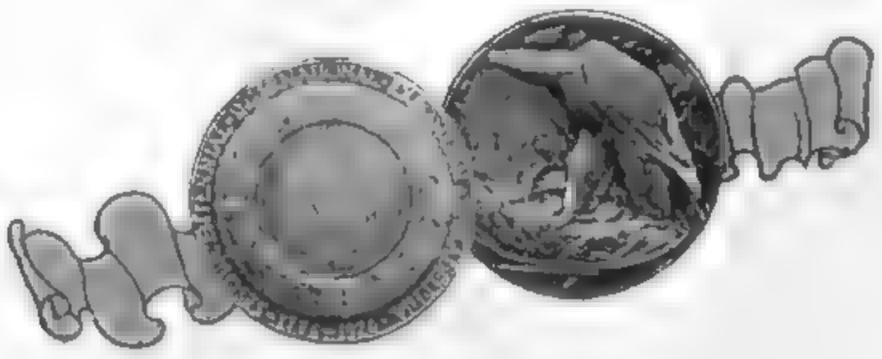

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NATION'S BUSINESS

MERLE THORPE, Editor

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES

(Continued from Page 230)

heard a man say he was envious of Borkman, though. . . . And you'll write this for the paper?"

"Isn't that rather the thing to do?"

"It's the right thing to do. And can you lay hands on Otto by cable?"

"I can cable a man in Buenos Aires and another in Chile to begin looking for him," said Mr. Covendale. "And you'll see that the paper prints this?"

"You're a smart man," said the sachem; "and the paper'll print it. I take it kindly you came and told me beforehand too."

"You must have made," said the Englishman, "a very good soldier."

"I was a good enough sergeant down in Cuba," Mr. Van Eck drawled.

Lupus got up from his box and looked after Mr. Covendale. Then he stared at his father and said humbly, "Aw, pop!" But after that he could think of nothing to say.

"Go git your lunch, sonny," said the sachem; "I ain't hungry. . . . But if any damn reporter comes around here and tries to git my picture for the papers, you an' Carolus have got to do somethin'. And ain't people fools!"

THE CALDRON

(Continued from Page 5

The same cannot be said for the Chinese. I like John, but the popular American conception of him bears no relation to facts, and to grow sentimental over him is laughable. We have been taught to regard the Chinaman as a steady, hard-working, stoical, patient type, holding standards of honesty which shame the white race. With that picture of him in mind, I went to China and spent some time there, and talked with men of various nationalities and long years of residence and association with all classes of natives, and I came away with a lasting impression of an ignorant, garrulous, greedy, calculating people who look on graft as a component part of their business and social codes—a people whose sympathies never extend beyond the circle of blood kin and close friends.

However, that does not kill sympathy for their independence aspirations. Yet when one thinks of those, the difficulties may be gauged by remembering that hundreds of millions of the Chinese are entirely illiterate and ignorant of everything outside the confines of their own villages. Not one per cent of the huge population is reached by their newspapers. John is so densely ignorant, in fact, that he offers dry fuel for the agitator and street-corner orator. A fiery speaker can lash him to madness if his theme be the foreigner, because the barbarian outlanders have always been objects of contempt and hatred to the Chinese. Ages before they suffered from Western exploitation the foreigner was anathema to them.

A Powerful Weapon

In one field of activity, however, the Chinaman has no peer. He is the world's champion small merchant, thriving where rivals perish. All through such countries as Java, Siam, the Malay States, the French possessions, he dominates the merchandising and money-lending businesses, and there is hardly a city or town of any consequence in the East to which he has not penetrated in numbers. Many of them have grown enormously rich—not simply rich by the standards of their own land, but multimillionaires in gold dollars.

Britain's task is to hold what she has, both in territory and trade. Her Chinese investments are enormous, and her money and enterprise converted a waste strip in Shanghai into one of the great ports of the world, through which passes 40 per cent of China's trade. She has superbly developed the island of Hong-Kong by which she could throttle Canton and all the territory it taps. And she still has Wei-hai-wei and a concession in Tientsin and several up the Yang-tse River. As I said before, these give her almost a strangle hold on China, if she saw fit to take her chances against other powers and exert it. But right there is the rub. In the old days she might not have hesitated, but now she dare not risk the complications sure to follow lone action aiming at anything more than protection of British lives and property. Japan and France would not stand for it, to name only two.

The economic boycott gives promise of becoming the decisive weapon in disputes between nations. It has proved more effective against Great Britain than any threat of arms ever was, and its power largely explains why the Chinese have dared to risk bombardment and invasion. They feel they possess an instrument by which they can nullify an enemy's military advantages and paralyze his activities.

Aside from the international uproar that might arise, it would be a simple undertaking for the British to shell the principal Chinese strongholds and consolidate her captures with troops; and from her own viewpoint she has had ample justification. But the moment she did so she would seal her own fate in China. There would immediately ensue so stiff a boycott on all British products that the great trade she has patiently built up during the past eighty years would come to a standstill and the colossal investments represented in port concessions would become a liability and perhaps a total loss. They total a value of hundreds of millions of pounds sterling, exclusive of any revenues from trade. Small wonder that she has moved with almost unexampled patience.

He Who Laughs Last

There is no enemy so baffling as the boycott. Any power can enforce respect for its nationals and property from a weaker nation at the point of the bayonet, but there is no earthly way of making them buy goods afterward. And in their capacity to buy goods lies the whole value of the Chinese connection. Hence the slow and careful progress of the 1927 negotiations. It may be argued that the boycott cuts both ways and its operation would ruin many Chinese merchants. Some it would undoubtedly ruin, but the Chinese are born traders and speedily turn to new sources. And regardless of the effect on themselves, they have sufficiently demonstrated their willingness to employ this weapon.

Among some of us, there is a tendency to regard the concessions Britain holds in China as just so much grab. That is not fair. Admitting they are a hang-over from the days when freebooting under various guises was an accepted activity of strong peoples, another phase of their existence should not be ignored. Practically all of them were worthless when Great Britain acquired them, and the Chinese themselves, true to their ancient custom of holding off the foreigners, initiated this arrangement. Their rulers wanted no contact by their subjects with the barbarians outside of certain limits, and long before concessions were extracted as penalties, the Chinese emperors designated points where they might carry on trade, but nowhere else. Later, of course, port concessions were forced from them, but the unlikeliest waste areas were ceded. It is said that the emperor of that day got a great laugh out of the cession of the bare rock of Hong-Kong to the British. Today it is one of the shining achievements of the empire in the East, and a refuge for hundreds of thousands of Chinese who have no ambition beyond peaceful trading.

President Wilson's famous principle of self-determination of peoples played hob with Britain's Eastern possessions, and although the English had to swallow the dose in the stress of war, it is bitterly resented as a mischief-maker. In one respect their

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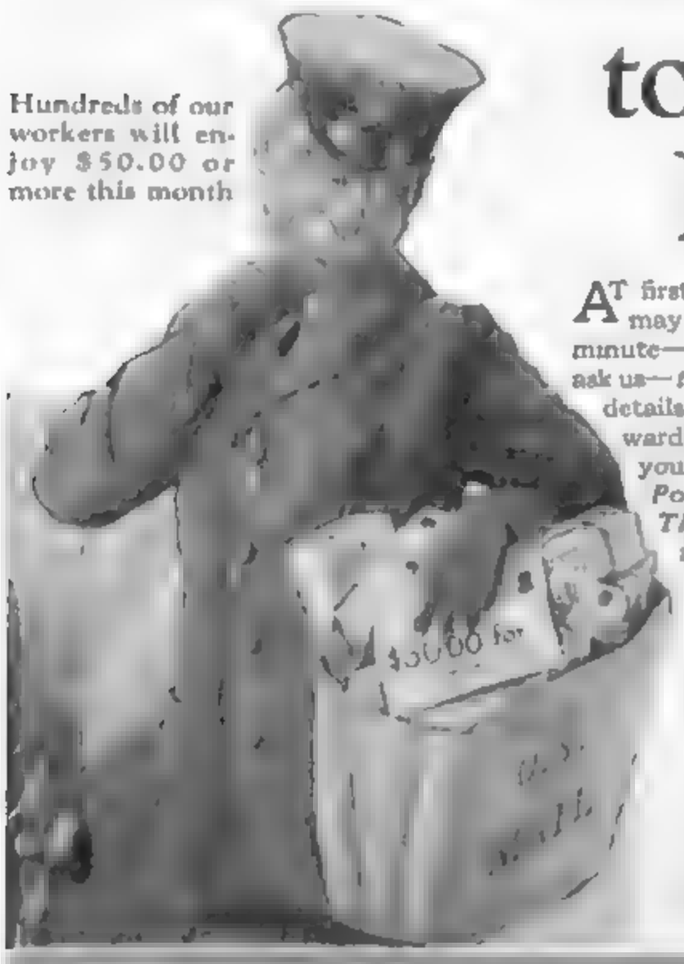

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thought on it is sound: If carried to its logical conclusion it would be utterly unworkable, and so becomes nothing more than a fine phrase, after all. India did not take it as academic theorizing; she took it as a promise. Today there are rumblings throughout the whole vast country and it may be that Britain will soon be obliged to accord India real self-government or risk losing her.

Japan counts on all such factors, and when she has developed up to the necessary strength to play the rôle she visualizes for herself, Britain's hold on her Eastern empire is bound to feel the rivalry. The Japanese slogan of "Asia for the Asiatics" will take on meaning. The Empire of India, the stupendous trade of China, priceless ports and islands, the Federated Malay States, Ceylon—all under domination of a sea power operating 12,000 miles from home, all lying within easy range of Japan. What right has a Western power to control the East? Asia for the Asiatics! Here is something worth striving for.

That Downing Street is fully alive to the possibilities in the Pacific is clearly indicated by Foreign Office policy. They dropped the alliance with Japan after it had served the purpose for which it was made, and they are going ahead with the Singapore base, despite the Labor Government's shelving of that Admiralty enterprise while Ramsay MacDonald was Prime Minister.

Nevertheless, there are deterrent factors operating. On the one hand is the Labor Party in Great Britain, which could count on a great body of sentiment there to line up with its determination to find peaceful solutions of international rivalries. If the show-down can be delayed long enough, their influence might be decisive. However, governments can commit a nation to war without such opinion getting a chance to exert its pressure, and once engaged they must see it through or perish miserably, traitors to their blood. Moreover, the spectacle provided during the war by Laborites and Socialists and other champions of peace clamoring for the enemy's hide to the last inch is too fresh in memory to justify blind confidence in their peace programs.

In Japan strong undercurrents are at work also. Their effect in a military oligarchy is seldom visible on the surface, but it is the history of such structures that they look strong up to the moment of cracking asunder. It would be a mistake to think of Japan as one unit of thought; they have their sharp differences of viewpoint and aspiration just as much as the British or ourselves. All right, you ask, suppose they do clash—what about it? What business is it of ours?

Freedom of Action

What business of ours was the war of 1914? And every trend of recent years has been toward union of the English-speaking peoples, in fact if not in name. That is all to the good, but it is well to realize some of the responsibilities such partnership might impose upon us. Leaving aside ties of ancestry, language, tradition, laws and ethics, self-interest recommends cooperation. It may be true that they need us much more than we do them, but a split between the two English-speaking peoples serious enough to land them in opposite camps would sound the knell of what we call Anglo-Saxon civilization. A curious and welcome development of recent months has been the conversion to this view of sundry publicists and public men who have been noted for their rabid anti-British sentiments in the past.

It must be obvious to everybody, however, that any union between the English-speaking peoples approximating an alliance would fling a challenge in the world's face they could not take lying down. At the same time it must be equally apparent to every nation not blinded by hopes bred of hate and ignorance that the English-speaking peoples, no matter how much they may bicker and scold and quarrel among themselves as relatives will do, are bound to stick together in a pinch. It becomes then a question of how best to employ this inevitable relationship for peace. What is going to be America's rôle? Her interests and Britain's are not identical in many issues often they are divergent—and we would certainly decline to become involved in undertakings for the preservation of outlying parts of the empire, or to aid in quenching what we might regard as legitimate aspirations for independence. On their side, the British might be equally reluctant to cooperate with some of our moves for the protection of American trade and foreign investments.

These considerations seem to me to point to entire freedom of action as the logical policy, just as we have it now. Nobody doubts that the two governments are working in friendly cooperation along broad, general lines. But American responsibilities increase daily, and as her investments spread out and her influence expands, foreign problems will multiply fast and she will have to deal with many of them by herself. What shape is she in to do it?

Speculation or Investment?

Our people have not begun to comprehend the magnitude of their future. With her resources and geographical position the United States is the logical arbiter of the world. Never in history was given to any people such opportunity to employ its strength for human betterment. However, it cannot play this great rôle with money alone, nor with fine intentions and high ideals and slogans. We know from experience that notes won't do it. Unless America is adequately prepared to insist on peace, there will be no peace. If adequately prepared for her own defense, there is no conceivable combination of powers that would have the hardihood to force war. Deliberately to strip ourselves to a condition of immediate helplessness, trusting in high purpose to solve humanity's wrongs and grudges and greeds, is to invite destruction. The state of the world today makes that sheer madness. If we persist in it we shall be living in a fool's paradise, with an awakening ahead infinitely more bitter than that of 1914.

The part we must play, whether we want to or not—the part thrust upon us by our geographical position and resources and progress—brings up a question of policy. What are we going to do about protection of our foreign investments? Hitherto that has never been a question to disturb the American people as a whole, because until recent years investments abroad were no more than loose change compared with the volume of our wealth at home. Today we are steadily branching out into every corner of the world, pouring hundreds of millions into all kinds of enterprises—government, municipal and industrial. A lot of these will go sour, of course. Such losses will doubtless be borne without government interference, as American opinion has never countenanced collection of debts by force; but what will we do when a country not only defaults in payments but seizes the properties representing American investments and threatens actually to take American lives in the process?

Are we going to back our foreign investments because they are now made in bulk, or are we going to regard all investments in a foreign country as a speculation in which the investors have taken the gamblers' chance and ought to abide by it? Great Britain has always stood behind her foreign investors and has sent many punitive expeditions and fought a variety of small wars in consequence. Signs multiply, however, that her policy in this respect has been considerably modified since 1914–19. What will the United States do? A general policy ought to be formulated now, instead of it being left for individual cases to pile up a mass of precedent.

Another thing: In cooperating with Great Britain we are apt to run up against

(Continued on Page 237)

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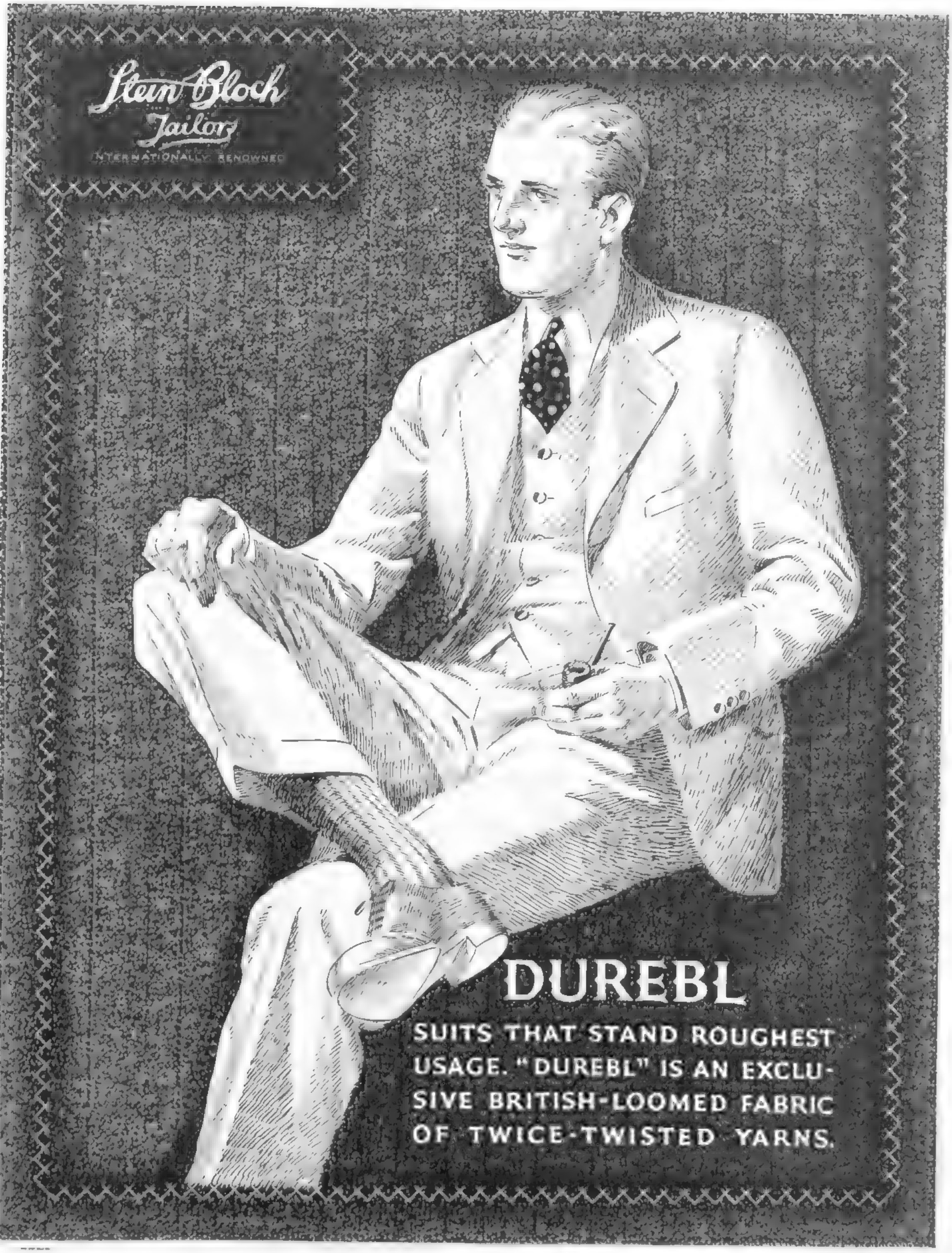
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(Continued from Page 234)

a contingency that may lead us into trouble. Every American who really knows the English has respect and comradely liking for their sense of personal honor, justice and fair play, howsoever much some other characteristics may scratch him. But the Foreign Office does not always represent the English people, although its policies commit their action. Perhaps this sounds farfetched, but any student of British history knows the Foreign Office has steadfastly followed certain fixed policies for the spread of empire, no matter what party was in power and sometimes regardless of the sentiment of the bulk of the nation. That sentiment has seldom been able to make itself felt on foreign policy, or else the nation has been indifferent to what was going on, because ignorant of the true situation. Now and again a storm of protest has arisen that compelled temporary abandonment of some imperial enterprise, but these occasions have been rare, and the Foreign Office practice has been to yield with grace, allow the uproar to die down, then drive right ahead for the same objective along another tack, meanwhile preparing the public mind by tactics calculated to present the issue as a moral duty. It has not been a difficult system, because the English have an inherited—almost an intuitive—tendency to keep hands off the Foreign Office, and will often deliberately shut their eyes to phases of foreign policy whose spirit they would never tolerate for an instant in their domestic affairs.

American Internationalism

Within the British Commonwealth of Nations itself divergencies of interests so frequently occur that only the most tactful handling and compromise prevent serious rifts. The dominions recognize that acceptance of treaties made by the mother country as binding upon themselves might involve them in undertakings their people would be unwilling to shoulder, and consequently they will only be bound by those to which they have been signatories. Lloyd George tried a few years ago to rally them by a ballyhoo of the Cross against the Crescent after the tragic adventure of the Greeks against the Turks, and they turned him down hard. There are no lustier fighters than the Canadians and Australians, but any time they go to war they intend to know what the fight's about.

The American people would do well to bear these facts in mind. Our national sentiment can make itself felt instantly on questions of international relations, but it would be a grievous blunder to assume that the Foreign Office is similarly responsive. The hope is that the new status of the dominions may eventually make it so.

Our sentimentalists and yearners, our tuft hunters and study theorists, keep dinning into our ears the necessity of thinking internationally. If Americans will think as Americans they will be genuine internationalists, because our people are a weld of every European stock and their thought is steadfastly directed toward peace. The minute they yield to European clamor to think internationally, they yield to narrow nationalistic aims anxious to enlist American support and tap American resources. There is not a country in Europe which does not think in terms of its own needs and ambitions.

Something Worth the Effort

When Great Britain talks of disarmament, she means disarmament that will leave her naval supremacy beyond challenge; and the average Englishman's astonishment knows no bounds when a foreigner does not concede a need of the empire as the operation of natural law. When France denounces us for refusing to rush in to save civilization, she means French civilization and has in mind what our money and help would enable her to put over. And as for the brotherhood of man and cutting down armies—well, she returns polite generalities, because she has no faith in her neighbors. The world cured of war madness? Not Europe or Asia! The generation that bore the brunt is tired and would have no more of it, but the same old characteristics of greed and self-interest dictate European policies—and a younger generation is growing up!

The question to be decided by America is this: To meet European demands upon us, are we going to scrap our own ideas and slow up or divert our natural development to help some whose ancient steps are beginning to totter, or have we not something finer here—something far more likely to promote peace and human betterment—something worth the effort to defend? Those who are familiar with the European civilizations, and those who know the American, are invited to take their choice.

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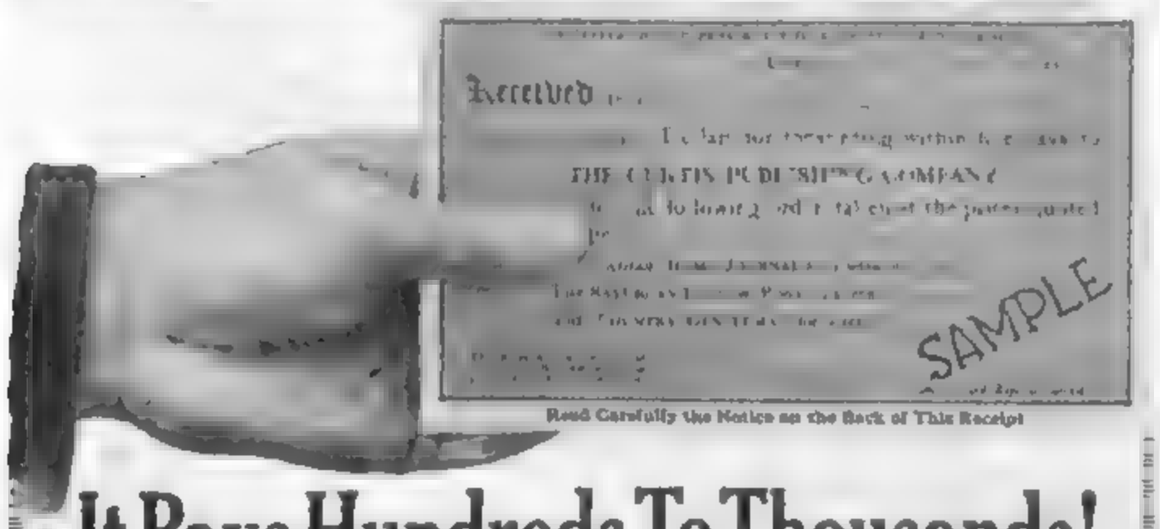

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IS THE FIGHT GAME ON THE LEVEL?

(Continued from Page 27)

along the top rope, dropped his face upon them and wept. His shoulders throbbed under the surges of his emotion. Forgotten the crowd, the lights, the anguish of bodily suffering; there remained to him but the black sea of defeat.

As I see it, a real fighter. Could money buy the fighting heart of that kid? Never!

Shortly afterward two highly touted main-bout workers did a ten-round minuet, shifted now and then into a waltz, once attained the approximate speed of an old-fashioned two-step, and finally sent the cash customers home convinced that the one-step is altogether too fast and hectic an affair for this declining generation.

The Old-Line Psychology

Since better management of clubs has arrived, ladies are increasingly in attendance at big clubs. The smaller clubs have not been able to attract them as yet. Too much smoke and profanity and uncertainty. But that is a matter of management. Let the small promoters clean up a mite, sweep out the corners, so to speak, and assure every patron of the seat for which he has paid, with full protection against inconvenience and unpleasantness, and watch the prices charged by the big clubs drop.

Frankly, boxing is in bad odor not because of boxing itself. Weed out a few of the managers and promoters, give the boys a chance to fight hard and clean and taste the glory that really warms their hearts, and boxing is due for a triumph.

For every crooked fight, for every match that is in the bag, there are a thousand that are clean and hard fought. The trouble is that these receive a stick in the columns to every page given the boys with high-salaried press agents.

One of our fighters has no less than nine men participating in his earnings! Another is supposedly managed by one whose name appears in the newspapers, but who takes his every order from a group.

What we need is more fighters of the old-line psychology, not just the hulking, battering brute who wins on sheer strength. Let the boys develop all the speed and science they can, but with the same unaltered pyschology of going in to win, and win on the level. In other words, give us plain fight—that is what we pay for—and pay the fighter for the sort of fight he gives. Make sport writers cancel space about managers, syndicates scoff at special articles that are prepared by ghost writers and doctored to fit designs on boxing's future. Build up the small clubs where less-known lads offer their wares. Make fighting itself the game and cast out talk of managers and promoters and satellite press agents.

Right soon the bigger clubs will come to taw. There is no sport on earth for which such prices are paid as for boxing. Hockey will fill an arena, baseball speaks for itself, football packs them in, and all at reasonable prices. Yet mysterious talk of overhead appears when a fight comes along—the overhead of the very same arenas! It is less great, in truth, for boxing than for many other sports.

Perhaps we could sum up by saying that fighting is not crooked so long as it is fighting. The crooked and dangerous angle comes with the appearance of the money-mongers, and so long as people will pay fancy prices for seats, those money-mongers are going to be with us.

My personal longing is to see a well-conducted small fight club offering real fight to people who want it. There are many small clubs the promoters of which feel that they cannot do things on a big basis. They are mistaken. The biggest thing in all the world is honest value, and that goes for everything from fighting to ping-pong.

Keep places clean, well ventilated, protected against the advent of cheap gamblers and rowdies, run bouts off promptly and as scheduled, drop instantly judges and referees who show the first sign of bad decisions, and charge reasonable prices. Such smaller clubs will pay. They cannot fail to pay. And they will prove, in my judgment, the one effective weapon for purity in all fights.

Let the boxing commissions see to it that purses are split on a reasonable basis and break up rings that form for the advance contracting of fighters. Establish a minimum and maximum sum that a fighter must receive for each round of fighting and let it be known in advance what that sum is. Let him be paid for the full number of rounds scheduled regardless of how suddenly the bout terminates. This will protect the fighter as well as the public.

The High Cost to Fighters

To make final answer to the question by which I began this tirade: Boxing itself is on the level. The inherent impulse in the fighter is to win. He glories in the plaudits of the multitudes. When victory becomes more important than future contracts and purses, he will revert to type and the game will give its all to the public.

In conclusion, I should like to boost the various commissions. Some of their rulings are absurd. But in the main, they are on the right track and, if they can be lifted out of petty politics, will bring about needed and permanent reform.

I maintain that fighters today get only about 30 per cent of the money supposedly paid to them and that they would be much better off to fight for 30 per cent of present purses and really fight for the sake of fighting.

When that day comes, as I believe it will, boxing will find its argosy moored at the dock and the public will come to appreciate the fineness of an art that is bred in the bone of every he man extant.

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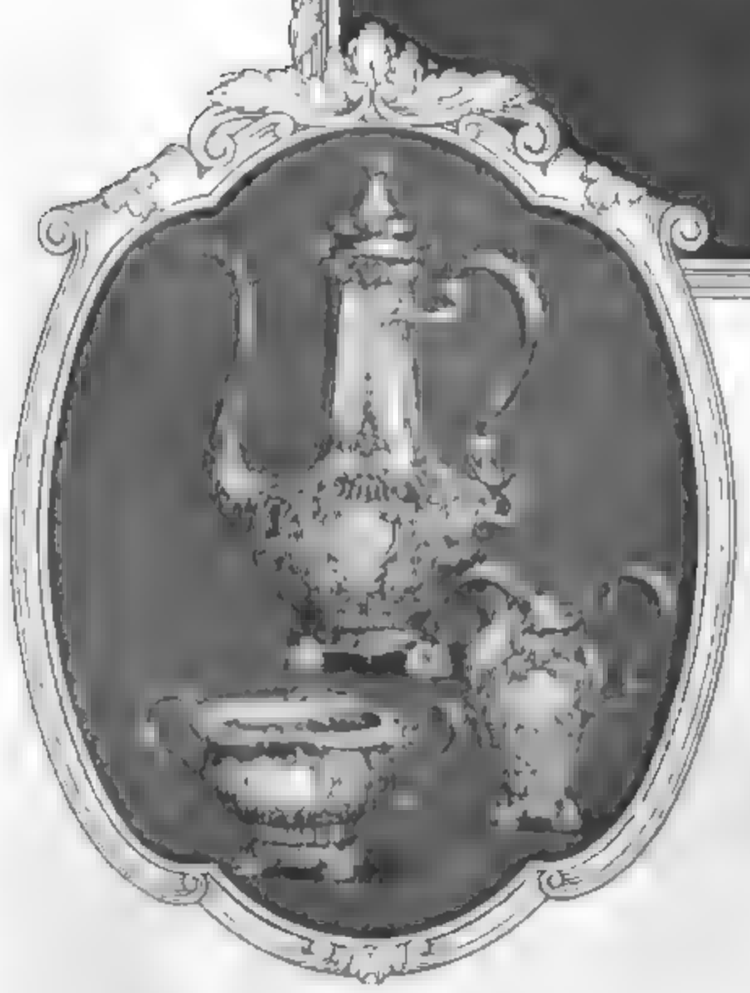

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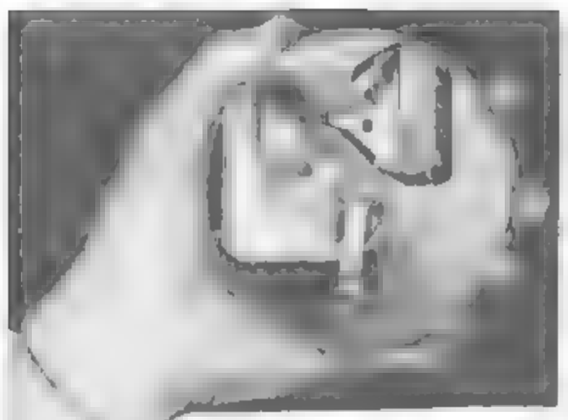

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The Poets' Corner

A Star for Tea

ALWAYS there must be two of me;
One seeking after beauty,
One who walks with lowered eyes
Upon the road of duty.

Always there must be two of me;
One with dancing feet,
Who gathers crimson poppies
While the other grinds the wheat.

Always there must be two of me;
Half saint I am, half sinner;
One must go forth to meet our Lord,
One stay to mind the dinner.

But I hope, when Death comes for me,
That Martha will be gone,
So I may trip as Mary over
Heaven's daisied lawn.

Forgetting dishes Martha washed,
Her calm expediency,
I'll drink the sky's blue loveliness
And pick a star for tea.

—Virginia McCormick.

Man and Woman

SUBTLEST of creeping things, the Serpent spoke
To Yama, first of men, on Man's first morrow:
"Beware the Woman whom these heaven folk,
The guileful gods, have made to be your sorrow!

"For she is froward, swayed by whims and spites,
Her words are wind, her faith's in no one's keeping;
Yea, she is fair, but full of crafts and sleights,
The blandishments of mirth, the wiles of weeping."

And Yama laughed: "She may be trebly fair,
But I am warned, good friend, and shall beware."

Shrewdest of all that fly, the Peacock said
To Yami, first of women: "Golden flower,
Take heed of Man, the jealous gods who dread
Your matchless charm would bend you to his power.

"And he is boastful, angry, stern of will,
Restless and rude and rough with heart of fire;
Though he is strong, his strength he uses ill,
And recks of nothing save his own desire"

And Yami smiled: "Though Man is strong indeed,
I know the peril, friend, and take good heed."

But when that first of men beheld his bride,
The slender first of women, naught was less
Than caution in his soul; bewitched, he cried:
"Oh, dearest beauty! Perfect loveliness!"

And when the first of women knew the kiss
Of him the first of men, not overwise
She feared no danger; all her thought was this:
"What might and grace! What true and tender eyes!"

So was it, gentles, when our world was new;
So shall it ever be betwixt those two.

Arthur Guiterman

Comrade of the Road

SLAVE to a table or a chair,
Or comrade to a road—
That is the choice that all men have.
Never to feel the goad,
To be content with walls and door
Until the day you die
Or to feel forever the gypsy lure
And sleep with their bed, the sky!

Slave to a table and a chair,
Or the friend of a road to me
Slave to a table and a chair
Is a thing I could never be!
It's an easy choice—Oh, I took the choice
Easily, easily!
I am comrade to every road of the land
And the pathways of the sea!

Slave to a table and a chair
Or comrade to a trail.
The silence of the shut-in walls
Or the sound of the comrades' hail!
Let those who will sit safe and still
With lock and bolt till they die!
But I sleep sound with the forest round
And above my breast the sky!

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

Sunset Over Manatee River, Florida

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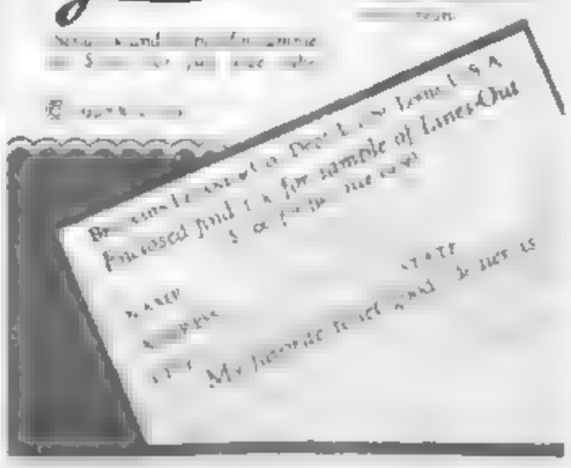

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WHAT IS NEW IN THE ANTIQUE GAME?

(Continued from Page 21)

"Over in storage. You wouldn't want to go to that old place."

"No? Just try me. I'll go any time you say!" I had been wanting to see that storage place for some time and here was my chance. "When do we go?"

"Tomorrow at ten," he designated.

The next day promptly at ten o'clock I was in his shop. Another small cupboard decorated in browns stood in the window. It seemed curious to me that this dealer should have two such cupboards when not even one had shown up in Pennsylvania dealers' shops.

"That can't be the wonderful hanging cupboard you spoke of yesterday!" I exclaimed. "Where is the blue one?"

"I sent my boy over to the warehouse after it. He'll be back in a few minutes. It's too dirty over there for you."

A few minutes later, his car came to the door with the blue cupboard, wrapped in burlap, stowed in the back. Taken out of its swathing, the cupboard gave evidence of being most unusual, an exceedingly rare one—if Pennsylvanian. But the broken arch top was not scrolled as I had expected, it was curiously angular, yet flat at the top. Along the cornice at stated intervals a sprig of flowers appeared as ornament. Here on all three cupboards I noticed it, but hitherto in all my Pennsylvania study I had failed to see such a method of decoration.

"One-seventy-five!" The dealer broke in upon my study. "Two-fifty for the three of them."

"Well," said I, "you'll not sell them to me, because they are foreign."

"Foreign? Why, I tell you I got them in Pennsylvania."

"They are not Pennsylvanian, regardless of where you got them," I countered, standing my ground. "I fail to see the customary pigments of the Pennsylvania-German decorator."

"Well, you don't know anything if you call them foreign. You're some expert, you are, if you don't know these are Pennsylvania Dutch cupboards." He waxed wrathful, and I let the argument drop.

Americana From Sweden

Peddled into territory where purchasers are unsuspecting, these foreign pieces that have recently been imported are going to be easily palmed off as American.

Yesterday I journeyed through Norway, Sweden, Holland and Denmark. Peasant furniture from each of these countries filled an enormous six-story warehouse near the docks. These antiques have just arrived and passed the customs officials. More are expected with the docking of the next few ships from Sweden. This is due to the scouting from farmhouse to farmhouse carried on by five dealers. On the top floor of the warehouse we find chairs of every description, particularly those Dutch Queen Anne types so similar to our early Philadelphia ones. They are already sold to a back-country Pennsylvania dealer. Oh, you who buy in small Pennsylvania shops, heed my warning!

Charm in Cabinetwork

On the fifth floor I found hundreds of small hanging cupboards decorated and undecorated—many in the shaded browns that caused my first battle. On the fourth floor I found settees and benches, some in very sophisticated mahogany or walnut, some appealing little painted benches with tiny turned spindles. Also many chairs of wainscot type in pine—so rare to find in America. On the third floor I found large corner cupboards and dressers, also many split-gate tables, and communion tables similar to the Pennsylvania walnut type. On the second floor I found splendid cabinets and beautifully paneled, fine gateleg tables, and furniture of the more elegant sort.

On the first floor the uncrating was in process, and at the back I found some seventy-five trestle tables pinned together with the usual wedges.

One of the syndicate had returned with this shipment, and was on deck to sell one or all these foreign pieces to me. Let me say here that I found this time no misrepresentation. With such an enormous foreign stock, these dealers are quite ready to admit it is not American and are selling at a perfectly fair price over and above their expenses. Theirs is a legitimate business of importing. My only fear is that those dealers from all over the country who buy of them at the low foreign rate will willfully keep quiet, so that purchasers will buy at high American rates under the delusion that they are buying authentic American goods.

These foreign pieces have the charm and fine cabinetwork that go hand in hand with antiquity. If I wanted foreign pieces for decorative uses, I would buy them by all means. But my interest is in early American craftsmanship, to which my family made some contributions. I am also interested in fair representation and fair dealing. I wish there were some way to keep the nationality labeled on these pieces for the protection of all buyers.

(Continued on Page 245)

Nova Scotia Fishing Schooners

A Towel for Boys!

BOYS even like to wash behind their ears—if they can use Boott Towels for the dry-off. There's a soft roughness about them that "tickles a feller."

Boott Towels give splendid service, always laundering bright-white, and are most reasonably priced

You can buy Boott Hemstitched Towels in packages of six or singly from your dealer

Why not send for a full-sized towel? Just enclose 25 cents each for as many as you want, to Boott Mills, Depr. S [illegible], Lowell, Mass.

BOOTT MILLS
LOWELL, MASS.
ABSORBENT TOWELS
WIPE DRY

Yes, there's a difference in Bird Seed!

Your little feathered pet will sing you a joyful song of thanks when you fill his cup with FRENCH'S BIRD SEED.

If your bird is droopy and will not sing cheerily, change to French's Bird Seed and see how quickly he perks up.

Thoroughly cleaned, free from all injurious dust and dirt—healthful and scientifically tested in our laboratory, to make certain of unvarying high quality.

A French's Bird Biscuit in every package—FREE
Sold by dealers everywhere—or send 25c for full-size package, post paid.

The R. T. French Company
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There is Youth in Every Bite of
Enright's "All O' the Wheat" Bread
100% Whole Wheat

If you know what's good for you—and of course you do—Enright's "All O' the Wheat" Bread is the food for you. If your Grocer does not sell it, write us.

Old-Fashioned Millers
Incorporated
SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

Hot Biscuits—a hundred miles from home with the AMERICAN KAMPKOOK

AMERICA'S FAVORITE CAMP STOVE

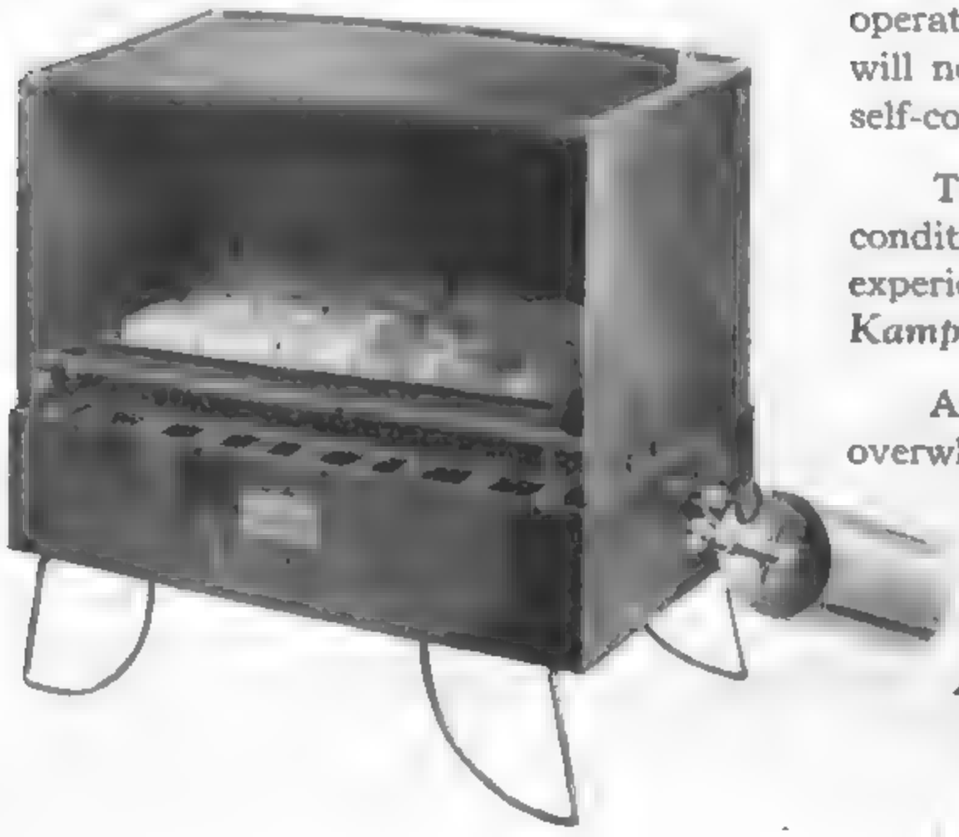
Kampkook enables you to take along all the conveniences of your kitchen range—compactly folded in the space of a small suitcase. If you want biscuits or a roast dish, the oven is right there. If you want to fry, boil, roast or broil a dainty meal, you have every facility with *Kampkook*.

Weather never bothers *Kampkook*—it is always efficiently on the job. It burns the same gasoline as your car, safely fed from a quickly detached and easily filled tank. Its absolute safety is one of its most appreciated features.

Campers, tourists and all lovers of outdoor life are strong in their commendation of *Kampkook*, because it has no "come-backs." It makes a clean, spreading blue flame, intensely hot, but with no smoke, soot or odor. It is simple to operate, has nothing to break or lose, and is positively leak-proof. Its burners will not clog or burn out, its sturdy, folding legs are absolutely rigid, and it is self-contained in every sense.

Thousands of *Kampkooks* are in use, in many climates and under varying conditions, and are giving satisfaction everywhere. 30 years of experiment and experience have gone into their making, with the result that there are now more *Kampkooks* in use than all other camp stoves combined.

Any reliable camp outfitter will be glad to demonstrate the reasons for this overwhelming popularity.



American Gas Machine Co., Inc.
ALBERT LEA MINNESOTA
BRANCHES
NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

American Gas Machine Company, Inc.
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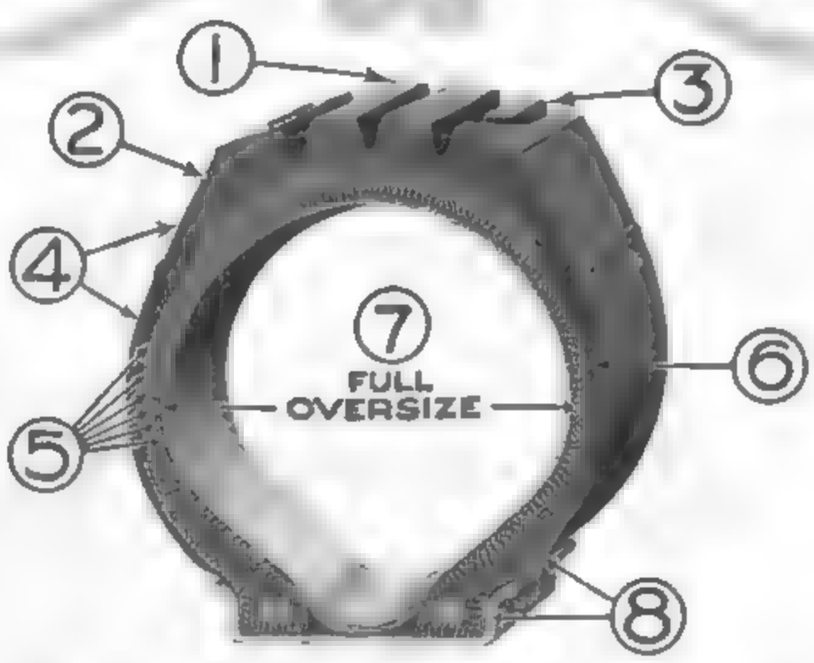
Send me full particulars about American Kampkooks, and name of nearest dealer.
Name
Address
Town and State

BADGER

Heavy Duty Balloon

8 Distinctive Features *for Better Service*



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Manufacturers of BADGER and BEAVER TIRES and TUBES, FAN BELTS, RADIATOR HOSE, and CONNECTIONS, TIRE and TUBE REPAIR KITS, TIRE REPAIR PLASTERS, BLOWOUT BOOTS, REPAIR CEMENT, UNIVERSAL TIRE FLAPS and FLEXIBLE DISC COUPLINGS

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While practically all branches of selling are swamped with competition, the field of FIRE PROTECTION has remained practically untouched. There are small fortunes in this fast growing business . . . life time jobs, paying $90, $100 and up to $250 a week, yours, now, almost for the asking

NOTHING is more widely needed than fire-fighting devices. Our national fire loss is $1,000 a minute—think of it—over $550,000,000 a year!

We make the most effective fire-fighting devices ever known. FYR FYTERS are approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories. Our business is the world leader in this field. Ford, Packard, Firestone, General Motors, Standard Oil, etc., have already turned to this new way to fight fire.

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Anyone can sell Fyr-Fyters. We start you. You need no capital for stock. We give you a detailed plan to follow that has doubled and tripled incomes for hundreds of men. DePrice took this plan, left a job at $85 a month, and made $7,000 in one year. Payne averaged $20.77 a day profit his first 200 days. Let us send you complete details, FREE. Then, with all the facts before you, decide. Write at once for facts.

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—thru the largest art and advertising service organization in the world, who have produced over a *quarter million* drawings for leading advertisers. Meyer Both Instruction—founded on this wide experience—represents the difference between *successful fact* and *mere theory*. Home study instruction. Write for illustrated book telling of the success of our students in this fascinating and well-paid profession.

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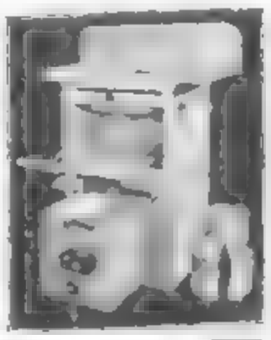

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PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 724—9th St., Washington, D.C.

(Continued from Page 242)

Before I left that warehouse I cornered the dealer partly responsible for this wholesale importation, and remarked, "Have these things been selling easily?"

"Oh, yes, we've already sold $20,000 worth and they aren't hardly unpacked."

"And when you've sold this lot," I remarked, "of course, you'll go back for more?"

"No, that part of the game is done now. This is the last haul we'll make. You wouldn't get me to go over there again. They treat you rotten!" And he shook his head disgustedly.

"How's that?"

"Well, for one thing, we can't get any more stuff out of Norway and Sweden. Those people got wise to how much we were taking out and passed regulations against us."

"Why, what do they do—not give you a bill of lading, refuse to pass your stuff through the customs, or what?" I questioned.

"Well, when an outsider buys a piece to ship out of the country, an official comes down from the museum, and if it's any good they take it away from him. There's a fine to punish him if he tries to take anything out. It's like smuggling. No, I'll not go back there again. This is the end."

I wonder. Perhaps it is so, perhaps not. Who knows? Meantime we buyers of antiques have the problem of trying to recognize these foreign pieces and not pay an inflated value for them.

Love, War and the Antique Game

While these dealers are busy swinging their foreign enterprise, there is another game, known as "conniving out," being played occasionally by one or two unscrupulous dealers. They adopt the slogan "All's fair in love and war and in the antique game." I hear that a small desk recently came on the market in this fashion. While scouting for antiques one of these unscrupulous dealers purchased a few unimportant antiques from the owner. The sale completed in a more or less satisfactory fashion, the dealer's attention was attracted to a small maple desk. Now these small desks are very appealing to buyers and are exceedingly rare besides. So the dealer began to put out feelers concerning the desk.

"That's a beautiful little desk you have. You know I have a customer looking for one like that."

"Well, I wouldn't sell that desk for any amount of money," the owner quickly replied.

"No, I don't suppose so. Can't say I blame you. But I'm a cabinetmaker and I'd give you a good price to use that desk as a pattern. I'd pay you twenty-five dollars for the use of the measurements, make you a fifty-dollar deposit for your safety, and return it in two days."

This proposition looked like twenty-five dollars easy money for the owner. So he signed and handed over to the dealer a receipt for the fifty-dollar deposit. The dealer signed no receipt for the desk, but packed it in the back of his car and departed without leaving any name or address whereby he could be located.

Beyond Temptation

Pieces that are "connived out" are sold overnight, at small profit if necessary, to keep from being traced. There are precious few dealers who are not suspicious when a piece is offered by another dealer for sale at a very low price, but the unusual opportunity to make money is too tantalizing for some of them to refuse.

But not Jim; he's too honest. He refuses to buy a stolen piece and thereby foster such dishonesty as conniving. One snowy afternoon, he tells me, a dealer steps into his shop and asks him if he wants to buy a writing-arm Windsor chair.

Jim whistles, then asks reflectively, "What's the price?"

"One-fifty."

A frown appears on Jim's honest face as he demands right away, "What the devil's the matter with it?"

"Nothing. Come have a look at it."

Jim follows the dealer to his car, where the latter carefully lifts the corner of a lap robe, thereby displaying a perfect comb-back writing-arm Windsor. There were all the finest points of a Windsor combined in one rarely incomparable chair—the boldly turned vase-shaped legs; knuckled stretchers; beautifully tapered spindles at the back supporting a perfectly bowed comb; a drawer barely visible beneath the saddle seat; and two more drawers conveniently located under the writing arm. Jim takes in all these fine points with a glance, and then shakes his head negatively in disbelief.

"Nothing doing. It's a beauty, but you can't tempt me."

Covering every inch of armchair with the lap robe again, the dealer slams the door of his car and drives off.

Before I finish I must tell one more tale as a warning to those more or less amateurs who are going into the business. An acquaintance of mine, established in the antique business for several years, decided to open a summer shop at one of the fashionable summer resorts. His new place had been open about a week when two dealers drove up in a truck. They talked big

Spring in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, Pa.

Their hair always in perfect order—right!

958 College Undergraduates

tell how they keep their hair in place . . .

Clothes in the latest fashion. Hair always in place—*right . . .*

How *do* well-dressed college men and women meet this problem of unruly hair? That was what we wanted to find out. So we went all over the country. We actually talked to 958 college undergraduates. And we found:—

The hair dressing college men and women overwhelmingly prefer is—*Stacomb!*

"Stacomb really does keep the hair in place." "Makes it look right—not gummy or sticky looking." "Makes your hair look *alive*."

All that, yes—and more! For Stacomb is actually beneficial. It keeps your hair in condition, helps to counteract dandruff.

Stacomb comes in two forms now—as a delicate cream in jars and tubes, and in the popular new liquid form. All drug and department stores.

FREE OFFER **Stacomb**

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Dept. A 99, 113 W. 18th Street, New York
Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked.—
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You won't mind shaving again tonight when you quickly heal those

UNSEEN NICKS

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Heal them quickly and your face will feel ready for even that dreaded second shave.

A dash of Ed. Pinaud's Lilac—a quick tingling rush of circulation—and those tiny nicks are healed, soothed, forgotten!

Used daily Pinaud's Lilac toughens the skin without coarsening it. You'll like its clean lilac odor.

Get it at any drug or department store *today*. Ed. Pinaud's signature on each bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 90 Fifth Ave., New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.

ED. PINAUD'S LILAC

{ *Lilas de France* }

business, thousands of dollars' worth of business they were going to do, trading with the young man in his new venture The next day the dealers came back and asked to look again at a gateleg table they had seen in the shop. They examined it minutely, keeping up a steady run of remarks such as.

"Hasn't got such fine turnings as ours."

"And this drawer doesn't look original."

"The feet are almost worn off."

"The table we just got is a much finer one."

"Yeah, but this is the type that that lady in Brookline asked for."

"We can't sell ours to her because it's too large. What do you say we trade with this fellow?"

By this time it was inevitable that the young man should ask, "Can I see this table of yours that you are discussing?"

"Sure, come on out and look at it on the truck," one of the dealers replied. "We just got it this morning."

Too Good to be True

When the burlaps were pulled away, the young man saw a gateleg table with wonderful turnings. Almost too good to be true. The feet were perfect, with no signs of wear. There were several coats of paint plastered thickly on it, not old paint, dry and powdery, but new sticky paint put on in coats so near together that the proper drying had not been achieved. Experience has taught us that many a coat of paint hides new work that would otherwise be apparent. So the sticky paint, combined with the too-good-to-be-true gateleg turnings, caused the young man to refuse trading. He felt certain it was a newly faked table.

Then the dealers started in discussing the splendid Simon Willard banjo clock on which the young man's price was $700. The dealers offered him a $600 check, provided that if an expert should find anything unoriginal about the clock they could have their money back. The young man was about to accept the offer when he thought of several tricks they might have in mind to play on him. Perhaps they would stop payment on the check and still retain possession of the clock. Perhaps, after getting the clock into their hands, they would change some interior part, call in a friendly expert who would pronounce the clock unoriginal in that respect, and then demand their money back. Meantime the value of this Simon Willard would be impaired, while some other banjo clock in the dealers' possession might be materially increased in value by the substitution of genuine Simon Willard parts

Constructive Suggestions

Feeling most suspicious of these men after viewing their gateleg table, the young man made them this counter proposition:

"I'll accept your $600 offer on this condition. You go and bring your clock expert here and have him decide before the deal is completed and before the clock leaves my shop. After that neither one of us will be allowed to complain about the deal."

Need I add that no clock expert was brought to assist in the transaction? It is evident that the dealers took this young man to be a novice, because his shop had been open only a week.

Now that my yarn is spun, it seems necessary that I add a few constructive suggestions, else you will believe that the antique game is too dangerous for you even to be a purchaser. As a matter of fact, there are many honest antique dealers, and the more we patronize them the more we shall stabilize the trade. My suggestions, if you are gaining an interest in antiques, would be:

1. Gain accurate knowledge concerning antiques as rapidly as possible.
2. Start by buying the simple, inexpensive type of furniture such as slat-back and Hitchcock chairs, that are not worth faking. Then if

(Continued on Page 250)

Gray and White Sea Gulls Along the Jersey Coast

"You are lovely tonight"

How pleasing it is to look well and feel fresh and energetic at the end of a busy day!

To prevent the fatigue from thousands of steps about your business, home and social duties, use Allen's Foot-Ease daily. Shake it into your shoes each morning and walk all day in comfort.

Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic Healing powder for [illegible] from the [illegible] and bunions

For Free Sample write to Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y. Sold at any drug or toilet goods counter. Just say

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IF you want a PERMANENT INCOME!

Let us BUY your spare time!

Everybody has money for shoes and hosiery. You take orders earn liberal commissions, we deliver. No investment required, experience unnecessary. Advancement and [illegible] dependence certain. Write today for FULL information

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If You Are A MAN

worthy of the name and not afraid to work, I'll wager you that you can't work for us 30 days and earn less than $200. Think I'm bluffing? Then answer this ad and show me up. Openings for managers. The "Wonder Box" sells on sight

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A Clothesline that's solid braided to a smooth, firm surface that clothespins grip and hold

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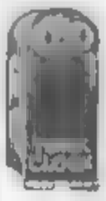

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But to grant the desirability of oil heating is one thing. The choice of an oil burner for your home is an entirely different matter. Oil-burner discussions with interested and well-meaning friends can hardly provide you with facts about *your* heating question. Only heating engineers—men trained in their profession—can help you decide it intelligently.

Now you can secure the unbiased advice of experienced oil-heating men

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These men will advise you authoritatively as to the best heating method for you. They will tell you whether oil heat will meet your special needs. They will give you all the facts that you need to settle your heating troubles completely and permanently. And without the slightest obligation to you.

We want you to have the facts about oil burners. Our position of leadership in the oil-burner industry enables us to give you these facts. But get in touch with us *now!*

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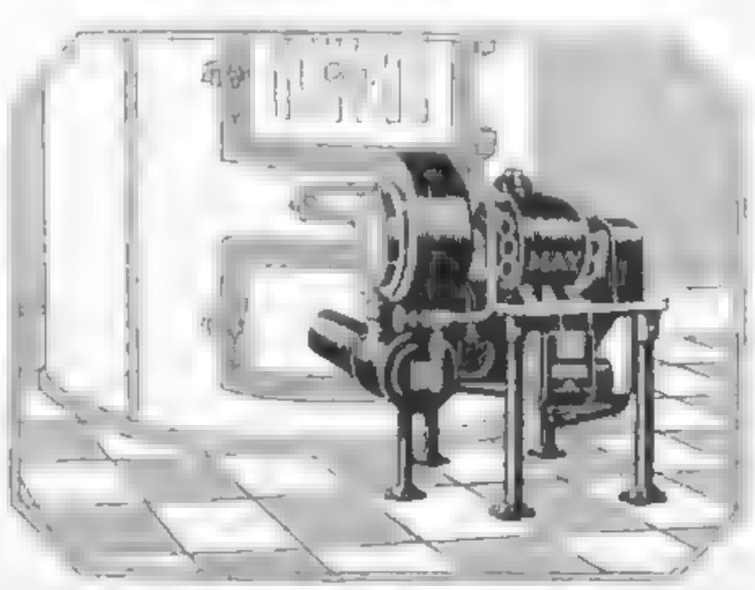

TO DEALERS: *A few valuable May franchises are available to dealers who can qualify. The completeness of our sales and technical co-operation has brought to our organization many of the most widely known oil burner men in America. An original deferred-payment plan gives our dealers a considerable advantage. With national advertising—newspaper advertising—dealer sales helps, we offer merchandising assistance second to none. . . . An immediate inquiry is advised—if one of the available franchises is to be secured.*

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Adaptability: The Quiet May is suitable for use in any type of heating system—hot air, steam, hot water, vapor. It burns all grades of home-heating fuel oils—even the cheapest.

Simplicity: Quiet May design carries the promise of freedom from operating trouble. It is simple and sturdy—with only two moving parts.

Ease of Installation: The Quiet May can be quickly and easily installed in your present heating system, whether you live in city or suburb.

Integrity: The Quiet May is manufactured by a firm of integrity and national reputation. They stand back of every burner.

Cost and Terms: Naturally the cost of installing the Quiet May varies with locality, size of tank and soil conditions. Complete installations cost a nominal sum when measured in comfort, family health, freedom from trouble and increase in value of your property. Pay for it while you enjoy its comfort.

Free yourself forever from slavery to shovel and ash-can

Only $75 *down*

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Pay the balance on easy terms during next fall and winter

Send in the coupon now—today! *No doubt it can help free you forever from the drudgery of the furnace!*

MAY OIL BURNER CORPORATION
Baltimore, Maryland

Gentlemen: Please furnish me complete information about oil heat or any other heating method that would best meet the needs of my home.

1. My name
   Street
   City State
2. My home is heated by ☐ hot air ☐ steam ☐ hot water ☐ vapor.
3. Type of furnace or boiler ☐ square ☐ round
4. My house is ☐ wood ☐ stucco ☐ brick ☐ stone
5. It is wired for electricity. ☐ Yes ☐ No.

It is my understanding that this request in no way obligates me.

QUIET MAY
AUTOMATIC OIL BURNER

1,475,000

MODERN FARM CIRCULATION

(Net Paid)

And Still Growing

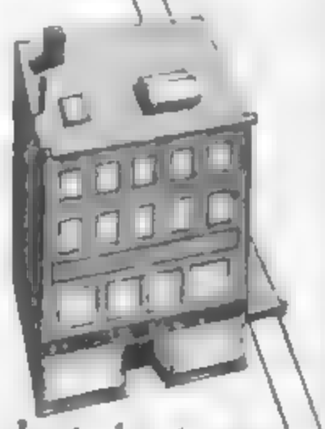
Open any issue of *The Country Gentleman*. Study it carefully . . . analyze the completeness with which it covers the interests, as well as the occupations, of the Modern Farm Family. Then . . . and not until then . . . will you know why its circulation has been growing with such astounding rapidity.

The Country Gentleman's circulation blankets the worth-while farm markets.

That's the reason why the advertising revenue of *The Country Gentleman* in 1926 so far exceeded that of any other farm magazine.

The Country Gentleman

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



They live in the country, but they shop in town

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

Some move to other fields

Friends induce others to trade elsewhere

Price inducements lure away a few

What becomes of lost customers?

Price inducements, death, and the moving-van account for only 13%. The balance . . . . . ?

WHERE do customers go? Where have any hundred gone that once traded with any merchant?

Nine now buy elsewhere, tempted by price inducements. Three have moved to parts unknown. Death occasionally claims one.

But the biggest customer defection—around 87%—is made up of folks who have drifted away because of fancied grievances, because friends influenced them to shop elsewhere, and because of store indifference towards them.

These figures compiled from statistics available to retail trade can probably be applied with fair accuracy to the manufacturer whose business is nation-wide.

Such a loss of trade is more than an ordinary loss. It is really a preventable waste. For these people still have good money to spend, only they are now spending it with someone else.

New customers are good to get. Old customers are even better to keep. And good printing will help you hold them and cultivate their friendship.

They won't come in and shake your hand every time they pass. But they will gladly take your printed message from the postman every time he calls. Customers, after all, are human beings. Human beings often forget, sometimes are fickle, and occasionally acquire fancied grievances.

A well-printed folder thanking them for their patronage is balm to feelings that may have been unknowingly slighted.

An interesting folder about your new merchandise and your new departments will make your customer more likely to bring his friends to you than to follow his friends elsewhere.

And a newsy, informative envelope enclosure has taken many a mind off a bill or statement and focused it on buying new and desirable merchandise.

Keep in touch with your customers by keeping in touch with a good printer. Let him add his skill to your plans to produce direct advertising that will bring new faces to your door and keep old customers contented.

87% *of lost customers drift away because of fancied grievances, because friends induce them to buy elsewhere, because of store indifference towards them. These figures, compiled from statistics available on retail trade, can be applied with fair accuracy to the manufacturer whose business is nation-wide. Better paper, better printing will tie your customers closer to you.*

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

The use of direct advertising for every form of selling has been studied by S. D. Warren Company for many years. What we have found out about the profitable use of booklets, folders, broadsides is discussed and illustrated in a series of books. Some of these books are now ready for mailing; others will be published from time to time during 1927. Ask the paper merchant near you who handles Warren's Standard Printing Papers to put you on the mailing list for these books. Or, if you prefer, write to us direct. S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

better paper ~ better printing

Continued from Page 246

you wish more pretentious pieces later you will have acquired more ability to judge them.

3. Pay for an appraisal or guaranty, if a piece is important and valuable.

4. Consider the finding of a valuable piece for very little money a miracle. Too many such finds prove disappointments. It is time enough to look for finds when you have become an expert yourself.

5. Visit museums and historical collections as often as possible to increase your knowledge and absorb the atmosphere of genuine pieces.

It seems to me that the business of antique shopping would be a profitable one for men or women of well-rounded knowledge in the antique field. If there were such a person to advise in buying, it would be of great assistance to new converts. Newly married couples frequently decide to furnish in antiques because they hold their value as a wise investment, but too often such people have not sufficient knowledge to protect themselves. If they do not buy pieces with too high a percentage of restoration, they are likely to pay more than they would have to pay if advised by the shopping expert. Familiarity with the stock of antiques available in the different shops would be required of the expert, who would thus be able to save much valuable time for the buyer, relieved of tramping around from shop to shop. Making the expert responsible to the buyer for honest opinions would be well worth the percentage charged for shopping advice. Yes, I think the day is coming when there will be a shopping adviser in every large-size city where the antique business flourishes.

For, in spite of all such tricks as I have mentioned, the antique business is not languishing. Well-established dealers, profiting by their knowledge and experience, adopt the slogan, "Antiques with a guaranty," to carry on an extensive and highly profitable business. Basically, antiques are a sound investment if genuine. We were told, shortly after the Armistice, of wealthy Germans who, foreseeing the rapid fall in value of German marks, invested all their fortune in guaranteed antiques. Considering the shrewdness of German business men, I believe that rumor.

Where everything depends upon authenticity, let us strive to recognize the genuine antique. Let us stand our ground in refusing to buy the fake at any price and the genuine at overinflated value. Thus will we stabilize the business.

The End of a perfect shave

REAL shaving comfort means more than a pleasant shave. It means all-day face comfort after the shave is over. For years we studied how to keep the face feeling as fit as a Williams shave leaves it. That's how we developed Aqua Velva—a scientific, sparkling-clear liquid—made expressly for use after shaving.

Here's what Aqua Velva does

1. It gives the face a stimulating "good-morning" tingle.
2. It helps to heal little nicks and cuts
3. It aids the skin in its daily fight against sun and wind, dust and germs.
4. It keeps the face feeling and looking "well groomed" all day long

(And remember, Aqua Velva is not greasy—it leaves no trace.)

Aqua Velva sells for 50c in the U. S. A., in big 5-ounce bottles—bottles specially designed to fit your bathroom shelf. Your druggist carries Aqua Velva.

If you'd rather "try before you buy," clip the convenient coupon below—or send a postcard—for a generous trial bottle FREE.

Williams Aqua Velva

FOR USE AFTER SHAVING

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 45-A, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
(Canadian address, 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal)

Please send me free test bottle of Williams Aqua Velva

Name

Address

City State

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WILLIAMS SHAVING CREAM

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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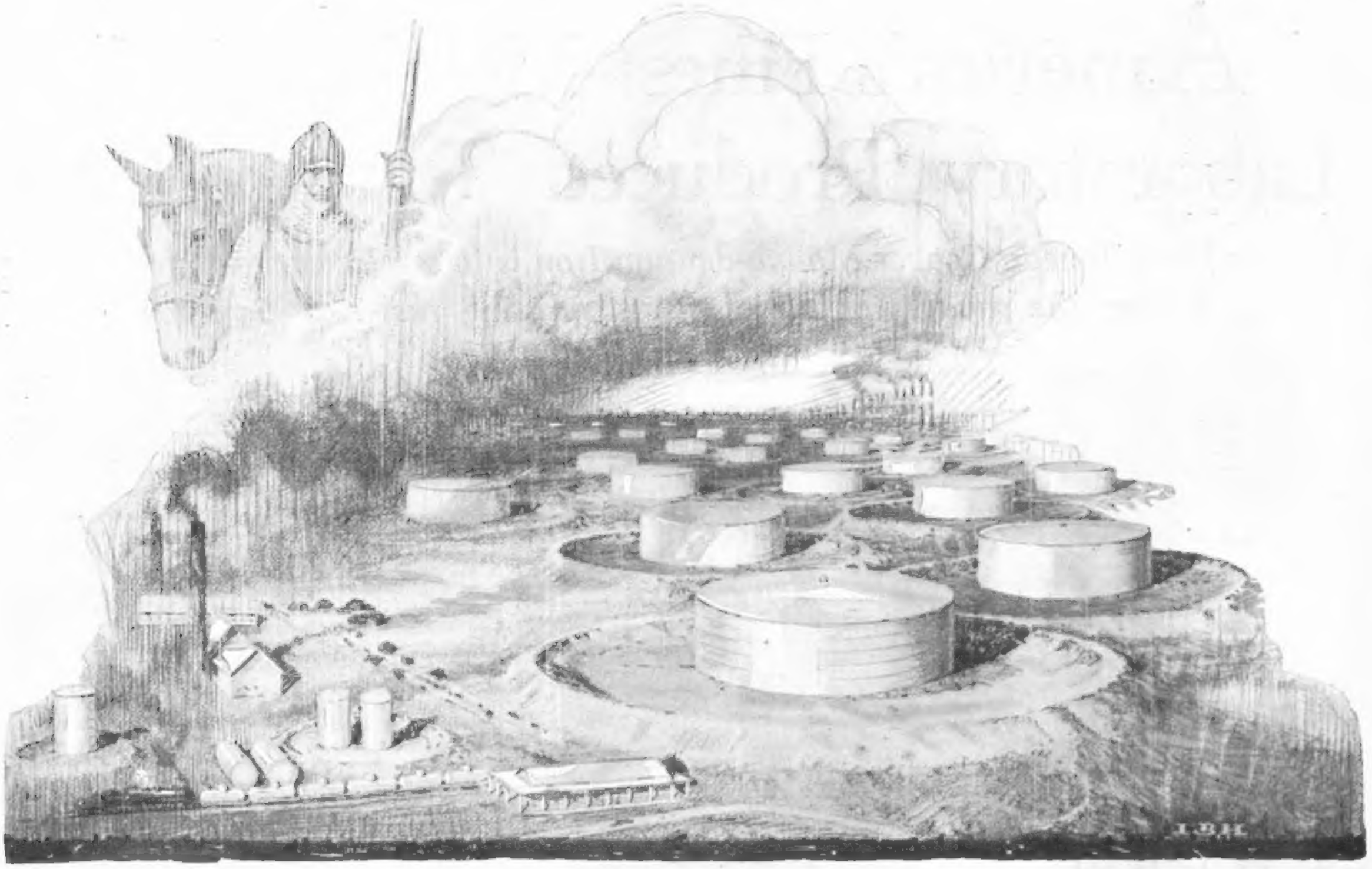
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.



The Oil Industry "brings in" a winner—

ALUMINUM PAINT

The "Coat of Metal" Protection

IF you have thought of Aluminum Paint in terms of a quart here and there on radiators and pipes, a visit to the oil fields will enlighten you.

There you will see its silvery sheen on great tanks, on steel structures, refinery equipment, tank cars and trucks.

Aluminum Paint was first used on the great 55,000-gallon oil tanks, because it reflects and wards off the sun's heat—preventing loss by evaporation. Then it was discovered that Aluminum Paint has a remarkable resistance to discoloration and disintegration by hydrogen sulphide.

Its other qualities soon extended its use to other structures and equipment. Aluminum Paint fights rust and corrosion. It does not easily discolor or grow dingy.

It is so opaque that one coat will completely hide any under-color—even black. On interior walls and ceilings *one* coat completes the job, giving a surface resistant to dust and fumes, and easily washable.

These remarkable properties are due to a new and entirely unique paint principle—"leafing."

When Aluminum Paint is brushed or sprayed on iron, steel, wood, brick or concrete, the tiny flat flakes of pure Aluminum overlap—forming an actual non-tarnishing "coat-of-metal."

* * *

Other industry is taking its cue from results in the oil fields. Thousands of factory roofs, tanks and towers are protected with Aluminum Paint.

Interiors rely on its soft, well-diffused, glare-free light to improve working conditions.

In the country, fences, tanks and silos prove the farmer's appreciation of its beauty and effectiveness.

Aluminum Paint has come into its own.

We will gladly give you full information and answer, without obligation, questions concerning its use for the specific purpose you have in mind.

ALBRON A.C.O.A. ALUMINUM ALUMINUM BRONZE POWDER

Trade Mark

Aluminum Paint consists of Aluminum Bronze Powder mixed with a suitable vehicle of oil or varnish. Manufacturers and jobbers of the best grades of Aluminum Paint use ALBRON *Pigment as the base of their product.*

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

2400 Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

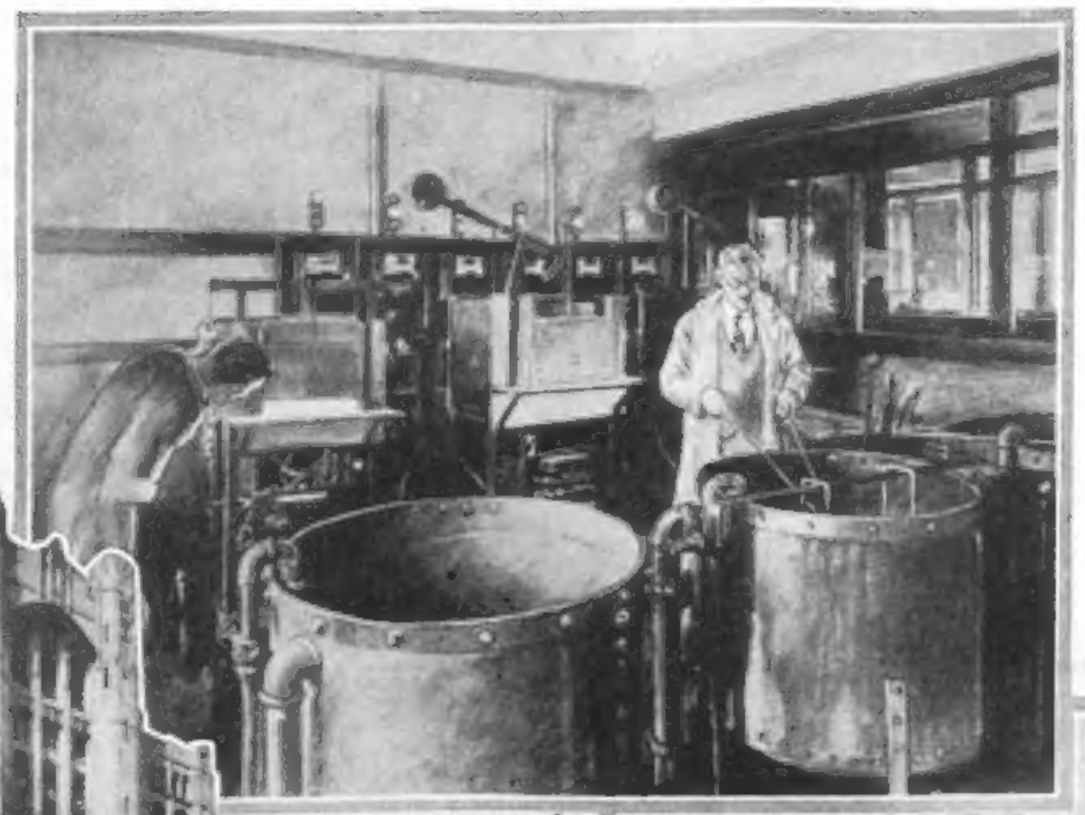
Offices in Eighteen Principal American Cities

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., Toronto, Montreal, Canada

ALUMINUM IN EVERY COMMERCIAL FORM

America's Finest Metallurgical Laboratory Produced Toncan Iron

Now, Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron is in service everywhere, defying the ravages of the elements, resisting rust and corrosion



A corner in our extensive metallurgical laboratory, famed for its contributions to the art of alloy steel making

AGAIN AMERICA'S finest metallurgical laboratory makes an outstanding contribution to the art of metal making. In this same laboratory were developed many analyses of alloy steels which were largely responsible for the success of the automotive industry. Here, too, our metallurgists taught the world to make mo-lyb-den-um steel during the World War.

Several years ago, the skill of our metallurgists and the facilities of our extensive laboratories were focused on the application of mo-lyb-den-um in the making of sheet iron. It was found that a small amount of mo-lyb-den-um combined with the proper amount of copper in a pure iron base yields greater resistance to rust and corrosion than has ever been obtained before in sheet iron.

Now, the results of this extensive research work are made available to combat the tremendous waste caused by rust and corrosion. Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron is destined to save vast sums of money wherever sheet metal is exposed to the elements in buildings of all kinds. In household equipment, too, such as stoves, furnaces, refrigerators, water tanks, and a host of appliances subjected to heat or moisture, Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron will add years of satisfactory service.

The uses for this super-iron are many and varied. If you are a manufacturer using sheet metal, write us for detailed information as to how Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron can be adapted to your use. Then label your product so the world may know you as a manufacturer using highest quality materials. If you are a buyer of equipment for the home, be guided in your selection by the Toncan label.

Our interesting Toncan book, "The Path to Permanence," will be sent on request.

CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION
Massillon, Ohio

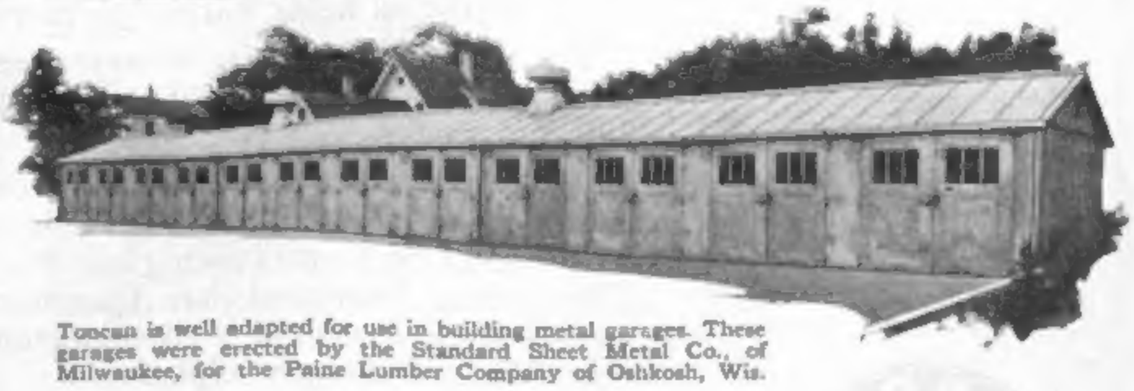
Makers of Agathon Alloy Steels

Cleveland Detroit Chicago New York St. Louis
Syracuse Philadelphia Los Angeles Tulsa Seattle
San Francisco Cincinnati

The new Detroit Masonic Temple contains 70,000 yards of Diamond Mesh Toncan Lath, made by the Berger Manufacturing Company of Canton, Ohio. Architect: George D. Mason Company, Detroit: Lathing and Plastering Contractor: Walter J. Fritsch, Detroit.

Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron gives remarkable service in culverts where water, grit and sand attack the inside, while the outside is continually in contact with moist earth.

The Garland Stove, well known as a quality product, has Toncan Oven Lining. This manufacturer is one of a number of leading stove makers using Toncan Oven Lining because it makes the oven as durable as the rest of the stove. As a base for enamel, also, Toncan assures a durable, permanent lustre.

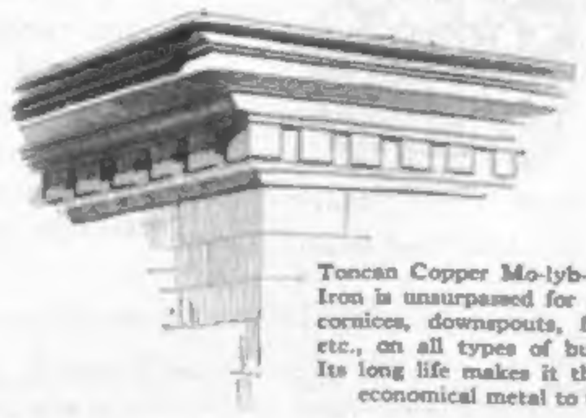


Toncan is well adapted for use in building metal garages. These garages were erected by the Standard Sheet Metal Co., of Milwaukee, for the Paine Lumber Company of Oshkosh, Wis.

AGATHON STEELS

The famous family of steel products under the Agathon trade-mark includes Alloy Steels, Special Finish Sheets as well as all standard finishes, Electrical Sheets, Hot Rolled Strip, Toncan Enameling Iron, Toncan Oven-Lining, Galvannealed Sheets and Enduro Stainless Iron. Write for information on any product. It is gladly furnished.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TONCAN
COPPER
Mo-lyb-den-um
IRON



Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron is unsurpassed for gutters, cornices, downspouts, flashing, etc., on all types of buildings. Its long life makes it the most economical metal to use.

CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION

WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST HIGHLY SPECIALIZED ALLOY STEEL PRODUCERS

TAKES ANY DECORATION

RIGID

STRONG

PURE, unadulterated gypsum—mined from USG deposits and processed in the USG mills—uniformly 3/8 inch thick—and specially surfaced for strength—Sheetrock makes rigid, strong walls and ceilings.

SEALED

JOINTS

SMOOTH, FLAT WALLS and ceilings—ideal surfaces for any decoration—are assured by Sheetrock with its patented folded edge and its exclusive Sheetrock Reinforced Joint System. All joints are completely concealed. You get an absolutely flat sized and rigid expanse, on which you may use wall paper, paint, or *Textone*, the plastic paint that combines both tone and texture in novel and beautiful effects. Sheetrock is the *only* wallboard with the Sheetrock Reinforced Joint System. Be sure you get Sheetrock.

FIRE

SAFE

MADE from rock—not wood, fibre, pulp or other vegetable material—Sheetrock will not burn, ignite or transmit fire. Puts a fire-fighting wall around the room. Approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

TIME

TESTED

FOR 20 years, Sheetrock has been developed steadily to its present perfection as a standard building material. No experiment can ever give you what you can always get in Sheetrock, the fireproof wallboard.

LOOK FOR THAT MARK

WARMER

COOLER

ROOMS lined with Sheetrock are warmer in winter, cooler in summer. Sheetrock is a good insulator. Its broad, thick sheets of gypsum keep out summer heat and keep in costly fuel warmth in winter.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SHEETROCK

U·S SHEETROCK U·S SHEETROCK U·S SHEETROCK U·S SHEETROCK U·S SHEETROCK

The FIREPROOF WALLBOARD

FIREPROOF . . . INSULATING

Sold by all good local dealers . . . . . Made only by the UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY . . . . . Dept. 30, 300 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

Send for free sample and copy of "Sheetrock Walls" booklet

© 1927, United States Gypsum Co.

Old Dutch safeguards your family with

Healthful Cleanliness

and protects porcelain and enamel

Old Dutch removes impurities that endanger health

You need Old Dutch Cleanser for your family's protection because it removes all uncleanliness and makes everything spick and span, sanitary, and wholesome. It brings *Healthful Cleanliness* to the bathroom, which is of great importance to every member of the family.

During the daily routine with your various contacts impurities and germs are picked up, sometimes dangerous ones. You remove them in the bath and in the washbowl. They cling to the porcelain and may be communicated unless removed. Old Dutch takes them away completely. It is a great safeguard and protection. Clean the tub and washbowl with Old Dutch each time they are used.

Old Dutch is distinctive in quality and character. Its particles are flaky and flat shaped. Like tiny erasers they remove all dirt and uncleanliness.

Old Dutch does not scratch because it contains no harsh, scratchy grit. It is safe because it removes the dirt, not the surface. You may be sure, therefore, when you use Old Dutch that you are not only safeguarding your family with *Healthful Cleanliness;* but you are also preserving and protecting your porcelain and enamel, assuring its longer life. *There is nothing else like it.*

The Symbol of Healthful Cleanliness

© 1927, The C. P. Co.